TOPLIFF'S TRAVELS

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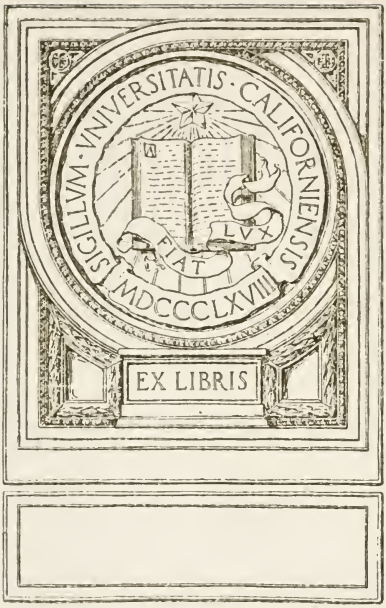
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Topliff's Travels

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SAMUEL TOPLIFF OF BOSTON

Topliff's Travels

Letters from Abroad in the Years 1828 and 1829

BY

SAMUEL TOPLIFF

PROPRIETOR OF THE MERCHANTS NEWS ROOM IN BOSTON

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OWNED BY THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR AND NOTES

BY

ETHEL STANWOOD BOLTON

PRINTED FROM THE INCOME OF THE ROBERT CHARLES BILLINGS FUND

THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM

1906

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ROBERT CHARLES BILLINGS FUND.
PUBLICATIONS, NUMBER TWO.

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Memoir

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL TOPLIFF

SAMUEL TOPLIFF was the fourth son of Captain Samuel and Mindwell Bird Topliff. He was born April 25, 1789, in Boston, in the two-story wooden building owned by his father on Orange Street, now Washington, near Hollis Street. Of his early life little is remembered by his family, except that he sang among the altos in the Hollis Street Church, and that he took part, in 1800, in a memorial funeral in honor of Washington. He attended school in Boston, but his education seemed to him somewhat meagre in after life. He states this plainly in his reply to Mr. Dorr's request that the letters written from abroad might be shown to Rev. Dr. Ripley, of the Purchase Street Church. He wrote that any friends of his were welcome to read them, adding, "with the understanding that I never went to College, and can boast no higher education than what I obtained under 'long Asa's' (late Doc^{r} Bullard's) tuition at our south end public school, other wise my bad grammar, and punctuation may be severely criticised." These defects in his early education he tried all his life to remedy, with a large measure of success. His letters show great care, close observation, a certain rather stiff and

stately humor, and an almost irritating accuracy. A story is told of him in later life exemplifying this latter characteristic. The minute detail of his reports to the News Room, of which he was proprietor, was often commented upon by his friends and patrons. A wager was once made, and taken, that a yellow dog owned by one of the sea captains would be inventoried with the cargo on board the vessel which had just arrived in port. The yellow dog was there, and described fully.

Immediately after leaving school he entered a book-bindery, but remained only six weeks. He next entered the employ of William Gray, popularly known in those days as "Billy Gray," then the most prominent Boston merchant. As supercargo, he made several voyages to the West Indies and South America, until the news of his father's murder by mutineers reached him in 1811. He was just twenty-two, when the responsibility for the support of his mother and brothers fell upon him. His elder brother James was not in a position to give aid, and Benjamin, though eighteen, was of little assistance. So he left his sailor life to find something which would be more remunerative. This was apparently the turning point in his career; for undoubtedly if his father had lived, Samuel would have followed a seafaring life, as his father and uncle had done, and would not have made for himself a career which was unique in Boston. His search resulted in his employment as clerk to Samuel Gilbert, then proprietor and originator of the first Commercial News Room in this country. Here he received a salary of seven hundred dollars.

From the Columbian Centinel

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20th, 1811.

Exchange Coffee House Books. These news-books &c commenced and so satisfactorily conducted by *Mr Gilbert* are now transferred to the care of *Mr Samuel Topliff Junr.*, a young gentleman of respectability, industry and information; and who will, we doubt not, continue the Marine and General News Books with great satisfaction to the patrons and friends of the Reading Room.

Thus the triple eulogy of one of his ancestors, a man "of piety, parts and worth," was handed down in a more modern form to his descendant, "a young gentleman of respectability, industry and information." The characterization turned out to be a very correct one, as his subsequent career proved. In fact, in June of 1812, less than a year after Mr. Topliff began his work with Mr. Gilbert, the following note appeared in the "Centinel":

Exchange Coffee House Books. — Notwithstanding the recent dearth of shipping and commercial news, the industrious keeper of the books is alert in seeking out and recording intelligence. The establishment has become as respectable in point of utility as any in the U. S., and deserves every encouragement.

The Commercial News Room was at that time installed in the Exchange Coffee House, then the largest and tallest building in Boston. The office was in the anterooms. The Coffee House[1] "was built in 1808, with special reference to the wants of the merchant princes of Boston, to wean them from their inherited habit of

[1] "Transcript," June 4, 1889.

congregating upon the sidewalks of State Street." The rotunda, seven stories high, was lighted by a huge dome, composed chiefly of glass. The hotel was kept by an Englishman named John Jones. Part of the rest of the building was occupied by ball-rooms and offices. On the night of November 3, 1818, after Mr. Topliff had removed to Merchants' Hall, the Coffee House was totally destroyed by fire at a time when Henry Clay happened to be a guest in the house. The newspapers of the time published very vivid accounts; the fire started at about seven in the evening and burned so quickly that before ten the entire structure was in ruins. The most spectacular part of the whole scene was the moment when the dome fell. The spectacle made so great an impression that the following year, on the anniversary of the fire, the Gallery of Fine Arts exhibited a painting of it 15 by 15 feet, "from the pencil of Penniman."[1]

Evidently Mr. Topliff endeavored from the first to put the Reading Room on a sound financial basis, so on July 1, 1812, he advertised in the "Columbian Centinel" that "the subscribers to this Establishment are informed that the term for which they subscribed expired yesterday. Those gentlemen who wish to renew their subscription, or those who wish to become Subscribers for the present year, commencing this day and ending 30th June, 1813, are requested to give notice to the Keeper, as early as possible, that he may be able to ascertain if sufficient encouragement is given, or not, to continue the Establishment. No exertions shall be wanting on his part to render the Estab-

[1] "Columbian Centinel," November 3, 1819.

ENGRAVED BY FENNER, SEARS & CO.

PUBLISHED JUNE 1, 1840.

BOSTON EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE, BURNT 1872.

HELIOTYPE CO., BOSTON.

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lishment among the first (if not superior to any) in the United States. As the number of subscribers may be, so will his compensation be, in proportion, and a greater stimulus to exertions. He solicits the support and patronage of the enlightened and liberal citizens of this town, and hopes that his exertions and unwearied labors to give satisfaction may be equal to their expectations. A subscription book will be opened in the Reading-Room this day." The merchants responded nobly to the call for subscriptions, and in after years, as proprietor Mr. Topliff redeemed his pledge to make it "superior to any" in the United States, at least in the estimation of the Bostonians. Never after this was an appeal for subscriptions made in the newspapers; a notice that they were due was sufficient.

The Reading Room was an establishment which aimed to give the earliest European news, and also news of the arrival of any vessel, coastwise or foreign, not only to its owner but to the other merchants. So influential had Mr. Topliff become by his accurate work, that, during the war of 1812, false news was circulated in his name by unscrupulous persons, to affect the value of stocks. One example of such a forgery reads:

EXCH. COFFEE HOUSE, BOSTON,
Dec. 7, [1813] 9 o'clock, Eve.

To the Ed. of Salem Gazette: — I hasten to inform you of the arr[l] late this eve of the Russian ship Catharine 68 days from Archangel — bringing the highly important intelligence that our Ministers had been received at St. Petersburg by a British minister from England, & that it was expected that Peace would immediately take place — This is all I can obtain tonight. I have just seen the Captain. We are all in confusion here, —

& those that have dealt largely in speculations are crazy, crazy ! ! ! The Post Master has been kind enough to open the mail for this — I have sent to New York. Yours.

Sign[d] Sam Topliff.

The "Salem Gazette" for December 10, 1813, has the following sarcastic editorial on this deception, and on the unauthorized use of Mr. Topliff's name:

CLUMSY FORGERY.

The *witty* and *adroit* gentleman, who on Tuesday Evening, under the respectable name of Mr. Topliff, attempted to impose upon us his own silly inventions, as the news of the day, is informed that he succeeded in robbing us of the postage of his letter, but that in other respects his awkward *hoax* failed of its intended effect.

We mention this occurrence merely to protest against the practice of trifling with the feelings of the public, and exciting false hopes, for the purposes of speculation, or to gratify thoughtless or malicious *wit*.

The meritorious exertions of Mr. Topliff, the very reputable journalist of the Boston Exchange Coffee House, to furnish the public with early and correct intelligence, entitle him to general confidence, support and gratitude. On his diligence and correctness the public, in a great measure, rely for true reports of the news of the day. The person, then, who uses his name to procure success to a speculating project, or to give currency to a mere joke, acts a part highly culpable and injurious.

With very grateful acknowledgment we mention our obligations to Mr. Topliff, to whose obliging communications our paper owes much of what interest it may possess.

From the beginning of Mr. Topliff's connection with the Reading Room it was a success. About 1814, he succeeded Mr.

Gilbert as proprietor, and by his judgment, energy, and honesty developed a business very satisfactory to the merchants and remunerative to himself. All through his proprietorship he spent much time in search of ways to improve the Reading Room and in enlarging its scope. The first change made was in the name, which from "Gilbert's Coffee House and Marine Diary" became the "Merchants' Reading Room." In 1815 appears a mention of "Topliff's Private Marine Journal." Before February, 1816, the Merchants' Reading Room had been removed from the Coffee House to Merchants' Hall building, on the corner of Congress and Water Streets. The Post Office was also in this building.

In June the "Centinel"[1] contains an advertisement that the Exchange Coffee House Reading and News Room now vacant would be leased for a year, promising great improvement in the service and soliciting subscriptions. Francis J. Oliver was the chairman of the committee who had charge of the leasing. David Barnum took the rooms, and, until the Coffee House was burned, ran a rival establishment. In 1816, perhaps spurred by this rivalry, a "foreign Letter Office" was opened at Merchants' Hall by Mr. Topliff.

From 1818 on, newspaper after newspaper contains items of foreign intelligence "from Mr. Topliff's correspondent" at Gibraltar or Smyrna, or some other distant port. Apparently a large part of the foreign news came through his correspondents, so that he might be said to be the forerunner of the Associated Press in New England. In 1818 the "Centinel" announces that "a *new*

[1] June 15, 1816.

foreign letter office has been established with the *Exchange Reading* and News room in State Street," showing that the success of Mr. Topliff's foreign mail system had forced his rival to follow his example.

Mr. Topliff had lived with his mother and brothers, supporting the family, until 1817. On Monday morning, November 3d of that year, Mrs. Topliff died. She was only sixty-one at the time of her death, but we may surmise that the later years of her life were sad ones, and she is said to have died of a " distressing illness." She was buried at three o'clock on the afternoon of November 6th.

Soon after his mother's death Mr. Topliff became a member of the household of Joseph H. Dorr, Esq., who lived at No. 3, Quincy Place on Fort Hill.

By this time, by dint of hard work, Mr. Topliff was becoming a prosperous man, and one whose interests were broadening. Constant improvements were necessary to keep the Reading Room abreast of the times. During 1820 a number of notices appeared in the papers. The first announced that Mr. Topliff had rented the " Merchants' Hall News Room," thus adding to his Reading Room of marine reports a general news agency.

NEWS ROOM

MERCHANTS' HALL

The subscriber gives notice, that he has taken the *Merchants' Hall News Room*, for one year, commencing 1st of March inst. and that he intends waiting on the Merchants and others, in a day or two, with a

subscription book for their signatures. A subscription book is also at the Bar of the Merchants' Hall. Having been employed in the business of a News Room for nearly *nine years past*, he feels himself fully competent to conduct the above establishment; and assures those who may patronize it, that every exertion of which he is capable, shall be made to give satisfaction to all. Subscribers will have the privilege of introducing to the room all strangers of their acquaintance; and officers of the Navy and Army, and Masters of Vessels, will have the privilege of visiting the room gratis, by applying at the Bar for permission.

SAMUEL TOPLIFF.[1]

FEB. 29.

Later in the year the facilities for news-getting were still further augmented by the nearest approach to a telegraph that the times permitted.

MERCHANTS' HALL NEWS ROOM

☞ The subscribers are informed that a signal staff has been erected on the east head of Long Island, the expense of which has been defrayed out of the funds of this establishment. The site is judged to be the best for the purpose of any in the harbor. Balls have been substituted for flags. They are all painted black, and are six feet in diameter. The staff is ninety-two feet from the ground to the head of the top mast; and the yard from which the balls will be suspended is thirty feet in length, and is sixty-two feet from the ground.

Mr. Lawrence, the keeper of the light-house, is employed to attend to the staff, which is now in operation. Mr. Lawrence, on being furnished a duplicate of the private signals of ship owners in this place, will display them on the approach of their vessels into the bay, for a small fee; and he has authorized the subscriber to make arrangements with such

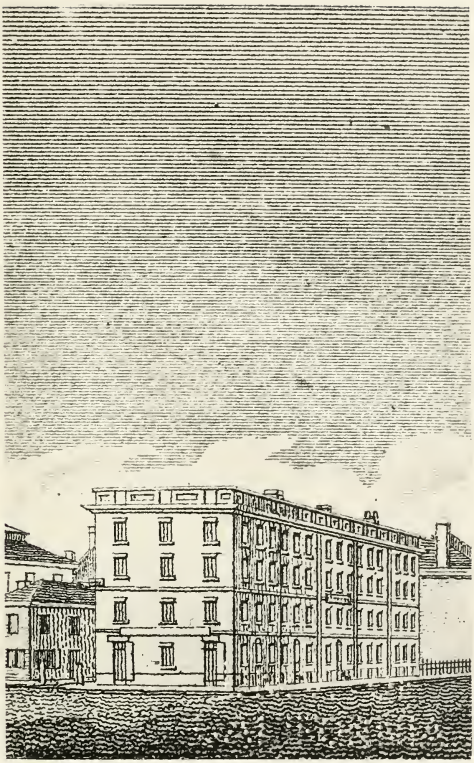
[1] "Columbian Centinel," March 1, 1820.

gentlemen as may wish to have their signals so displayed. The top mast is reserved for the present, for that purpose.

SAMUEL TOPLIFF.[1]

The News Room must have been both social and useful. It was the headquarters for the merchants who dropped in regularly in the morning before they went to their counting-rooms and offices. The establishment recorded in "seven books" certain commercial information for the benefit of subscribers. It maintained, in addition to the "telegraph," two boats from which the superintendent or his assistant boarded incoming vessels in quest of the latest marine news. Perhaps the best description of the News Room in its palmy days was given by a merchant who returned to Boston on the day it closed forever. This merchant writes to a Boston paper: "Happening to be in Boston, we dropped into the old place ['Merchants' News Room'] wherein we have seen some service, and it really made us feel sad to witness the desolation of the place where for so long a period the 'merchants most have congregated.' The desks were stripped of the 'news from all nations,' which for so long a time has daily been spread upon them. There were no 'arrivals,' no 'clearances,' reported there, no '*Sharpshooters*' telegraphed, no 'foggy below,' no 'Shipping Lists,' no 'imports,' no drawing lots for 'Liverpool papers,' no 'Holmes's Hole,' no fun in that little 'private room.'" He adds that "it has sustained the reputation of the best news-room in the country, and it has become as much identified with the merchants of Boston as State Street itself."

[1] "Columbian Centinel," August 5, 1820.



ENGRAVED BY A. BOWEN. ABOUT 1829.

MERCHANTS' HALL.

Corner Congress and Water Streets, Boston.

HELIOTYPE CO., BOSTON.

In the early part of 1820 a long communication appeared in the "New England Galaxy," over Mr. Topliff's signature, on the subject of Pitcairn's Island. He found that Captain Reynolds, of the ship "Sultan," of Boston, had touched there. With a great deal of trouble Mr. Topliff got together all the information that the ship's officers could give him. This was printed in the "Galaxy," and must have proved of some interest to Bostonians, as it was reprinted in the form of a broadside.

From 1820 until Mr. Topliff's connection with the Reading Room ceased, the reputation of the establishment was firm in the esteem of the merchants, and it became a source of pride to the city. At one time the "New York Herald" attacked it for some unknown reason, and was answered by the "Boston Morning Post" in the following scathing terms: "The 'N. Y. Herald' grossly abuses the Reading Room in this city kept by the Messrs. Topliff. It is the best one in the United States, and when New York can present one equal to it, it will be time for the 'Herald' to find fault with Boston's."

About this time Benjamin Topliff, the youngest of the family, became associated with his brother, finally becoming a partner for the last eighteen years of their management of the News Room.

The newspapers all through this period are full of references to the News Room, to "Mr. Topliff's Correspondents," and to "Mr. Topliff's Agent." In 1823 a rather enigmatic expression of confidence in Mr. Topliff appeared in the "Centinel," which makes one wish to know the whole transaction.

NOTICE

At a full meeting of the Subscribers, to the Merchants' Hall Reading and News Room, held at said Room, on Friday evening, March 28th, 1823 — agreeably to a notification of the Superintendent, to take into Consideration the measures recently adopted by him, relative to the non-admission of those persons not entitled by the Regulations, to the privileges of the Establishment — It was

Voted, that this meeting cordially approve of the proceedings of MR. TOPLIFF, the Superintendent, relative thereto.[1]

R. D. TUCKER, *Moderator.*

SAMUEL L. ABBOTT, *Secretary.*

One rather wonders just what Mr. Topliff's duties were as one looks over the papers. Evidently he was closely connected with the mail service, as well as with the shipping and news. In the "Columbian Centinel" for July 4, 1827, the announcement was made of a mail robbery.

"MR. TOPLIFF's New-York Correspondent, under date of 1st inst., 10 A. M., writes, 'The Boston letter and paper mails, due this morning, are missing.' ☞ The general mail is opened but once between this city and New-York, which is at Hartford. In that mail were forwarded the letters received at the Foreign letter office of Merchants Hall, for the Packet ships Florida, for Liverpool, and Queen Mab, and Henry IV., for Havre."

"*Late Mail Robbery.* — It appears by a correspondence which has been published that MR. TOPLIFF, Superintendent of Merchants Hall in this City, took very prompt measures to obtain information from MR. BAILEY, the Postmaster in New-York, and Messrs. LANG, TURNER AND CO., Editors

[1] "Columbian Centinel," March 29, 1823.

of the *New-York Gazette*, of the extent of the spoliation committed on the letters and their contents, which were sent from this city, by mail, with the usual precaution, to be conveyed to Europe by the regular packets of that city, &c."

An item printed later in the year appeals to those who were interested in the shipping of Boston, and makes one regret the fact that the "seven books" cannot be found, with their information about the early days of Boston as an international port.

"We learn by Merchants Hall books there were 366 sail of vessels in this port on the 29th ult. viz.: — 39 ships, 95 brigs, 163 schs., 67 sloops and 2 steamboats." [1]

Mr. Topliff's business career was not all-engrossing, and at this time his private affairs began to play a prominent part in his life. He was still a member of Mr. Joseph H. Dorr's household in Quincy Place.

Living near by on Atkinson Street, now High Street, was a family by the name of Blackstock. The father, Mr. William Blackstock, was an importer of foreign dress-goods, whose place of business was at first in New York. His brother, James Blackstock, married a sister of John Summerfield, the great Methodist preacher and revivalist. The Blackstock brothers had come, about 1790, from the town of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, or some of its environs. William Blackstock settled in New York as a young man of twenty, and became very well-to-do. In 1801 he married Eliza Maxwell of Boston, the ceremony having been

[1] "Columbian Centinel," October 6, 1827.

performed by the Rev. Samuel Stillman. Eliza Maxwell was the second daughter of James Maxwell, a Liverpool architect, who had come to Boston in 1795, and become a tobacco merchant. In September of that year he bought a house and land on Sheafe Street, for which he paid £710. Here his three pretty English daughters lived a gay life, much admired for their beauty and their fresh complexions. Eliza, the second daughter, fell in love with a young man named Silas Atkins, but her father forced her to marry the well-to-do Scotch merchant Blackstock, eleven years her senior. One of her granddaughters said that she could never speak of her lover, who was lost at sea soon after her marriage, without tears, even at the end of her long life of eighty-six years. It was also said that her father's entreaties even went the length of his kneeling to beg her to comply with his wishes. She was a small, frail woman, who considered that her granddaughters, brought up without balls and parties, led a very stupid existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock had a family of three sons and four daughters, and he, like most Scotchmen, held very strong convictions in regard to religion, morals, and business. He ruled his family with puritanical sternness and severity. The two older daughters, Mary and Jane, were allowed diversions to a limited extent, but were compelled to be at home by ten o'clock at the latest. When entertaining callers, Mr. Blackstock habitually rose solemnly at the first stroke of nine and closed the inner shutters. It was usually a sufficiently strong hint. He made a marked exception in favor of Mr. Topliff, who was himself so very agreeable to Mr. Blackstock that he either forgot or forbore to perform his

usual rite at nine o'clock. Mr. Topliff was surreptitiously paying court to the second daughter, Jane, and, when he felt sure of his ground, requested her hand in marriage. He received a favorable answer, although Mr. Blackstock was much chagrined to find that he had not been the chief attraction for Mr. Topliff.

The year previous to his marriage was spent abroad travelling. Mr. Topliff's health had become impaired, and an entire change of scene became necessary. He sailed on the first of June, 1828, on the ship "Liverpool." During his whole trip he corresponded regularly with the Dorr family, and it is these letters which are now published. They are interesting in many ways, because few Americans travelled for pleasure in those days, and because Mr. Topliff noticed, and set down very clearly what he did see. Three of the letters are especially noteworthy: two describe visits which he made to General Lafayette, one at Lagrange and one at Paris; and another describes his call upon John, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who, as Rev. John Cheverus, was long known and beloved in Boston.

After travelling through Ireland, Scotland, and part of England, he crossed to Holland, and after taking a trip up the Rhine, finished his journey to Paris by diligence. In Paris he made arrangements to prolong his journey through Switzerland and Italy, returning through southern France. His travelling companion was Mr. Russell Sturgis of Boston, who was afterwards a partner of the firm of Baring Brothers in London. Mr. Sturgis kept a diary of the same journey, and it is interesting to compare

the different points of view of the two men. Mr. Sturgis's diary has been published by his son Julian Sturgis.

The friendship begun on this trip was lifelong. At frequent intervals during Mr. Topliff's married life boxes came from China and Manila, from Mr. Sturgis, containing gifts for the elder Topliff, and sweets and queer toys for the children. The arrivals of these boxes were epoch-making events to the young people. A letter from Mr. Sturgis has been kept among the papers of one of Mr. Topliff's daughters:

MACAO February 28, 1843.

LOWELL

FRIEND TOPLIFF

Capt. Peirce of the Lowell takes charge of for you
a Box *good* Chouchong Tea
do Chow Chow Sweetmeats
do toys for the *Chicks*

which I hope may amuse the small folks & remind you of your old travelling companion & friend

RUSSELL STURGIS

My regards to your
Brother also.

No Bill Lading & no Receipt.

During the time of Mr. Topliff's trip abroad there seems to have been constant trouble at the News Room. Benjamin, the junior partner, was not as efficient as his elder brother, and the responsibility seems to have weighed very heavily upon him. There are frequent references in the letters to Benjamin's desire that his brother come home at all hazards. General Jackson had

been made President, and New England seemed to be in a state of uneasiness as to what changes were to take place. The postmaster in Boston was removed, and the uncertainty as to the new incumbent's attitude toward the News Room added greatly to the discomfort of both the brothers.

In June, 1829, Mr. Topliff returned to Boston on the ship "Dover," and the "Centinel" for July first greeted his arrival with a paragraph:

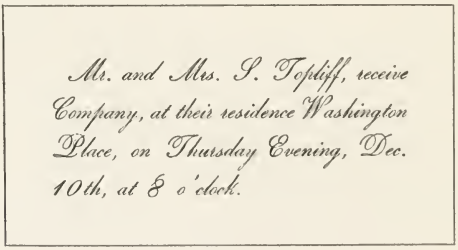
"We owe our acknowledgments to Samuel Topliff, Esq., for complete files of English papers by the 'Dover,' which had arrived since our last. . . . We congratulate Mr. Topliff on his safe arrival, and we equally congratulate the frequenters of the News Room, on a renewal of his attention to its affairs."

He was married the second of December following, in Providence, Rhode Island. The row in which the house stood was then popularly known as "Stock Block," because it was tenanted by Comstock families, one either side of the Blackstocks. Many of the beautiful things which he brought from abroad to his bride are still treasured by his grandchildren as heirlooms, and some have been for many years on exhibition in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The newly married pair lived at No. 32 Washington Square, on Fort Hill, with the sea in view from the front windows. Here in a great room at the top was a museum, in which were put stuffed animals from foreign lands, among which an ourang-outang and a boa-constrictor, alive, figured most largely in the imagination of the children. There was a great war canoe from some South Sea island, bows, spears, swords, shells, and all

the miscellaneous collection which the sea captains brought to him from different parts of the world. These were divided between the Boston Society of Natural History and the Boston Museum after Mr. Topliff's death, and many still can be seen at the Society's rooms or at the Peabody Museum with his name attached.

There were eight children, the first and last of whom died young. The other six were largely educated at boarding schools, and were much away from home. Still Mr. Topliff's disciplinary hand was felt, by the boys, at least. He kept a birch rod over his mantelpiece, and when his sons were obstreperous he would take them before it and ask, "Young man, do you want a taste of the oil of birch?" This was said to be generally sufficient to ensure good behavior. Mr. Topliff had curly hair, and one of his great delights was to have some one of his younger children curl his hair while he read his newspaper.

Mr. and Mrs. Topliff entertained a great deal after their marriage, for Mr. Topliff had many friends, and was very fond of good dinners and society. A card of invitation to one of their evening parties in 1835 has been preserved:


Mr. and Mrs. S. Topliff, receive
Company, at their residence Washington
Place, on Thursday Evening, Dec.
10th, at 8 o'clock.

His venison dinners, cooked in individual chafing-dishes, were long remembered.

Mrs. Topliff and the children attended Rev. W. M. Rogers's Church, on Winter Street; but Mr. Topliff was a Unitarian, and went to the Rev. Dr. George Ripley's Church, in Purchase Street. A black boy, whose name was Camille, was employed in the family. He attended Mr. Topliff to church, and sat in a seat in a little gallery by himself in the corner opposite the pulpit and near the choir. Camille later threatened to poison the cook, and Mr. Topliff was forced to find him a place elsewhere. He went on board a United States man-of-war, and was heard of no more.

About 1830 the Reading Room was moved again, this time to the "old State House," then called the City Hall. "Bowen's Picture of Boston" gives so graphic an account of the News Room at this time that it is inserted here. On September 17, 1830, the State House[1] "having been thoroughly repaired it was by an ordinance of the City Government called the *City Hall*, by which name it has since been designated. . . . On the first floor are three large rooms; that facing Washington Street is the Post Office. At the other extremity, looking down State Street, is Topliff's News Room, one of the best conducted establishments for the accommodation of merchants in the United States. The middle room, a lofty apartment supported by pillars, is the Merchants' Exchange and common thoroughfare to the public offices."

[1] Bowen's "Picture of Boston" (1838), page 67.

"Topliff's Reading Room.

"This establishment, which is kept in the east end of the City Hall, is supported by subscribers, consisting chiefly of the first merchants in the place. The annual subscription is $10, with the right of introducing a friend from any place not within 6 miles of the city. The room is furnished with all the principal papers in the United States, as well as foreign papers, prices current, &c. Also seven books — the first is for the general record of news, on which is recorded daily all information of a general nature, and such as is particularly interesting to the merchants of the place, as may be received from correspondents by land or water, and by arrivals at the port; the second is for the record of all arrivals from foreign parts or places, with the cargoes particularly specified to each consignee; the third for the record of all arrivals from other ports in the United States similarly noted as the second; the fourth for the record of all vessels cleared for foreign ports, time of sailing, &c.; the fifth for the record of all vessels cleared for other ports in the United States; the sixth for the record of all arrivals and clearances, from or for foreign ports in all ports of the United States, except Boston; and the seventh for the record of the names of all gentlemen introduced by the subscribers, the places whence they came, and the name of the subscriber introducing them. In the room are also several of the most important maps, necessary or useful to the ship-owner or merchant, and a good clock. Attached to this establishment is a boat with two men, ready at all times for the Superintendent, who generally boards all vessels arriving in the port, and all such information as he may obtain from them is recorded on the several books above mentioned, as soon as possible, for the benefit of the subscribers and all those who have the privilege of frequenting the reading room." [1]

In 1838, on the enlargement of the Post Office, "they were compelled to vacate that room, and the merchants of Boston

[1] Bowen's "Picture of Boston," page 68.

J. H. BUFFORD, DEL. PENDLETON'S LITHOGY., BOSTON.

CITY HALL, AND U. S. BANK, BOSTON, MASS.

(The Old State House, eastern end, about 1832. From the rare print owned by the Bostonian Society.)

HELIOTYPE CO., BOSTON.

promptly came forward and subscribed a handsome sum for the fitting up of the present highly commodious establishment. It is from this room, and especially its admirable Marine Diary, that all the other reading rooms in the United States, having any claim to a commercial character, and some even in Europe, have taken their model. Few people have any conception of the extraordinary amount of labor incurred in keeping a full and accurate diary of arrivals and departures, a journal of vessels spoken, and in foreign parts, and a full catalogue of importations in a city whose commerce ranks the second in America." [1]

Four years later Mr. Topliff's active life as a business man ceased. On December 26, 1842, Samuel Ellis and William B. Gray took the Merchants' Reading Room and united it with that of its rival the Exchange, to the dissatisfaction of one newspaper correspondent signing himself "G.," who ends in italics with the hope that "*the City will not lend their aid to any such monopoly.*"

The Topliff brothers took "leave of their patrons" in a "Card" to the paper in which they express gratitude, and regret that their thirty-one years of service are over. The Merchants' Exchange, as the new consolidated rooms were called, was soon after merged in the Board of Trade, and a very interesting institution went out of existence.

A few years after his business career closed Mr. Topliff turned his attention to politics. From 1844 until 1849 he was a member of the Common Council. In 1847 the only portrait of him in

[1] "Daily Mail," December 27, 1842.

his younger days now extant was painted. He stands directly back of Mayor Quincy in a group of city officials who were present when the corner-stone of the Beacon Hill Reservoir was laid. The sittings of the Common Council were not recorded in the Boston papers, but the doings of the Legislature were. Nevertheless there are no reports of remarks made by Mr. Topliff while he was a member of the latter body in 1848 and 1849. During his first year in the Massachusetts House he was a member of the Standing Joint Committee on Accounts. He limited his functions to voting yea or nay, very often on the side of the minority.

The years between 1849 and 1855, when he became an alderman, were apparently spent at home. In 1851 he began a controversy on the subject of the shortest runs of sailing-vessels across the Atlantic. The first communication was to the "Boston Journal" in 1851.

The Herald and Emerald.

Mr. Editor: —

Various opinions having been expressed of late, by merchants, ship brokers, ship masters, and others, as to which of the above named ships, both commanded by Captain Phillip Fox, made the shortest passage from Liverpool to Boston many years since, I have, as a matter of curiosity to myself and to satisfy the many disputants in the matter, spent some hours in searching the records of the late Merchants' Hall News Room, and the several newspapers of the day, to obtain if possible, a correct statement of facts in the case. The Post of the 15th inst. states, on the authority of an "old salt" that it was the *Emerald* that made the

14 days passage — *land to land*, and that the *Herald* in 1819 was 17 or 18 days, thereby giving a false impression.

The Journal of same date attempts to set "old salt" right, by stating that it was in the *Herald*, on her return passage, (after losing Capt. Bronson overboard on her outward passage) that Capt. Fox made the quick run of 14 days from Liverpool. Neither of the statements are correct. Captain Fox took command of the *Herald* in Liverpool, and arrived in Boston April 4th, 1819, in 36 days' passage; the second voyage he arrived here August 16th in 45 days, and the third voyage is the one in dispute. Now for the facts.

1st. In regard to the *Herald*. She arrived December 23, 1819. The record book above referred to reports her 17 days. The Gazette gives her 16 days, under the editorial head, with London dates to the 4th, and Liverpool to the 6th, but under the marine head it is thus announced: — "*Seventeen* days from Liverpool — *Fourteen* to Cape Cod."

The Sentinel,[1] Patriot, and Daily Advertiser, all give her 17 days. Under the marine head of the latter it is stated thus: — "The Herald sailed from Liverpool Dec. 6th, and arrived in our Bay yesterday (23d) morning. This is the shortest passage from any port in England within our recollection." "Left in port December 6th, ships etc., etc."

The Palladium of the 24th December, I have been unable to find — but the above will suffice to show that she sailed December 6th and arrived the 23d, consequently her passage of seventeen days is given as correctly as could be without ascertaining the precise hour she left Liverpool, and the hour she arrived in Boston, which if ascertained, would probably make it a few hours *more or less*, than seventeen days. It was on his arrival at this time when hailed to know when he left, that he replied, "week before last."

2d. In regard to the *Emerald*. I find that several leaves of the

[1] "Dec. 23, 1819 Evening — Ar. ship Herald, Fox, 17 days from Liverpool." — *Columbian Centinel*, December 25, 1819.

general record book of the late Merchants' Hall News Room which report her arrival, were accidentally burnt out some years since. I had recourse again to the papers. The *Emerald* arrived on the 8th March, 1824. The *Daily Advertiser*, *Patriot* and *Palladium* of the 9th, and *Gazette* of the 11th, give her sixteen days. The *Centinel* of the 10th gives her fifteen days, fourteen hours — all these under the editorial head, acknowledging the receipt of London papers to the 18th, and Liverpool to the 20th of February.

The *Patriot* states the receipt of Gore's Liverpool *Advertiser* of the 21st February, which is evidently a mistake, as that is a weekly paper, and has been published for many years on Thursdays, which in this case would have been on the 19th. But to remove all doubt on the subject, the *Palladium* of the 12th contains the following: — "We have examined the log book of the Emerald, and find she sailed from Liverpool Friday Feb. 20th, (civil account). At 3 P. M., came around the rock — at 4 discharged the pilot. At 4 A. M. 21st, passed Holyhead. March 8th, 3 P. M. hove to off Boston Light. At 4 took a pilot, and at 6 anchored below Fort Independence." Thus it will be seen, that notwithstanding the various statements in the papers above named, as to the shortness of her passage, the Log Book reveals the true state of the case. Taking therefore the hour of rounding the rock on the 20th, as the time of leaving the port, and the hour of dropping the anchor on the 8th, as the time of arrival, the true passage is *seventeen days and three hours*, the reader being reminded that it was leap year, to make up that time.

The gentlemen therefore, who have bet hats and other good things, will please console themselves with the assurance, that as the case at present stands, it is impossible to determine whether they have lost or won.[1]

April 21st. S. T.

[1] Credit is due Percy Chase, Esq., of Boston, for calling attention to these letters.

This discussion waged for two years spasmodically, and again in 1853 drew from Mr. Topliff an answer which gives a side-light upon his character and occupation, as well as a picture of the veracity of "seamen's yarns."

Boston, Sept. 24, 1853.

Mr. Atlas: —

As there has been so much said of late upon short passages by Clippers, etc., I would call to mind the passage of the ship Herald, Captain Philip Fox, I think in 1825 from Liverpool to Boston in 13½ days from dock to wharf: also a passage made from New York to Liverpool during the last war by Captain Budd of the Navy in 12 days.

Boston Boy.

Our correspondent has made a small mistake. Mr. Samuel Topliff, a few years since, after investigating the records, showed that the "Herald" made the passage in 15 days and some hours. We never before heard of Captain Budd's passage.

Ships Emerald and Herald.

Mr. Editor: —

The Boston Boy and yourself are equally mistaken respecting the passage of the Herald. When I undertook to make the investigation sometime ago, as to the relative passages once made by ships Emerald and Herald from Liverpool to Boston and on which several bets were pending, I ascertained satisfactorily that the former was some few hours over 17 days, and I gave the hour of departure from Liverpool and the hour of anchorage in our harbor as the true basis of computation.

In regard to the Herald, I was not so fortunate. I obtained the day of her sailing and of arrival, but was minus the hour of departure and arrival, consequently no decision was had. It was evident both had 17 days pas-

sage, and the difference was to be determined by hours, but as that could not be ascertained the bets were withdrawn.

In determining the passages of sailing vessels, before steamships were introduced, it was the custom among ship-masters here, but more particularly so in New York, to clip off a day or two from each end, with as little regard to consequences, as Jack would have in biting off a piece of pig tail.

Dates being suppressed, the men of business, and the public generally were in the dark as to the true passage. There were various ways of computation. Some more honest than others would reckon from wharf or anchorage in one port, to dock or anchorage in another port, which I consider the true basis of computation: while some calculated from discharging the pilot on one side of the Atlantic, to taking one on the other. Then again, others considered the passage as having commenced on leaving sight of land, on one side and as ending on making the land on the other side of the Atlantic. These last two modes were very convenient when a ship master desired to make a short passage, and were frequently adopted by those out of New York to promote their own and the ship's reputation.

In this connection I am reminded of an incident in proof of this statement, which occurred some years ago, in the course of my occupation. A New York brig arrived in our harbor from Havana — on boarding her, the usual enquiry "what passage?" was made, "twelve days" was the answer. "What day did you sail" was the next inquiry. "I have given you the passage, make your own calculations," was the reply of the master.

Finding no disposition on the part of the master to gratify me with that important part of the information sought for, no further inquiries were made by me, but while the master was busy with the Custom House officer, I silently and unobserved turned over the leaves of the log-book which was on the table before me, ascertained the day of departure, came ashore and reported 18 days, her true passage, for which act of veracity the said master was very wroth and threatened to horsewhip me: he however, thought better of it and I was saved the infliction.

A great many short passages were made in the same way in those days, and I am fearful many at the present day have no better foundation in truth.

SAMUEL TOPLIFF.

About 1849, the family had abandoned their house on Fort Hill and had moved to a brick house on Union Park, in which Mr. Topliff lived the rest of his life.

The next year he was a Know-nothing member of the Board of Aldermen. By this time his modesty was somewhat abated, and he took a far more active part in the affairs of the Board than he had in those of the Common Council and House of Representatives. In the spring of the year 1855 the agitation was begun for the erection of a Public Library building. On March 27th Mr. Topliff offered an ordinance relating to the erection of such a building, and later, in June, he voted for the $95,000 appropriation for its erection. Mr. Topliff was not re-elected the next year, and from that time until his death, although asked to hold office, he took no active part in public affairs.

Mr. Topliff's retirement from public affairs was due chiefly to his diffidence in speaking. He told one of his sons that the way to political preferment had been open to him, but that this timidity of his made him choose private life. The choice was made when he was urged to accept the nomination for State Senator.

He did make one speech during his career which was a surprise to himself as well as to those of his family who were present on the occasion. When his youngest son graduated from the Dwight School in 1859, Mr. Topliff was an invited guest. After

the exercises some of the guests were asked to speak and among them Mr. Topliff. He was much embarrassed at first, but rose to the occasion, and talked on the schools of his own time in an interesting and forceful way.

On March 28, 1860, Mrs. Topliff died, much mourned by her husband, who wrote to his daughter Eliza, in October of that year: "I must close; with an interest in grandma's[1] welfare, enhanced by the death of her child, my beloved wife, and your dear mother, I feel a stronger tie of attachment and therefore shall welcome her once more under my roof."

Mr. Topliff died December 11, 1864, and was buried on December 16, in the Blackstock-Topliff lot in Mt. Auburn Cemetery. His estate was administered by his son-in-law, Mr. Houghton. The newspaper notices at the time of his death were very kindly in their estimate both of his character and of his work.

Death of a Veteran Newsman. — Samuel Topliff, long and familiarly known throughout the commercial world, died at his residence in this city early this morning, aged about seventy-four years. More than fifty years ago he was connected with a news-room, which eventually passed under his control, and was named "Topliff's News-Room"; and we can speak from personal knowledge that it was conducted with untiring industry in all its departments.

He was not only indefatigable in procuring intelligence of every kind, but was remarkably accurate. As a marine news-room his establishment has never been excelled, considering the means at his disposal. Those only who are familiar with the details of ship news can appreciate the vast labor

[1] Mrs. Topliff's mother, Mrs. Blackstock.

and care which he bestowed in perfecting his marine reports, many of which came to him very obscurely worded, if not incorrect. He was the first who established an agency at Holmes's Hole to report the shipping there, and we believe he was also the first to perfect signal stations between this city and the approaches to our harbor. Either he or his brother were always in the boarding-boat to obtain the news brought by vessels, and this labor in winter was often very severe.

If ever a man was worn out by hard work, that man was Mr. Topliff. Known to all our merchants, he was esteemed by them all, for he was a man of sterling integrity, whose word was always as good as his bond. As a husband, father, and citizen, his reputation was blameless; the fact is, he was always too busy to find time to go astray, had he been so disposed, but he was not, for he was by nature as well as habit, a gentleman. But he is gone, respected and honored by all who knew him. We "come like shadows so depart."

Mr. Topliff had eight children, six of whom survived him. The oldest, Samuel Bird, died in his early manhood, and the youngest, Ebenezer, in infancy. William Blackstock settled in Chicago; James Clement, after serving as paymaster in the Union Army, settled in Kansas. The youngest son, George Francis, and his three sisters, Sarah Jane, Mary Mindwell, and Eliza Maxwell, remained in Boston: the letters of travel which follow were presented by him to the Boston Athenæum.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Ship Liverpool, off Boston Light
Sunday June 1st 1828
¾ past 5 P. M.

Mr Dorr & Family

Dear friends; On my seperation from you for a time, I wished, on taking my leave, to express to you the over flowings of a heart throbbing with gratitude for your kindness to me during the long time I have made one of your social circle. But the various emotions and sensations which agitated my bosom, prevented me from giving utterance to those sentiments of friendship which I entertain for you all, that it was my wish to do. I have now only to say that no distance or space will separate my mind from you, but in imagination I will still fancy myself surrounded by you all at the social fire-side or table, and keep you in remembrance while on the billows of the deep, or among strangers in a foreign land. To the protection of that good Being, whom I never yet distrusted, I commend you trusting in the same power for his protection to myself — and safe return to you. In his hands I commit myself, and whether good or ill is in store for me, I shall submit with gratitude in the one case, and fortitude in the other, as becometh a Christian. That God may bless you is the wish from the heart of your sincere & tried friend

In haste

Samˡ Topliff.

P. S. We have had a light wind all day, and the prospect at present is not very flattering. We of course have had to beat all the way to this.

If any one should feel I have neglected them by not calling, apologize to them and say I had all the will but no time to spare. I write in haste, as the pilot will leave us in a few minutes — adieu, God be with you.

Now drifting with the tide becalmed.

(N° 1) Per Isaac Hicks, via New York —

Liverpool June 25th 1828.

Mr & Mrs Dorr, Miss Perry, Joseph, Lucy, and Thomas E Dorr.

Friends All;

Three thousand miles now separate us: but you are all present to my mind, and close to my heart in friendships strongest ties, and I should do injustice to my own feelings if I did not state that I take pleasure in informing you of my safe arrival here, entertaining at the same time the belief, that I still retain in your minds a reciprocal feeling that will render this information equally agreeable and pleasant to yourselves. In my waking moments as well as under the influence of sleep, my mind has been constantly among those objects endeared to me by the ties of affection, kindred, or of friendship, from whom the proud billows of the deep were bearing me far away, and for a time my spirits have been depressed: but cheered by the kind attentions of Capt Howes, and my fellow passengers, who have all been very

BRITISH ISLES
NORTH SEA
Murray Firth
Firth of Forth
Firth of Tay
Skager rack
Irish Channel
English Channel
Lizard
Land's End
Scilly Is.
Isle of Wight
Portland
Beachy Head
Dungeness
North Foreland
Thames
R. Humber
Flamborough Hd
Yarmouth
Helgoland
Heligoland
Skagen
Frederikvarn
Egersund
Stavanger
Lindesnes or the Naze
Jutland
Holstein
Hamburg
Bremen
Hanover
Brunswick
Berlin
Amsterdam
Rotterdam
Utrecht
Arnheim
Nimeguen
Cleves
Wesel
Dusseldorf
Cologne
Aix la Chapelle
Liege
Namur
Brussels
Ghent
Bruges
Ostend
Dunkirk
Calais
Boulogne
Dieppe
Havre de Grace
Caen
Cherbourg
Rouen
PARIS
Versailles
Orleans
R. Loire
R. Seine
Nantes
Rochelle
Rochefort
Bordeaux
R. Garonne
R. Gironde
Bay of Biscay
Bayonne
Pampeluna
Bilbao
Santander
Oviedo
Leon
Burgos
Valladolid
Toledo
Madrid
Aranjuez
Guadalajara
Zaragoza
Barcelona
Tarragona
Valencia
Ciudad Real
Murcia
Granada
Carthagena
Gibraltar
Mediterranean
Mallorca
Palma
Minorca
Mahon
Ivica
Formentera
Algiers
Bona
Corsica
Bastia
Sardinia
Cagliari
Sassari
Elba
Leghorn
Pisa
Florence
Genoa
Gulf of Genoa
Milan
Turin
Mont Cenis
Switzerland
Berne
Zurich
Basle
Geneva
Lyons
Grenoble
Marseilles
Toulon
Nice
Avignon
Montpellier
Toulouse
Perpignan
Carcassone
Nismes
Rhone
Saone
Dijon
Besancon
Nancy
Metz
Strasburg
Frankfort
Mayence
Wurtzburg
Nuremberg
Ratisbon
Augsburg
Munich
Inspruck
Salzburg
Vienna
Prague
Dresden
Leipsic
Magdeburg
Hamelen
Minden
Osnaburg
Munster
Embden
Groningen
Leeuwarden
Harlingen
Texel
Helder
Haerlem
Leyden
Delft
Dort
Middleburg
Flushing
Ostend
Antwerp
Mechlin
Louvain
Tirlemont
Maestricht
Juliers
Treves
Coblentz
Bingen
Worms
Manheim
Heidelberg
Spire
Landau
Strasburg
Basle
Schaffhausen
Constance
Zurich
Berne
Lucerne
Bellinzona
Como
Milan
Pavia
Alessandria
Turin
Coni
Nice
Genoa
Parma
Modena
Bologna
Ferrara
Venice
Mantua
Verona
Trent
Inspruck
Augsburg
Ulm
Stuttgard
Tubingen
Rottweil
Donaueschingen
Freyburg
Brisgau
Offenburg
Rastadt
Carlsruhe
Philipsburg
Worms
Mayence
Frankfort
Hanau
Fulda
Cassel
Gottingen
Hanover
Zell
Celle
Brunswick
Wolfenbuttel
Magdeburg
Halberstadt
Quedlinburg
Aschersleben
Dessau
Wittenberg
Torgau
Leipsic
Dresden
Meissen
Freyberg
Chemnitz
Zwickau
Plauen
Hof
Bamberg
Wurtzburg
Nuremberg
Ratisbon
Passau
Linz
Vienna
Brunn
Olmutz
Prague
Pilsen
Budweis
Tabor
Znaim
Iglau
Kuttenberg
Konigsgratz
Leitmeritz
Bautzen
Gorlitz
Glogau
Breslau
Neiss
Glatz
Silesia
Moravia
Bohemia
Austria
Tyrol
Styria
Carinthia
Carniola
Hungary
Croatia
Dalmatia
Ancona
Rome
Terracina
Gaeta
Naples
Salerno
Capua
Aquila
Teramo
Ascoli
Fermo
Macerata
Urbino
Rimini
Ravenna
Forli
Imola
Bologna
Florence
Pistoia
Lucca
Pisa
Leghorn
Siena
Orbitello
Civita Vecchia
Tuscany
Corsica
Sardinia
Elba
Capraja
Gorgona
Pianosa
Monte Christo
Giglio
Giannutri
Ponza
Ischia
Procida
Capri
Sicily
Malta
Gozo
Tripoli
Tunis
Bona
Algiers
Oran
Tlemcen
Fez
Tangier
Ceuta
Gibraltar
Tarifa
Cape Trafalgar
Cadiz
Seville
Cordova
Jaen
Granada
Malaga
Almeria
Murcia
Carthagena
Alicante
Valencia
Ciudad Real
Toledo
Madrid
Aranjuez
Guadalajara
Zaragoza
Barcelona
Tarragona
Tortosa
Morella
Teruel
Cuenca
Albacete
Ivica
Formentera
Majorca
Palma
Minorca
Mahon
Algiers
Bona
Corsica
Bastia
Sardinia
Cagliari
Sassari
Elba
Leghorn
Pisa
Florence
Genoa
Gulf of Genoa
Milan
Turin
Mont Cenis
Switzerland
Berne
Zurich
Basle
Geneva
Lyons
Grenoble
Marseilles
Toulon
Nice
Avignon
Montpellier
Toulouse
Perpignan
Carcassone
Nismes
Rhone
Saone
Dijon
Besancon
Nancy
Metz
Strasburg
Frankfort
Mayence
Wurtzburg
Nuremberg
Ratisbon
Augsburg
Munich
Inspruck
Salzburg
Vienna
Prague
Dresden
Leipsic
Magdeburg
Hamelen
Minden
Osnaburg
Munster
Embden
Groningen
Leeuwarden
Harlingen
Texel
Helder
Haerlem
Leyden
Delft
Dort
Middleburg
Flushing
Ostend
Antwerp
Mechlin
Louvain
Tirlemont
Maestricht
Juliers
Treves
Coblentz
Bingen
Worms
Manheim
Heidelberg
Spire
Landau
Strasburg
Basle
Schaffhausen
Constance
Zurich
Berne
Lucerne
Bellinzona
Como
Milan
Pavia
Alessandria
Turin
Coni
Nice
Genoa
Parma
Modena
Bologna
Ferrara
Venice
Mantua
Verona
Trent
Inspruck
Augsburg
Ulm
Stuttgard
Tubingen
Rottweil
Donaueschingen
Freyburg
Brisgau
Offenburg
Rastadt
Carlsruhe
Philipsburg
Worms
Mayence
Frankfort
Hanau
Fulda
Cassel
Gottingen
Hanover
Zell
Celle
Brunswick
Wolfenbuttel
Magdeburg
Halberstadt
Quedlinburg
Aschersleben
Dessau
Wittenberg
Torgau
Leipsic
Dresden
Meissen
Freyberg
Chemnitz
Zwickau
Plauen
Hof
Bamberg
Wurtzburg
Nuremberg
Ratisbon
Passau
Linz
Vienna
Brunn
Olmutz
Prague
Pilsen
Budweis
Tabor
Znaim
Iglau
Kuttenberg
Konigsgratz
Leitmeritz
Bautzen
Gorlitz
Glogau
Breslau
Neiss
Glatz
Silesia
Moravia
Bohemia
Austria
Tyrol
Styria
Carinthia
Carniola
Hungary
Croatia
Dalmatia
Ancona
Rome
Terracina
Gaeta
Naples
Salerno
Capua
Aquila
Teramo
Ascoli
Fermo
Macerata
Urbino
Rimini
Ravenna
Forli
Imola
Bologna
Florence
Pistoia
Lucca
Pisa
Leghorn
Siena
Orbitello
Civita Vecchia
Tuscany
Corsica
Sardinia
Elba
Capraja
Gorgona
Pianosa
Monte Christo
Giglio
Giannutri
Ponza
Ischia
Procida
Capri
Sicily
Malta
Gozo
Tripoli
Tunis
Bona
Algiers
Oran
Tlemcen
Fez
Tangier
Ceuta
Gibraltar
Tarifa
Cape Trafalgar
Cadiz
Seville
Cordova
Jaen
Granada
Malaga
Almeria
Murcia
Carthagena
Alicante
Valencia
Ciudad Real
Toledo
Madrid
Aranjuez
Guadalajara
Zaragoza
Barcelona
Tarragona
Tortosa
Morella
Teruel
Cuenca
Albacete
Ivica
Formentera
Majorca
Palma
Minorca
Mahon

agreeable, I recovered in some degree; and no doubt when I have recovered from the effect of the voyage, by nourishing and strengthening diet my usual flow of spirits will return to me, and health and cheerfulness again light up my countenance. With this hope animating me, I shall pursue the object of my peregrinations with a determination to secure it if possible.

I was not so very sea sick as I anticipated to be when I left. We took our departure from Boston light at 12 o'clock Sunday night June 1st with the wind about S. E. and when I turned out of my berth next morning at 8 o'clock, found myself 50 miles from Boston. I was sea sick a few hours on Monday, and cleared my stomach pretty well of bile, and kept myself quiet in a couch in the cabin during the day, taking only now and then a little oatmeal gruel. Tuesday morning I took my seat at the table, and continued so from day to day till Eastd of the Grand Bank, flattering myself I should not be sick any more on the passage: but on the 12th & 13th, a strong wind from the Nd & Ed created more sea and a heavier swell than we had had before (the Ship going 9 & 10 knots an hour, pitching, plunging & rolling considerably) and I was very sick and confined most of those days to my berth. My corporation therefore is not much enlarged: but somewhat diminished in size, and it would not be difficult for any person to trace out every bone in my body, by the application of their fingers outside of my apparel. Still, however, I am in hopes the "roast beef of England" &c, will renovate me, and that I may be so increased in size on my return as to be a suitable candidate for the board of Aldermen. This reminds me of Alderman Dorr, and

for his special information I state, that the potatoes on board the Liverpool were of the 1st quality, never saw better: but alas! my appetite was such I did not enjoy them much. When we left Boston it was the intention of Capt Howes to keep as far South as lat. 39 or 40 to avoid the ice: but the wind continued blowing from the Sd & Eastd for seven days, the ship braced up sharp to the wind all the time, which brought us to the Grand Bank in lat. 44½. The winds still prevailing from that quarter, Capt Howes concluded to pursue the course, and keep a sharp look out, as it would take from 7 to 10 days to beat to windward as far as lat. 40. On the forenoon of the 7th, west of the Banks, we saw an Island of ice. In the afternoon passed a Schr fishing *on* the bank, the weather then very thick & foggy, so that we could see but a short distance. At dark the ship was put under easy sail, and such was the anxious care and attention of Capt Howes that he would trust no one to look out, but took his station at the bow of the ship all night, to look out for ice. The night of the 8th the same precaution was taken, Capt Howes at the bow all night. On the afternoon of the 9th passed within a short distance of an island of ice, the weather so thick & foggy as hardly to see the length of the ship. At dark hove to, and remained till day light, when sail was made, Capt Howes as usual remaining on deck all night. In the course of the 9th having passed the danger of ice, and it being clear weather once more, every moment of time was improved, and all the sail the Ship would bear was kept on her night and day. We crossed the Banks between lat. 45 & 46 and by keeping thus far North, no doubt materially shortened our passage. Still I

must confess I felt anxious, particularly as the fate of our namesake from New York in 1822, constantly recurred to my mind: but the great care and precaution of Capt Howes quieted my fears, and I retired to my berth with the fullest confidence in his watchfulness. We had several days of calm & light winds from the East^{d} during the middle part, so that on the whole, our passage has been a very fair one. I kept the deck more or less every day, till 10 & 11 o'clock at night, and took notes of passing events, ships reckoning &c for my amusement & satisfaction. The Ship is an uncommon fine vessel,[1] easy as a cradle, dry and comfortable, steers like a pilot boat, and "sails like a dog, Sir." We fell in with a great many vessels bound East with us, and had the satisfaction, and pleasure of shewing our stern to them all. On the 19th lat. 49.18 long. 17.14, were becalmed all day, did not move five miles one way or the other. The mate, Mr Farnsworth, & myself, lowered down one of the boats, and rowed round our gallant bark, lying with her sails flapping to the masts, now diving, then rising to the undulations of the sea, making a splendid sight. We endeavoured to speak some homeward bound vessel to report our progress, but in vain. A great many passed us either to windward or leeward, and we shewed our Telegraphic numbers to all: but were unanswered by all, except in one instance by the brig La Grange of Boston, the 21st lat. 50.16 long. 11.49, which no doubt reported us, as we hung our name on the quarter, besides

[1] The packet ships "Liverpool" and "Boston" were completed at the Magoun shipyard, Medford, early in 1828, to compete with the New York line. See Hamilton A. Hill in "New England Magazine," January, 1894.

ACCOUNT OF THE SHIPS RECKONING & DISTANCE RUN, BY WHICH YOU WILL SEE THE PROGRESS FROM DAY TO DAY DURING THE PASSAGE.

Date	Situation each day at Meridian. Latitude		Longitude		Distance run each 24 hours up to meridian each day.	Winds, Remarks, &c.
June 2	42	39	69	35	68 Miles	S. SE
3	42	44	66	30	134 "	SSE, S, S by E
4	43	—	63	28	133 "	S by W, 6 hours, S, variable
5	43	20	60	—	155 "	S S E
6	43	35	55	48	184 "	S ½ E
7	44	22	52	31	149 "	S by E, variable, S by E, SE by S
8	45	16	50	04	122 "	SSE, S, sounded in 35 fathoms
9	45	44	48	30	67 "	S E by E, ESE, SSE, SW 8 hours
10	45	50	46	40	90 "	S W 16 hours, lay to 6 hours
11	45	54	43	57	116 "	SW 8 hours, NW. 14, N
12	45	31	38	22	236 "	N
13	44	50	34	11	182 "	NNE, NE
14	45	—	30	39	151 "	N E by N, NNE, NW, 12 hours
15	45	28	26	40	168 "	N N W
16	45	30	24	—	118 "	N N W, 12 hours, N E, E N E
17	46	32	20	37	136 "	N, S W 5 hours, N W 8
18	48	15	18	06	145 "	N W
19	49	18	17	14	73 "	SW 4 hours, Calm 12, SE, SE by S, SE by E
20	49	15	15	—	86 "	N E by N, N N E
21	50	16	11	49	159 "	N N W, N W 17 hours
22	Dungarven bore NNE 25 miles				163 "	N W 6 hours, N N E, N by W
23	Tuskar bore W by S & St Davids Head SSE				75 "	N by W, N W 15 hours, NE by N
24	Holy Head E ½ N 4 miles				80 "	Calm 8 hours, W N W, W S W
25 10 A M	Liverpool				66 "	
					3056 miles	

shewing our flags, and she was near enough to read it with a glass. On the 22d at 3 A.M., made Cape Clear, Coast of Ireland, and at 9 an Irish fishing smack came near to us, to coax us to buy fish, but Capt Howes declined. The Paddy of a skipper then asked if we would throw overboard a bottle of the "*raal* stuff," so to humour them we filled a bottle of N. E. white face, lashed it to a piece of spar, and threw it over. Paddy backed and filled, and sent a man aloft to look for it, at last we saw them by the aid of a glass, hook it up, and wave their caps & hats by way of returning thanks to us.

Capt Howes[1] is a very fine man, a good navigator, and keeps good order and discipline on board, without any unnecessary severity, or vigourous measures, noise or confusion, or profane swearing, too much the habit of some ship masters. He treats his crew well, and makes every man know his place. His officers are smart, active, and attentive men, and the crew are a steady, & peaceable set of men, able, and willing to do their duty. The Steward is a mild, even tempered mulatto, understands cookery well, and took particular pains in rendering me every attention, in making gruel for me, roasting apples &c, when I was unable to eat more hearty food. Altogether I could not have had a more desirable conveyance.

It is worthy of remark that we did not tack Ship once from the time of leaving Boston Light till inside of Tuskar Light[2] the 23d, but were by the wind more than three quarters of the way, and had not 24 hours S. W., or a free wind, during the whole passage.

[1] Captain Jabez Howes.

[2] Tuskar Light is off the southeast coast of County Wexford, Ireland.

To all my friends, and those who may enquire after my wellfare, I wish particularly to be remembered. When I have recruited myself, and feel at leisure, I shall notice them more particularly, and in a manner more congenial to my own feelings, and more satisfactory to them than this general expression of regard. I shall be exceedingly gratified to hear from you all, and learn how the domestic concerns of the family are, and to know how each individual is. I hope Mr Dorr will write me as often as convenient, and inform me how Benjn gets on, and whether any serious difficulty occurs or not. I have not made up my mind as to future movements, or formed any opinion as to ye length of my absence; of this I shall inform you anon. In the mean time I pray heaven to watch over you, and preserve you all in health and prosperity, and in due time once more restore me to your social circle, sensible of the goodness of God for all his mercies, and entertaining a more grateful sense thereof, than I have ever yet experienced.

Kiss Lucy for me, and pinch Tommy's cheek, and each and all of you accept the best wishes of your old friend.

SamL Topliff.

N. B. I shall number all my letters to you so that if any miscarry, you will know it. I wish Mr Dorr would adopt the same plan.

10 A. M. Just arrived — have not been ashore yet.

20th Yesterday on our arrival in dock, Capt Howes introduced me to Mr Humberston, the consignee of the ship, to whom I presented my letters of introduction, and was most cordially noticed.

He took me immediately by the arm and introduced me to the Exchange and Underwriters Rooms — superb establishments. Had my baggage sent to the Custom house and thence to my lodgings; superintended in person in getting it thro' the Custom house, and in getting my Passport thro' the Alien office, after which he accompanied me thro' a considerable part of the City, and I am under engagement to dine with him this day in company with Capt Howes, by his particular and pressing invitation. In fact he has shewn me the generous hospitality of honest John Bull. This is indeed a bustling place — and the commercial accommodations are on a much greater scale than I had any idea of — the docks, or Basins are crowded with a forest of shipping, and the river is constantly covered with vessels and steam boats moving in all directions. The docks are all walled in, outside of which is a very long walk walled up, on the margin of the river, which is thronged at all hours of the day with persons of both sexes to view the arrival and departure of the numerous vessels. Our ship attracted great attention yesterday, and was visited by many persons who expressed much admiration, and considered her superior to any that ever came into the port.

Yesterday I mounted a white, or drab beaver, went to a tailors, and was measured for a new rig out, so that by to-morrow I shall be completely metamorphosed into a whitewashed Englishman. There is a great similarity in every thing here with our own country, and I can hardly imagine myself three thousand miles from America.

The strawberries here are enough to make your mouth water

to look at; they are as large as the largest size walnuts, not only here and there one of that size, but so throughout a bushel of them. I have not yet had a taste.

I have taken lodgings at Mrs Richards, corner of Slater and Duke Streets, about a mile from the Dock where our ship is. It is a genteel house, and Mrs Richards is a ladylike woman. I feel a little recruited. Mr Farnsworth left here yesterday P. M. for Manchester in good health.

Yours truly S. T.

Liverpool July 2d 1828

Mr Dorr & Family

Dear friends; My last informed you that I was under engagement to dine with Mr Humberston, and as it may be gratifying to you to know particulars here they are. We started from his store at 5 P. M. in company with his brother in law, Mr Wright, and Capt Howes. Mr. H. apologized on the way, that he had not been able, from press of business, to make a party on my account. We walked thro' the town, and without its limits, to his rural dwelling in Kirkdale,[1] a neat building, handsomely furnished, and a fine garden attached to it, where we enjoyed the pure country air. I was soon introduced to Mrs H., a handsome, and very agreeable woman, and was at home at once. We sat down at about half past six, rose from the table at about 8, took tea at 9, and returned at ½ past 11. Our dinner consisted of a roasted leg of mutton, and breast of veal; boiled ham; boiled & roasted (whole) mackerel, with fennel & gooseberry sauce, variety of

[1] On the north side and in County Borough of Liverpool.

pickles, a real English Plum pudding (very nice I guess), tart pie, variety of cake, red & white radishes, lettuce, green peas, cauliflower, new potatoes, cherries, oranges, &c, washed down by bottled ale, sherry wine, raspberry brandy, Scotch whisky and old Cognac. It was all of the best quality, and cookery not to be sneezed at. We drank several toasts, and among them "our absent friends in America." I was treated in a manner which evinced their sincerity and generosity, and to make me forget I was among strangers.

Since then I have dined with a Mr Andrews, and a Mr Wilson of Boston, who introduced the former to me, and he has kindly offered me letters to his friends in Dublin &c.

I have been over the principal part of the City, and the similarity of almost everything to our own country is so very striking, I can hardly realize I am so far from it. The only material difference is in the size and colour of the bricks, of which the buildings are chiefly constructed, being of a more dingy appearance and larger than ours. The various shops are fitted up in the most attractive manner, and almost tempt one to enter and buy something as he passes. The docks and neighborhood present such a forest of masts, and bustle, as I can not well describe. The business done here is immense, and almost defies calculation. Americans I find are well spoken of here, and are respectfully treated. The weather has been very warm since I have been here.

The market house is about the length of our new market:[1]

[1] Quincy Market was enlarged and made over in 1826.

but much wider. The building will not compare by a great deal. There are five divisions thro' the length of it; a spacious avenue in each for the passage of the Citizens, and articles arranged on each side of each avenue. It was filled throughout, with fish, flesh, and vegetables, fruit &c, in great variety, altogether making a fine show — almost everything is sold by women. The meats are excellent and look about the same as in our market.

At my residence are several American Ladies and Gentlemen — the only fault I find is the dinner hour (5 P. M.) and the formality and ceremony observed. Two of the ladies are from Virginia, very intelligent and agreeable, and I have received many compliments from them, for the yankee spirit I have shewn several times in answer to some illiberal remarks against my country by Englishmen at the table, who attempted to show off our peculiarity of character in a manner calculated to exalt their national character, and by trying to make it appear they were superior to us in almost every respect: but I turned the tables fairly upon them, clapped my wings like a true game cock, and crowed for victory. This pleased the ladies exceedingly, and of course I was looked upon as a champion, and was honored by gallanting them to the Botanic garden in the suburbs. It is a beautiful place, has a variety of serpentine walks, trees & shrubbery, plants & flowers of all kinds, and a very extensive green house, artificial pond, containing lilies &c, — the whole garden covers five acres, and is open to subscribers and strangers introduced by them, only.

On Sunday I attended worship at the Chapel of the asylum of the Blind, and witnessed a very fashionable audience. What gave

peculiar interest to the service was that the music was performed by a choir, which with the organist were totally blind. The organ is a very powerful, sweet toned one, and was admirably played. The choir chaunted the 38th, 39th, 40th, & 41st psalms from the Bible, all the responses in the Litany, and Amen, wherever it occured; sung a well known psalm tune, to a hymn only named, not read, by the Clerk, and performed two Anthems, interspersed with solos, duets, choruses, altogether in as good time, tone, and style as I ever heard. Many of the passages chanted, or sung by them, applied so forcibly to the physical darkness in them, that with the association of ideas on the occasion it operated powerfully on my feelings, and the starting tear gave evidence of its all-subduing influence. With them all *without* is darkness, but *within* the light of reason and the goodness of God hath shed its rays, and in the temple dedicated to His service they can chant the praises of God with as much fervency of feeling, and devotion of heart, as those blessed with the faculty of sight. On Monday, Mr Watson, to whom I delivered an introductory letter, accompanied me to the asylum to see the blind inmates at their work. I was struck with astonishment to see how well every thing was executed — fancy baskets, shoes, carpets, rugs, hose lines, twine, bagging &c, are among the articles manufactured by them, and in a workmanlike manner, all by the sense of feeling — the workshops are enclosed within a square, serving for a yard, and to exercise themselves in — it is covered with flagging stones, without the least projection to cause them to stumble, and it was a great curiosity to observe with what accuracy, these sightless

mortals left their workshops, on the ringing of the dinner bell, descend from the second story, or emerge from the lower, cross the square, enter the dining hall, & seat themselves at table, all without a guide, or the least assistance. I entered the hall and saw them feed themselves, and I could hardly reallize the fact, that they saw not. One table in the centre, contained about a dozen; a large black man was at the head doing the honors, and as they appeared to have something better than the rest, and were separated from them, I enquired the reason, and was informed, they were the monitors. Thus you see the old adage is literally true, the blind lead the blind. They practice music every week, and many of the churches in the country are supplied with some of the best organists from this institution. The asylum is supported by charity and at present contains about 130 objects of it, men & women, old & young. I know not when my feelings have been more interested. In this instance we see the wise provision of nature, that in the loss of one faculty, all the others appear to be strengthened, and endowed with new powers.

The cart horses here are very large and strong animals, and it is well they are, for a greater part of the carts weigh three tons each, a load for our horses, without anything else.

I expected to have seen a great deal of splendour and magnificence in gentlemens private dwellings: but have been disappointed — there are none that will compare with many in our Yankee City, in or about Liverpool. The City, and most of the dwellings, shops &c, are lighted with gas. Most of the hackney coaches here are drawn by one horse, contain 4 seats, entrance

from the back, seats side ways, top opens like a clam, each half thrown over the wheel, and when they stop at a house with passengers, they back up to the door as our carts do with a load of wood, with this difference only, they do not tip them up.

I went with a friend a day or two since to view the tunnel of the Manchester rail road and was much gratified — the rail road is to pass thro' Liverpool to the docks, under ground — the tunnel is about 1¼ miles in length — I went down the shaft, beyond the town, and passed about ¼th of a mile in the tunnel, which is cut thro' a solid bed of freestone and arched. The Engineer and projector of the work, to whom I was introduced, conducted us with lighted candles — the top of the arch is 46 feet below the surface of the earth — the passage is 22 feet wide, and 16 high — the rail road is to be on a perfect level from Manchester to Liverpool — some places must be filled up, and others dug away — the part I saw finished, is on a firm foundation, and well calculated for permanent service.

They have a new way of bringing milk to market in this place — stop where you are and guess — you cannot — well I will tell you. The cows are driven from the country into the City, milked, and then driven back; by this method they get milk fresh & sweet, and it is not half churned into butter as it is when we get it — The cows are the finest I ever saw. I could give you other particulars about this place: but this must suffice for the present.

Having been disappointed in the conveyance I intended to send this by, I shall finish it after I get at Manchester.

Manchester July 5th 1828

On the 2d I mounted the box (for which I had to pay 6d extra) of the Regulator Coach, for the purpose of making enquiries on the road, of the coachman, but he, like all of them, being a very important personage, was not much inclined to conversation, so I feasted my eyes, as my tongue was of no use. His corporation appeared to have distilled many a butt of Porter, and dressed in a fine black coat & breeches, with white top boots (perhaps the same Michael Powers was hung in[1]) he made quite a respectable appearance. The road is a most delightful one, paved or macadamized all the way — no chaff, sticks, or even manure is suffered to accumulate but swept up by men employed by the commissioners of the road. The country is under a fine state of cultivation, and the fields exhibit a striking contrast to those in our country, no stumps or heaps of stones are seen — I never saw such astonishing, luxuriant fields of potatoes, wheat &c. We passed thro' Prescott and Warrington, two considerable towns, the latter contains several manufactories for glass. Every thing in this country is applied to some useful purpose, and I was struck with surprize to notice on the road, a boy with a donkey, having a pair of paniers across his back, driving before him, while he followed with a small hand basket, and picked up with his hand the horse dung before it was trod under foot, and while fresh, and when full emptied into the paniers. I afterwards saw a woman in the same delicate employment. I supposed it was gathered to

[1] Michael Powers, a murderer, was hanged May 15, 1820, on the Neck.

manure the land: but I have been informed that it is quite a common thing, and is used in the factories to produce a peculiar kind of dye.

This place is larger than Liverpool, population estimated at between 150, to 165,000 — buildings all brick — most of the streets are narrow, and muddy altho' all are paved. It contains but few handsome public buildings. I met Sam Dorr here, and a son of Eliphalet Williams [1] — you would be surprized to see Sam[l] Dorr,[2] he is grown so fleshy, and I tell him if I can get as much on my bones in the same time I shall be satisfied. He intends embarking from Liverpool for Boston the 20th, per the Liverpool. I dined with him the 3d, and was to have dined with all the Americans in the place yesterday, in honor of the day, but felt too much indisposed, and therefore declined. The fact is, it is the custom here to gormandize at dinner, and every one must drink a pint of wine whether he has a head to bear it or not. This you know will not do for me. There are upwards of a hundred factories in this place, as I am informed, all worked by steam power, one is said to contain 120,000 spindles. They are immense piles, built of brick & iron, and eight stories high. It is said to be the 2d town, in size, in the Kingdom. I visited one of the factories with a friend but the heat and unhealthy state of the atmosphere caused me to retreat very soon. In appearance I thought every thing in-

[1] Eliphalet Williams married Melancy Williams of Raynham, August 27, 1801. He was cashier of the City Bank, and lived in Cornhill Court.

[2] Samuel Dorr married Lucy T. Fox of Fitchburg, September 3, 1803. He was President of the New England Bank at 67 State Street. His house stood on Common Street.

ferior to Waltham. I shall leave here tomorrow for Chester, said to be one of the most ancient towns in the Kingdom, and you will probably hear from me next at Dublin. As I have not time at present to write to all my friends as I could wish, you are at liberty to shew my letters to you, to any who may wish to know of my progress — I am obliged from necessity to write fast, and consequently not very plain. Hope you will be able to read. I wish to hear how you all do, and hope soon to receive a letter from you, your friend as usual

SAM^{L} TOPLIFF

DUBLIN, July 13th 1828

ALL MY FRIENDS IN No. 3
QUINCY PLACE.

By the powers, and am I not in swate Ireland? to be sure I am honey, long life to your honor. I landed at Howth, 9 miles from this the 10th from Holy Head, having crossed the Irish channel in a Steamer. This is by far the handsomest City I have yet seen — streets wide, and all paved or macadamized, and the public buildings of which there are a great many, very spacious and splendid, all of hewn granite, and ornamented externally with various figures. A friend in Liverpool favored me with letters to Messrs. Chambers, Todd & Co, Linen Hall, and to Mr. J. Balls, from whom I have rec'd much attention. Mr. Chambers and his son immediately on reading the introductory letter, took me by the arm, and conducted me to the Castle yard, Head quarters of the Lord Lt of Ireland, where I saw a portion of British troops, and heard a fine band play; thence all over the Bank of Ireland,

an immense establishment — contains 4 presses, worked by steam, constantly at work striking off notes, the whole operation of which I saw — this part of the establishment is not open to the inspection of any person, except accompanied by the Governor, or one of the directors, Mr. Chambers Senr, being the Governor at present, I had a fine opp'y of seeing the whole concern. 200 Clerks are employed in it. Thence we went all thro' Trinity College, a great concern — about 2000 Fellows & Students attached to it, between 500 & 600 within the walls — the Library, Chapel, Examination and Commons Rooms all large and well fitted up. In the rear is a large Park for students to amuse and exercise themselves in. From this we went to the Academy for the encouragement of the arts and I was amused with several fine pieces of sculpture, paintings, and the museum of curiosities contained in several apartments. In the afternoon Mr. Chambers Jr. called at my lodgings, and with him, his father, and three other gentlemen, rode in a Car, a peculiar Irish pleasure vehicle, to his country residence in —— about 2 miles out of the City, on the side of the Bay, and within 100 feet of high water mark, and took family dinner with him. Yesterday I dined with Mr. Balls. As it is the custom in this country to drink much wine, and hot whiskey toddy after the cloth is removed, I have been obliged to make it a sine qua non, before accepting any invitation to dine, not to indulge in those articles, pleading the state of my health as an excuse, otherwise they would think I slighted their cheer and hospitality. In this way I have preserved their good opinion, and left free to drink as much or as little as I pleased, and prevented dissipation.

I have gone over nearly all the principal parts of the City, and am much pleased — the buildings are all of brick, except those for public uses; are of 4 or 5 stories high & well built. In the midst of splendor there is, however, much misery and wretchedness. Poor, half-clothed, half-starved, dirty looking objects, beset me at every turn, begging for a few pence, and females of the most disgusting appearance are all over the City, crying all sorts of fish, vegitables, fruit, &c. I cannot find anything like a market in the City.

There has been a great excitement all over Ireland of late, produced by the choice of a Catholic member of Parliament for the County of Clare, in the person of Mr. O'Connell,[1] in opposition to a member who has for a long time represented that county. It is something new and novel, as Mr. O'Connell will not be allowed to take his seat without taking the oath required; this of course he cannot do as a Catholic; altho' he has declared in one of his public speeches he *will* take his seat notwithstanding. He is said to be a fine declaimer, and yesterday I had sight of this man who has made so much noise of late — he is a fine looking person.

The river (Anna) Liffey runs thro' the City E & W, it is walled up and faced with hewn granite on each side; a fine street, and a side walk near the margin extends the whole way each side, and eight bridges of stone or iron, cross it at convenient

[1] Daniel O'Connell, the Irish "Liberator." Elected to Parliament in 1828, but refused to take the oath. Re-elected in 1829, and took his seat. He died in 1847.

distances. Standing on one of the bridges and looking either way presents one of the finest views I ever beheld.

About 4000 British troops are stationed here to keep the lower order of the Irish in check. Sentinels parade round all the Public buildings, even the Theatre, night and day.

I had a fine ride from Manchester thro' part of North Wales to Holyhead, the roads are so fine. At Chester I tarried two days, and saw objects enough to interest me. It was commenced by the Romans as far back as 73, soon after the christian era, and bears the stamp of antiquity from the singular manner in which it is constructed. The City is walled round 1-¾ miles, and I walked round it twice — it has four gates. The Cathedral is an immense pile of gothic architecture & cannot be looked upon without producing associations of awe and reverence. The all destroying hand of time I never saw more fully illustrated than in the external appearance of this building, and while I trod its flooring of flagging stone in the interior, beneath which repose the ashes of Kings, Princes, Bishops, Lords &c for thousands of generations past and gone, a gloomy feeling came over me, and for a time I was lost in contemplation. It was built in 1100, and the repairs at various periods since then on some parts externally, give it a very singular appearance.

The antique carvings and decorations of the interior, with the tablets and other mementos of departed greatness; the sepulchral coldness and silence of the place, unbroken, except by the vibration of the footsteps of the guide and myself, produced feelings I cannot describe.

While at Chester I took a ride to Eaton Hall, 4 miles, the seat of Lord Grosvenor. The family being absent, I readily gained admittance by the housekeeper, a stately dame of about 40. I was shewn all over this magnificent Palace, in company with several Ladies & gentlemen who happened there at the same time for the same purpose. The building is in the gothic style, 550 feet in length, and finished and furnished in the most splendid manner imaginable; the rooms are all supported by gothic pillars, gilded and carved in a very rich manner. In fact I never before saw such a profusion of gilding, carving, painting, fancy and ornamental work as this building furnishes. It cost £500,000 stlg. The stables surrounding a large square, built in a corresponding style with the house, all of hewn granite, would be considered in our country palaces. From the inspection of the buildings I went to the garden gate at which I rang a bell — the head gardener soon appeared, to whom I presented a letter received from a friend in Liverpool, which procured for me every attention, and a complete view of this enchanted ground. The whole of his Lordships domain consists of about 3000 acres, four roads (all private and a gate keeper at each) pass thro' it to the public road, all of the best, smooth as a house floor and three miles one way, 2-½ another — of this 3000 acres, 500 is a Deer Park, in which are 500 Deer, cattle, sheep, &c, surrounded by an iron fence, 56 is the pleasure grounds and gardens, 2 for vegitables, and the remainder for grazing and hay. I went over the pleasure grounds and gardens till I was tired. Such walks, grottoes, bowers, temples, green houses, gardens of plants, flowers, &c, on such a grand

scale, and fitted in such a durable manner (every thing being of granite or of iron) surpasses the utmost stretch of my imagination — 56 acres all a garden and pleasure grounds, "only think of that Mr. Bangs." Dominie Sampson would cry out "*prodigious.*"

From Chester I crossed over Conway river on a beautiful Suspension Iron bridge, to Conway another ancient town, surrounded by a decayed wall. Here I saw for the first time an old castle with its towers and battlements in tolerable preservation. Five miles of the road from Conway to Bangor is made on the slope of several rocky promontories whose base are washed by the sea. The rock being blasted and reduced to a level, a wall of stone masonry is built up on the very edge of the precipice for protection, and as I sat beside the Coachman on his box, I could at any moment for two miles have thrown myself down the precipice from 240 to 250 feet, while the rocks were over our heads from 400 to 600 feet — the highest promontory is 1550 feet from the level of the sea. This would be a fine place to try Mrs. Dorrs and Perrys nerves. The ride from Chester to Bangor is novel and interesting, possessing variety, over hill and dale, plains, and romantic windings, ascents and declivities, sufficient to satisfy all tastes.

At Bangor I stopped a day which gave me an opportunity of inspecting Pennrhyn Castle, now erecting, and will be an immense pile when finished, in the Norman style of architecture; but more particularly of viewing the Menai Suspension bridge, built of iron, over the straits of that name, to the Isle of Anglesey, one of the greatest efforts of human skill I believe the world can

boast — it is indeed a most wonderful piece of work, and no one can behold it without admiration at the genius which conceived, and astonishment at the skill which accomplished this gigantic enterprize. I have purchased a drawing of the bridge, and a description of it, with particulars for the gratification of my friends, and therefore, as our good Parsons say sometimes, will not enlarge on this head. From the Menai Bridge, the ride to Holy head was not distinguished by anything worthy of note at this time.

As my stay necessarily must be short in every place at which I stop for the present, the greater part of my time will of course be taken up in viewing different objects of attraction, and acquainting myself with the localities of each. I offer this as a reason why I shall not at present be able to write to all those of my friends I wish to remember in this way, and in accordance with my feelings. Say to all I remember them even at this distance, and when I have more leisure will endeavor to give all more convincing proofs of the sincerity of my friendship.

On Friday eve'g I went with a friend to the Rotunda garden, a fashionable promenade on that eve'g every week — fee of admission 6^{d}, and heard some fine music from two bands at different stations in the grounds. About 2000 of the Belles and Beaus of Dublin graced the walks, and produced at one time something like a jam. A striking contrast was here afforded in the appearance of the company, and those in the streets, for *there* is met alternately at almost every step a Lady or Gentleman, and a filthy looking object with hardly what may be called even an apology of a dress.

Have not seen a soul I know since I left Manchester. Sam'l Dorr was here a few days ago, but left before I arrived. He will no doubt be in Boston by the time this comes to hand.

I pass very readily for a loyal subject — having become somewhat familiar with the customs, and cant phrases of the people I get along without being suspected a Yankee. I am crowned and covered from head downwards with English materials, but my *understanding* came from J. Augustus, Brattle street,[1] and will no doubt preserve me erect and loyal to our good old Republican principles, and form of government. I find many things to commend, and many to condemn, and while I find many individuals warm hearted, social and hospitable; I cannot but dislike their form of government, hereditary titles, entailed estates, and system of taxation which operates so grievously oppressive upon the poorer class of the nation.

My health is no worse, and yet I cannot say it is much improved — perhaps I have not been in the country long enough to give its climate, mode of living, &c, a fair trial.

I shall leave here tomorrow for Belfast, thence up the Clyde to Glasgow. Perhaps you will not hear from me again till I reach London. In the meantime God bless and preserve you and accept the best wishes of your wandering friend.

Sam'l Topliff.

[1] John Augustus was an eccentric old shoemaker on Brattle Street, Boston, who afterwards became something of a philanthropist. His later years were passed about the Courts, where he spent much time and money in bailing poor criminals out of jail.

Leaving *Dublin*, I proceeded thro' a part of Ireland to the North, and on the way had a fine opportunity of seeing the population of a considerable portion of that part of the island, which had assembled on the road to meet and escort Mr. O'Connell, the Catholic member of Parliament to Dundalk, where he was to dine with a large company. For ten to twelve miles the road was crowded with men, women, & children, all bearing a sprig of laurel in their hands, or fixed in their hats, and every hamlet was decorated with that Irish emblem of unity. Besides, there were triumphal arches thrown across the road in every direction, men bearing flags & banners, others performing on drums, trumpets, and other instruments, altogether presenting a scene new to me. Nearly all the women were bareheaded and barefoot, and the poor Paddys were in every variety of dress, and many in rags. They live in hamlets earth covered with thatch, and generally the family, with cows & pigs, live under one roof, and enter the same door. In the streets of Dundalk the crowd was so great that the coach was stopped in its progress for a time. I saw Mr. O'Connell in a Barouche, bowing to the rabble, while the air resounded with their shouts. Passing thro' Drogheda, Newry & Lisburn, we landed at 9 P. M. 104 miles from Dublin, at

Belfast, a place of considerable trade, population about 70,000. It is situated on a plain surrounded by high land all round, except a narrow passage open to the sea; contains no objects of particular interest — streets in general are narrow and dirty — water bro't in carts from a neighboring village. Here I embarked on board a steam boat, with the decks covered with Irishmen, and

women, baskets of Potatoes, casks &c, stowed in bulk — and departed for the river Clyde, up which we had a most delightful sail, and after touching at Greenock, landed at

Glasgow next eve'g, 150 miles from Belfast. On board the boat I met a gentleman, a native of Germany, whom I had seen on board the boat crossing from Holy head, and we mutually recognized each other, and finding both were travelling the same route, we agreed to keep company. His name is Stoppel. Here a variety of objects attracted our attention and none more so than the Cathedral, or high Church, which was built in the 12th century. It is an ancient looking building, and in the gothic style of that age ; the interior is supported by immense gothic pillars of carved and ornamented stone, and is filled with monuments and tablets, the inscriptions on many of which, altho' originally sunk deep in stone, are so defaced by time as to be illegible. We viewed the ancient Colleges, Museum, Botanic garden, and everything of particular interest, the short time I allowed myself to tarry in the place would permit. I attended service on Sunday at St. David, and the Parish churches, and listened to two very good sermons. Every one who has read Sir Walter Scotts novel of Rob Roy will no doubt recollect the Tolbooth, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, of the salt market, Vaulted cemetery, &c. The tower only of the Tolbooth, 7 or 8 stories high, remains projecting into the street, and nearly filling up the side walk — in the top is a clock, and chime of discordant bells. The great antiquity of this tower is the cause of its being suffered to encumber the street. It being a fair week while I was here, the street of the salt market was filled with all

manner of shows, and as all the peasantry of the country in the immediate neighborhood, and labouring people of the vicinity and City were at liberty, the streets were crowded day and night, and "Negur Oction" was kept up in fine style. This is a fine City for business, and contains numerous manufactories for woolen, and cotton goods. The streets very fine generally, well paved, and good side walks — buildings all of stone, and many fine public buildings adorn it. Small vessels only come up to the City on account of the narrowness of the river, and shoal water, while those of a larger class load, and discharge at Greenock, 24 miles below. The river is constantly alive with steamboats going and coming. There are about 80 plying back and forth to all parts of the Kingdom. We descended the river one morning at 6 A. M. to Dumbarton, crossed in a coach to Loch Lomond, embarked on board a steam boat, and sailed down one side and returned the other, and reached our lodgings before 8 P. M., 105 miles. This lake is the principal scene of Rob Roy, and I had his cave pointed out to me. It abounds with bold and beautiful scenery. Leaving *this* place, our next stopping place was

Lanark. Here we had a fine view of the Falls of Clyde, which are romantic and beautiful, altho' the sheet of water is not great, and the country abounding with hills and dales, vallies and water-falls, affords a most charming prospect to the stranger, when on the highest elevation back of the river. At the foot of a steep hill, and near the river is Mr. Owens village of New Lanark, an establishment for spinning yarn, which gives employ to 1600 persons — the buildings are of stone, and very neat and clean. This Mr.

Owens is the founder of the settlement called New Harmony in America. In the neighborhood is a beautiful stone bridge over Cartlane Crag, a narrow gulph — it is about 100 feet in length, and stands on two massive stone pillars of masonry, 130 feet high, forming three arches, which is an object of curiosity to all those who stop at this place. Our next place of sojourn was in the ancient City of

Edinburgh, the literary emporium of Scotland and of England. This City is completely divided into two distinct cities, the old and new, and never did I notice a greater contrast in any two places 1000 miles apart as in the two parts of this City. The old part is antiquated and the buildings vary from three to twelve stories in height; passing some streets you behold others crossing at right angles fifty feet, or more below you, which has a novel appearance. The College an immense pile, is a modern building, covering the site of the old College, which was not so extensive as the present, which forms a square on four streets, and has a large court yard in the centre — it is finished externally, but not internally. St. Giles Church is the most ancient, and its appearance bears evidence of great antiquity. Four separate congregations worship in it, at one and the same time. In the bellfrey is a chime of 22 bells, which according to an old custom are played an hour, from one to two o'clock every day — they are fitted with keys, which require to be struck with great force to give effect. I ascended the bellfrey and saw the man perform, which was done by pieces of wood clenched in the fist, striking the keys perpendicularly — he was very expert, and made very good music. At the

South west end stands the Castle, which is approached thro' the principal street, ascending directly to it, terminating in a rocky precipice 443 feet above the level of the river. From this eminence I overlooked the City, and had a fine view, so that I could trace out the streets, squares &c, of the old and new parts of the City. Within the Castle is the Palace of some of the Scottish kings, now used as barracks, and in a room in the tower, are exhibited, by a very stout scot, in the dress of the ancient yeomen, the Regalia of Scotland, consisting of the Crown, Sceptre, and sword of State — they were discovered a few years ago in the same room, in an old oaken chest, having been secluded from the sight of man, 117 years. The Crown has two circles of precious stones round it, of diamonds, pearls &c, and was first worn by Robert the Bruce, 500 years ago, and the sword was presented to James the 4th, by Pope Julius the 2d in 1536. Leaving the Castle I will lead you to the extreme eastern part of the old City, where I entered Holy Rood House, the ancient Palace and residence of the race of the Scottish kings, and beheld the full length bust portraits of one hundred & eleven of the Kings of Scottland; went thro' the apartments of Mary, Queen of Scots, in which all the furniture used by her remains, the room hung round with ancient tapestry, and was shewn some of the armour, weapons, boots &c, of ancient times. The Chapel is the most ancient part, and is in ruins — the walls are standing but the roof is gone. In a corner is a vault where repose the ashes of the Kings of Scotland. To the East is Calton hill, 356 feet high, from which a superb view is had, looking down the whole length of Princes Street, quite

to the west end of the City. On this hill is a monument to Lord Nelson, another to Professor Playfair, the astronomical observatory, and the national monument, now erecting, on the model of the Parthenon at Athens. To the South east is Salisbury Crag, a rocky precipice, below which a road winds round it about 400 feet from the level of the river, and which I traveled obtaining another view of the City. In the rear is a high point of land called Arthurs seat, 880 feet high, which I ascended after some puffing and resting, and had a most commanding and very extensive view. The Frith of Forth lay before me, extending far to the East, and the towns of New Haven, Leith, Porto Bello, and Musselburg were at my feet, skirting the shore, giving life and animation to the picture, while on the reverse side, the great City, with its steeples, towers, monuments & Castle towering above its thick clustered dwellings, with the adjoining village of Newington, extended view of hill and dale, and cultivated fields in the distance, from N West to East, presented a scene beautiful in the extreme. In the old part of the City, most of the business is done and in which the middling and lower classes reside, while in the new, all the men of wealth, and the most respectable part of the population reside. In the new part the buildings are of handsome faced stone, of uniform height, half corinthian pillars in front of a great many of them, on wide, clean, well paved streets, on squares, circles, crescents and courts, having before them beautiful pleasure grounds, with gravelled walks, surrounded with flowers, plants and shrubbery, the whole enclosed by handsome iron rail fences. It is in fact a most beautiful place, and is considered as having the greatest number of

handsome females of any City in the Kingdom — such is my opinion from what I saw. I made an excursion to Stirling one day, for the purpose of seeing the Castle, and other objects in the neighborhood, so famous in Scottish history. We started at ½ past 6 o'clock, rode to New Haven, there embarked on board a steam boat with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, lads and lassies, & sailed up the river passing several pretty villages, direct for Stirling. The town is a dirty looking place with streets narrow and crooked. It is situated on the side of a hill, which terminates abruptly on a rocky precipice, on which stands Stirling Castle, from the walls of which we surveyed the country round. Before us we saw the Forth meandering thro' a beautiful cultivated plain, the village of St. Ninians, near to which is the celebrated field of battle of Bannockburn, where King Edward 3d was defeated in 1314 by Bruce, and behind, or in the rear of the Castle, are the Grampian hills stretching from North to South. In the Castle is the Palace built by James 5th, and in which Mary, Queen of Scotts, was crowned 1543. Here also is the Parliament House, built for James 2d now used as soldiers barracks. The Palace is highly ornamented with a great variety of grotesque figures of statuary, so defaced by time, altho' of stone, as to make it difficult to conjecture what they were intended for. The Castle was built by David 1st 1134. We had a pleasant time, and stopped at Alloa, going and returning, a place noted for the excellent ale made in it. The river from Alloa to Stirling is very winding, distance 20 miles, while by land it is only 6. I was at my lodgings by 7 P. M., having gone over 102

miles, since I left them in the morning. Next morning we left for

Melrose, to view the ruins of the Abbey in that place, which are the most beautiful of any ruins I have seen, and altho' a greater part is gone, enough remains to show what its splendour must have been in its best days. Some of the pillars and carvings of stone appear quite fresh and the exterior and interior, appears to have been richly decorated with every kind and variety of ornamental work, all carved from stone. It was originally 340 feet in length, 258 feet of which of the walls, in a broken and ruinous state, remain — a part of the centre of the roof still stands, and the town clock is in one of the small towers that remain. This with the monastery attached to it, covered about three acres of ground — the latter is entirely gone. The Abbey was founded by David 1st 1136 who was lavish in his expenditures on this Popish institution. Here lies the body of Alexander 2d, covered by a stone of Petrified shells, and also the body of Michael Scott, the wizzard, so called in his day, on which is founded Sir Walter Scotts poem of the "Lay of the last Minstrel." His work entitled the "Monastery" was founded upon the Monastery of Melrose. About 4 miles from Melrose are the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey and Monastery, to which we footed it, and had a minute examination of its remains. It covered several acres, and parts of pillars and pieces of wall are scattered round about in all directions. Within the principal walls is a fine flower and plant garden, the walls are overrun with ivy — one room remains entire, supposed to have been the chapter house — the vaults contain some old

tablets & grave stones of ancient date ; and in one of them is the family vault of Sir Walter Scott, whose wife was buried here about two years ago. Melrose is a small village, and is principally built from the ruins of the Abbey. All these Popish establishments received more or less injury from different partizans during the civil wars which formerly raged in the country. Cromwell attacked them, and the walls of Melrose Abbey bear the visible marks to this day, of the effect of his cannonading ; but at the time of the reformation by John Knox, they were finally demolished, the Monks and Friars were driven from the land, and the Presbyterian faith has been the prevailing religion in Scotland ever since. Three miles from Melrose is Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, whom to my surprize I found was at home, having been informed at Edinburgh he was at London, and therefore did not think of procuring a letter of introduction to him. Being desirous of seeing him and his mansion, of which I had had some account, I thought a respectful note to him, stating who, and what I was, together with the reason of my not being provided with a letter to him, would produce the desired interview — but I was disappointed. I received in reply a very polite note, in which he stated *his* regret that an engagement with a party of private friends then with him, would deprive him of receiving my proposed visit, assuring me at the same time that it would be no regret to me as I should only have seen "a very plain old man." In going to Selkirk to take the stage coach, I passed by Sir W. Scotts residence, and I stopped and examined his premises. It was early in the morning and he was not up. His mansion is a singular

Sir Walter Scott is honoured with Mr Topcliffe's letter and is extremely sorry that being engaged with some friends at present he cannot have the honour of receiving Mr Topcliffe's proposed visit he wishes Mr T. an agreeable journey and assures him he has no reason to regret that his curiosity has not been gratified as he would only have seen a very plain old man

Abbotsford
Saturday

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO SAMUEL TOPLIFF.

constructed building of various styles of ancient architecture, but everything in and about it, is very neat. He has a great collection of ancient armour, which I got a glimpse of thro' a window. Resuming my seat in the Post chaise I continued on, passing within two or three miles of Gretna Green, the place where runaway lovers from England flee to get married without having the bans published, which, by the ancient laws of Scotland is valid before any person, consequently an old Blacksmith has generally been selected to perform the ceremony, hence the old saying of getting " hammered together by the Blacksmith." My next stop was at

Carlisle, the frontier town, which suffered much during the Scottish wars; but making only a short stay, I did not learn much of the place, and leaving it, I took another direction, quite across the country, following the course of the old Roman wall, traces of which and a small piece of it, were shown me on the way. This wall extended from the Rivers Solway to the Tyne, and thus completely separated Scotland from England. I now come to

New Castle, situated on the north side of the Tyne, 8-½ miles from the ocean. It is on a steep descent to the river, and is very ancient; was formerly walled round; part of the wall remains. The oldest part of the town is built different from any I have seen — they are from three to six stories high, each story projecting over the other, as if they would pitch into the street. Standing upon the highest ground in the City in the rear of it, Collieries, wind mills, and streams of smoke from various manufactories, are seen in all directions, and present a most singular

appearance. I passed down the river with my German friend, to Wallsend Colliery, for the purpose of descending into that Coal pit, but on being informed of the difficulties to be encountered, our courage failed us. The foreman stated that we must put on a dress which they kept for the purpose, that in going down we should be blinded, but would recover our sight again at the bottom, that in passing a certain part of the pit it was hot as an oven, and for a short time respiration would be difficult, that it would take two hours before we should come up again, and finally in going to the extreme part of the mine, from one to two miles, we must stoop all the way. Thank you, Mr. Foreman, said I, if it is all the same to you I had rather be excused. It is 660 feet from the top of the shaft to the bottom. This mine has been worked 55 years. The coal is raised by steam power and is conveyed from the lower part of the pit by boys on a rail way. One hundred men and boys were then in the pit at work. Such a dense smoke covered the river in going down, that I was almost suffocated. I therefore returned on foot, 4 miles. The Parish church, a large building, founded in 1091, and the Castle, a high, square, stone structure in the town, are the only objects of attraction to strangers, besides what I have named. Leaving this place, and passing thro' Durham and several other large towns and villages, I next come to the interesting town of

York, a place of great antiquity ; part of the ancient walls which once surrounded it, still survives the ravages of time. There are a great many objects of antiquity and curiosity to interest the stranger in this place, but all others are forgotten, or not much

thought of, in the all engrossing, magnificient, and imposing building called the York Minster, or Cathedral, said to be the largest in the Kingdom. I first ascended the centre tower, from the top of which I overlooked the whole town, built of brick and covered with red tiles. I then went thro' the interior, and I was lost and enchanted with the splendour and magnificience of this great work of former ages. As any description I can give of it will fall short of the reality, I shall defer giving any farther account of it till my return. I have a print of it. Next you will find me at

Leeds, the 2d largest manufacturing town in the country, principally for Cloths, blankets &c. By the politeness of Mr. Gott, I obtained an inspection of his extensive manufactory of broad, and narrow, coarse, fine, and superfine cloths, said to be the largest in Leeds, covering 8 or 10 acres of ground; and witnessed the whole operation of making cloth, in every stage from the picking of the wool, to the final finish. They are very jealous about admitting foreigners to any of their manufacturing establishments, and it is difficult for any person to obtain admission, unless well assured he is not engaged in the business, or is not a mechanic. Having seen all that was worthy of observation, I hurried away, and was right glad to get out of the place, as I was almost smothered with the thick coal smoke which enveloped the town. It is in a low situation; generally speaking, the streets are narrow, and dirty. Next I am at

Sheffield, a place well known for its fine cutlery of every kind. The letter I had to Messrs. Naylor & Sanderson, procured for me

every civility and attention. The latter gentleman was uncommonly polite to me (the former I did not see), took me thro' his large works for the manufactory of steel, and I saw the whole process, rode with him to his forge three miles out of town and witnessed the formation of the article into bars, and the rolling of bars into wire, for fine and nice work, which was done with great expedition. I also attended service on Sunday at the ancient Parish church, about 700 years old, and heard a very good sermon, and some good music. On Monday I dined with Mr. Sanderson at his pleasantly situated house about 2-½ miles out of town, and unexpectedly met two of my countrymen, a Mr. Smith from New York, and a Mr. Shepley from Pennsylvania, very agreeable gentlemen. Here was also a large party of ladies and gentlemen, married and single, assembled on the occasion — some of the latter were quite blooming and handsome. I took a genteel married lady by the hand and gallanted her into the dining room — so you see I am quite a Beau. The dinner was served up in fine style, consisted of a variety, and the desert was choice and excellent. A daughter of Mr. Sandersons sat next me and took care I did not want for anything. We sat till nearly 9 o'clock when we retired to another room to take tea. This is the English custom ; they never invite company to an eve'g party, but to dine, and that consumes the remainder of the day. Singing, and music on the Piano Forte by the young ladies, closed the eve'g and at 11 o'clock I returned to town. I went thro' Rodgers & Sons celebrated cutlery establishment and observed every branch in the manufacture of knives, razors &c. He shew me one article containing

1821 blades, and other instruments. This place is situated on a hill in a valley surrounded by other hills, but no public or private buildings of any great notoriety. I next proceeded to

Birmingham, a place celebrated for its manufactures of every kind of article in gold, silver, copper, brass, steel, iron, common iron mongery and fancy articles. I visited one of the principal factories of buttons, bracelets, necklaces, &c, and went thro' every stage of the manufacture, from the rough copper, brass or iron, to their completion for the warehouse, and was surprized to find the principal, and by far the greater part of the work was executed by women and girls. I also went thro' a Pin factory and saw the whole process of Pin making, also principally done by women — about 400 women, boys & girls, were employed in heading the pins, one by one only, and they are stuck by hand on the papers, for which they are allowed 3d (6 cents) for sticking 10,000 — they are very expert at it, however. This is a large busy, bustling place built of brick, and in many respects resembling an American town; some of the streets are wide and commodious. I dined with Mr. Chance to whom I had a letter, at his house about 2 miles out of town, with a small party of gentlemen, Mrs. Chance a very amiable woman, the only female of the party, and spent a very pleasant and social afternoon and eve'g. One of my countrymen, a Mr. Hall from Mobile, was of the party. In company with Mr. Hall, I rode to Dudley, about 10 miles, a place where Anvils, glass, iron, &c, are manufactured — a considerable of a town. Our chief object was to view the ruins of Dudley Castle. The principal part of the walls, towns, &c, are standing, but

entirely open, and nothing but the stone remaining — thus reduced in the time of Cromwell, who exerted all his power in the destruction of these Baronial strongholds of the power of petty Lords, and of Monkish establishments, which kept the people in subjection in those days of superstition. From the embattled walls we had a view for many miles round, rendered singularly striking by the numerous Collieries, Coak factories, smelting furnaces &c, which gave the appearance of one vast Volcano, and it seemed, the earth, far and near, was on fire. I am told the appearance while riding thro' this part of the country in the night is terrific, and that it has received the appellation of the "Hell of England." While at Birmingham I attended the Theatre with Messrs. Chance & Hall, to see Matthews in his "trip to America." Some parts of his performance were humourous, but a great part was a vile caracature, and what he represented for facts, I know must be false. The old hackneyed toast of John Braziers, he fixed upon a Frenchman at a dinner given to Genl Jackson. To the credit of a large and respectable audience, be it spoken, that it did not take very well, which I think augurs a better feeling towards Americans than has heretofore existed. My next move was to

Warwick, to view Warwick Castle, the property of Earl Warwick, who is so poor that he is unable to reside here, to keep up its splendour and live in accordance with his title, so he lives most of the time on the continent. This Castle is said to be the only one that escaped demolition during the reign of Cromwell, and is said to have been preserved by suspending on hooks, driven

into the wall, sacks of wool, against which Cromwells cannon played in vain, and the shot fell harmless to the ground. Some part of it was built in the 4th century, and it is kept up in its ancient splendour. The housekeeper, quite an elderly dame, took us thro' the several apartments, and explained every thing to us. It contains a great many paintings on various subjects, portraits of many royal personages, noble men &c, by the old masters of the art, ancient furniture, and a large collection of ancient armour, among which is the helmet worn by the usurper Cromwell. Directly below the windows of the hall, flows the celebrated river of Avon, so strongly associated with the name of Shakespeare. The grounds without, and court yard within the walls are beautifully laid out. A great many strangers are attracted to this place, and the old housekeeper, it is said, has amassed a fortune of L30,000 St'g, by the gratuitous donations of visitors. Rode to Kenilworth, 5 miles, and viewed the splendid ruins of Kenilworth Castle, which must have been a magnificent structure in its best days, and impregnable to the weapons and warlike instruments in the day of its prosperity. Sir Walter Scott's novel of Kenilworth is taken from this ruin which circumstance has given it great notoriety, and it is visited by great numbers who stop at Warwick. I also footed it to Leamington, 3 miles, and took a dose of the mineral waters at that fashionable resort. It is a beautiful village, and contains many elegant buildings. Warwick is a neat town, — contains an ancient church, which I inspected, and the asize court is a large building of modern construction. Now I went to

Oxford, that ancient seat of learning, where I spent nearly two

days (including Sunday, and attended service in St. Martins church) perambulating its classic walks on the banks of the Isis, and in treading the courts, so often and for so many ages past and gone, trod by the learned and wise of every age since its existence. There are 19 Colleges and 6 halls, each has a separate government, and the whole under one government. They are immense establishments, cover a large space of ground, and each have one, two and three large court yards beautifully laid out, with gravelled walks, and grass plats. They are ancient and venerable in their appearance. I went thro' four of the largest, and examined paintings of all the learned men deceased, here educated, Libraries, chapels, and other works of antiquity, till I was tired. I also viewed the theatre, so called, a superb hall, highly decorated with paintings, used for the students to deliver their addresses in every year on graduating, or completing their term of study. I also visited the Radcliffe library, and Bodleian Library, said to be the largest in the world, as a copy of every work published is deposited in it. In the tower of Christ church college is a large bell weighing 17,000 lbs called "Great Tom," which tolls 101 times at ½ past 9 every eve'g and all students who are not within the walls at the last stroke of it, are shut out and fined. On the 11th ist at 2 P. M. I left Oxford, and the same eve'g at 9 o'clock I entered

London, in a drenching rain, and located myself at Mrs. Wrights, Adams Street, Adelphi, the center of the City, where I found several Americans and among them, Messrs. T. W. Ward[1]

[1] Thomas W. Ward, residing at 3 Park Street.

and Saml Lawrence[1] of Boston. It having been thick, rainy weather, since my arrival here, I have not as yet seen much of this great City. A good fire has been quite comfortable most of the time. I suppose the weather with you is hot enough.

Recapitulation of my travels and distances.

From Liverpool to Manchester,	36 Miles.
Chester,	38
Bangor,	63
Holyhead,	25
Howth,	60
Dublin,	11
Belfast,	104
Glasgow,	150
Loch Lomond & back,	105
Lanark,	25
Edinburgh,	35
Stirling & back,	102
Melrose,	37
Dryburgh & back,	10
Carlisle,	62
New Castle,	56
York,	80
	999

In my last account from London,[2] I stated several objects of attraction were still in reserve for my inspection before I left, and

[1] Samuel Lawrence, dry-goods merchant, at 83 State Street.

[2] His account of his stay in London was apparently composed largely of excerpts from some guide book, and, as it lacked any personal touch, has not been included here.

I soon after completed my observations. I examined the interior of St. Pauls, went into the whispering gallery, and ascended into the Ball at the top of the dome, from which elevation I overlooked a great portion of that immense City.

On the 27th Aug't, having previously made the necessary arrangements, I took my departure from London in the Steam boat "Queen of the Netherlands," and had a fine view of the river as we passed down. For three miles the river was one immense forest of shipping, in addition to the vast number of those in the docks. Passed by Deptford ship yard, Greenwich hospital, a large establishment, Woolwich naval establishment, Gravesend, Tilbury fort, Deal, and Margate, after which, it being dark, I retired to my birth. In the morning found we were in the North sea, and several ladies in the cabin were casting up their accounts. At noon made the tower of Goree on the coast of Holland, and a Dutch pilot boat, resembling Noahs ark to the best of my recollection, came to offer us a pilot. Soon after 3 P. M. run into the Brill, and hove to, till a custom house officer came on board, examined the papers &c, when we proceeded up the river. Everything now, more than ever, convinced me of the reality of being among strangers, and from home. A strange language accosted my ears, which I understood not, and the singular and uncouth appearance of the vessels in the river, and still more singular appearance of the country, apparently below the level of the ocean, were objects new and interesting to me. Passing in sight of Schiedam, we reached Rotterdam at 5 P. M. The land on the coast of Holland altho' low, is much higher than the country inland, and consists

of mounds of earth thrown up by the industrious Dutchmen, to prevent the ocean from inundating the country. I shall now proceed to give a brief account of my journey in the manner of the one sent from London, under the different heads of the places at which I made any stop, by which my route can be clearly traced out; and first I commence with

Rotterdam, situated on the river Meuse at the influx of the Rotter, and contains about 55 to 60,000 inhabitants. The town is intersected with canals passing thro' the principal streets, and the uncouth looking vessels of the country discharge and load in front of warehouses and dwellings, in every part of the City, presenting an entire new scene to me. A great number of draw bridges cross the canals at various points to enable the citizens to hold intercourse with each other. Many of the buildings appear well, but by far a greater proportion are unsightly, being out of the perpendicular, and the tops projecting into the streets. The principal objects of attraction to strangers, are the Cathedral of St. Lawrence, and the bronze statue of Erasmus standing on an arch of one of the canals. The Cathedral is a sombre looking edifice, and has a large square tower at one end between the two sides, presenting in front peaked roofs like two distinct buildings. From the top I had a most beautiful view, the country being so perfectly level a great distance is seen in a clear day. The buildings are covered with red tiles, and streets are paved with stone and bricks edge ways. In the Cathedral is an immense large organ, set up to rival the celebrated one at Haarlem. It has been many years building, and is now nearly completed — it contains nearly 1000

pipes more than the one at Haarlem — it stands upon marble columns, and occupies the whole front end of the building — contains between 6 and 7000 pipes, and four sets of keys — I heard a few notes which were uncommonly sweet. The learned Erasmus is represented with an open book in his hands, and is a fine piece of bronze statuary. Fruits & vegitables are sold by women in almost every street. For the last four years the King has been building a mammouth steam boat, to convey troops in to Java, and is an object of curiosity. Having obtained a permit, I crossed the river with a Yankee, and went on board her. She was nearly completed — has a round stern, four masts, three engines of one hundred horse power each, is 254 feet in length, 36 in breadth, 40 in depth, and measures 1450 tons, and the whole weight of the machinery is 272 tons. It is generally thought she will not perform the voyage on account of the disproportion of the length to the breadth. *Rotterdam* is a very clean place, mops, brooms, scrubbing stones, and hand engines are in constant requisition by the female domestics. Taking passage in a Trekschuit (a covered boat) I left Rotterdam, on the canal, and on coming to *Delft*, our baggage was transported thro' the town, following it on foot to the other end where it was reshipped to another Trekschuit and we continued on. *Delft* is an ancient gloomy looking town of about 15 or 16000 inhabitants — several canals pass thro' it. At 4 P. M. I reached

The Hague, a most beautiful place, buildings fine, and contains many squares and promenades, that render it a place for fashionable life. The banks and the canal itself, all the way from *Rotter-*

dam to this place, are above the level of the surrounding country, and all along its borders are numerous wind mills for sawing boards &c. I walked to the village of *Scheveling*[1] about two miles from the Hague, thro' a beautiful avenue perfectly strait, and thickly shaded by oaks each side, and I came plump upon the North sea before I was aware of it. Here 80 sail of sloop-rigged fishermen lay at anchor side by side, in the surf, stern in the sand bank, undulating to the rollers of the sea, as they came in and receeded, producing a fine scene. These people are distinguished from all others in Holland from their peculiar manners, dress, &c. The women wear immense large broad brimmed hats, and carry heavy baskets of fish, &c, upon their heads, while the fish merchants load up small carts to which are harnessed three dogs abreast, and off they set with their cargoes to market, filling the carts themselves on their return. Stopping at the *Hague* over Sunday, I embraced the opportunity of attending service at a Protestant church, at which about 1000 of the troops stationed here attended. They marched from the barracks preceeded by 32 drummers with brass drums, and a fine band, which alternately played on the way — the beat of the drums were simultaneous and produced but one stroke, appaling to the drums of the ear. In the church a new scene presented itself to my wondering senses, and as all the services were in Dutch I was obliged to content myself with *seeing* what passed. There was apparently but little solemnity. The men sat with their hats on till the close of the services, till when there was no prayers, and during the delivery of the sermon five

[1] Scheveningen.

military officers went thro' the church for contributions of money, each having a small bag on the end of a pole, each bag having at the bottom a little bell, which kept up a continued jingling as they moved along. The music was astounding. A fine toned organ commenced the hymn, in which the whole congregation joined most vociferously. The notes are prefixed to each hymn in their books, and having been accustomed from their youth to the performance of it, they did not spare their lungs, and the church resounded with the numerous voices engaged. About one mile and a half out of town is a beautiful wood, thro' which are a great number of winding promenades, and in the center is a beautiful pavillion. To this wood every Sunday after service in the forenoon, all the beauty and fashion of the Hague repair. It being a fine day I followed the multitude. Within the enclosure of the pavillion was a great collection of Ladies and Gentlemen regaling themselves with various articles, some with coffee, lemonade, cordial, ices, cake, &c, at tables in the open air, while the common people promenaded the walks adjoining, or stood by listening to the music of a fine band stationed on an artificial island in front of the Pavillion, surrounded by trees, sending forth strains that echoed thro' the wood, producing the finest effect imaginable. I obtained an introduction among the fashionables, by whose expense this amusement is furnished every fair Sunday from 2 to 3-½ P. M. As the band finished a general move was made, and in an instant the whole avenue was filled by a mass of moving beavers, plumes, and umbrella sized bonnets, towards the town for dinner. I was here alone without any company with whom I

could associate, or speak to, except the head waiter at the Hotel. I however used the time allotted to myself, and traversed most of the streets observing externally every object of curiosity, or entitled to notice. On Monday morning early I left the place in the Diligence, a large wagon of a coach, containing twelve persons, three on a seat, all strangers, and all Dutch. I sat very quietly in one corner, a silent spectator and listener to the conservation, without being able to take part, or understand what it was about. I endured this for sometime, and at length fearing I should lose the power of speech, I determined to make the attempt and ascertain if any one could speak English, or not. I surveyed very attentively a good hard looking face of a stout man at my left, and judged him to be a Captain of a Dutch Indiaman, and if so, most likely to know something of the English language. I therefore "screwed up my courage to the sticking point," as the gentlemen of honor say, and accosted him thus, "Pray, sir, can you speak English?" "A little," was the reply — never shall I forget it, it thrilled thro' my whole frame, and that one short sentence, at once produced as much joy, almost, as a reprieve would to a condemmed malefactor when about to suffer on the gallows, and my tongue from being a silent, useless member, was soon put in motion, and moved faster than a weavers shuttle, and Yankee like asked more questions in a breath than the poor Dutchman could answer in a week, and some I fancy he will never be able to answer. The embargo upon speech being thus happily removed, I found the time to pass not so heavily as before. We soon reached *Haarlem* at which I had a desire to make a short stop to view the town,

and hear the celebrated organ in the church performed upon, but necessity compelled me to hasten my arrival at *Amsterdam*, in hopes of meeting some company with whom I could be relieved of my embarrasment. Haarlem is a large town of 18 or 20,000 inhabitants, and appeared very well what I saw of it, but we made no stop for observation, and passed directly thro' it, the road all the way being by the side of the Canal.

At 12 oclk we reached *Amsterdam*, and as soon as I had located myself for a time, in my new lodgings, I made the best of my way to the exchange, which I found crowded to excess, and after walking up and down several times without hearing a word of English, or meeting any one I knew, I returned to my lodgings. This is a large City and Canals intersect it in every direction, making it difficult for strangers to find the way from one part to another. I therefore employed a guide to conduct me thro' it. The 2d day I met several Americans, and I felt in better spirits. This City contains from 180 to 190,000 inhabitants. The walls which formerly surrounded it, were long since pulled down, but the bastions remain, converted into flour mills — there are eight gates to enter the City, and all over bridges. The whole town stands upon piles driven into the mud, but none of them are seen, and no one would know the fact but from the peculiar standing of the buildings, in every position out of a perpendicular, which strikes the stranger on first entering the place as something very singular, and his enquiries lead to a knowledge of the cause of it. In some the front has settled, some in the rear, others at one side or the other, but most generally the fronts. In some streets the build-

ings throughout, are but a few yards apart at the top, which has a singular appearance. I inspected the Royal Palace, which is now in the same state it was left in by Louis Bonaparte when he was King of Holland. It was furnished by him with the richest materials. The Hall or Ball room is the richest I have seen, finished with white marble, containing a great deal of sculpture work, eight superb cut glass chandaliers suspended, besides 100 or more on the sides. The Dining room, Bed-room, audience chamber, and every part thereof, are in a style corresponding to the Ball room. From the top I had a view for 24 miles round, and completely overlooked the City, tracing out almost every street, canal, and public building in it. In the Cupola are suspended many bells, to which a set of keys are attached and once a week a person performs upon them. The clock is also connected with them, and at every quarter of an hour chyme a few notes. The Museum contains some fine pictures, and paintings by some of the old masters of the art. The exchange is an oblong square, supported by 40 pillars, and is more thronged than the exchange of London. To ensure punctuality in the attendance of men of business at the exchange, the hour of three is set for opening it, 15 minutes previous to which a small bell is tolled, on the cessation of which the gates are closed, and none are admitted after without paying a fee, for the benefit of some charitable institution — at four they are all rung out. A fare [fair] was held during my stay in the City, and all manner of shows were exhibited, and a great collection of persons from the neighboring towns was called together in consequence. With my guide I crossed the Y and hiring coaches rode six miles to see the

remarkable village of Brock. We rode several miles by the side of the ship canal, which is not so much used as was expected, on account of the expense, and vessels still discharge at the Helder, and send up their cargoes in small craft rather than pay the canal fees. We left our coaches outside of the village, at the only Inn near by, for none is suffered in the village, and walked thro' the village over a brick pavement, and I was highly gratified. The remarkable neatness and cleanliness of the village of about 300 houses is astonishing, and constitutes one great object of attraction to all persons coming to Amsterdam. No vehicle of any kind is suffered to enter it, and to this end the principal passage thro' it is fenced, and the entrance is only wide enough to admit one person. A canal passes the village, and every house has a ditch round it, forming so many little islands, and almost every one has a beautiful flower garden in front. The inhabitants are a singular race, keep within doors, and avoid strangers. They have some peculiar customs — they never marry out of their village, and when a couple are married, they enter the principal door of the dwelling prepared for them, which is then closed and not opened till death separates them, and one or the other is carried out a corpse. Many parts of the village are paved in mosaic work with variegated bricks, pebbles and shells, and kept in such exquisite order that a dog or cat is seldom seen to trespass upon them. The houses are all painted light colours, uncommonly light and airy in their appearance, and covered with glazed tiles on the roofs. I thought the shaking Quakers[1] could not be excelled in neatness,

[1] Shakers.

but they are far behind this class of persons. Returning to nearly the same point from which I started, I kept away to the right to visit the village of Saardam about 8 miles farther, the road all the way on the top of an immense dyke. In approaching Saardam, a stranger is surprised at the great number of wind mills stretched along in the distance before him, looking more like a village of wind mills than anything else. The chief object of curiosity at Saardam to strangers is the hut where Peter the Great resided, which is preserved by one of brick built over it, and held in high veneration. In 1696 that singular personage appeared at Saardam in the disguise of a sailor, and hired himself as a shipwright to one of the builders. He ate, drank, and worked with the carpenters, and even after he was discovered, continued to work in the same manner, to live the same, untill he had become thoroughly acquainted with the construction of every part of a ship of war, and an excellent shipwright. Kings and Emperors of the present day would consider this rather derogatory. Over the side of the room near the fire place is an inscription put up by order of the late Emperor Alexander, the translation of which is, as I am informed, " Nothing is too little for a great man."

Independent of this hut Saardam is a place worth seeing, from its peculiar situation and appearance. It is a long village, two canals passing thro' the whole length of it, and others intersecting it. The principal street is on one side of the long canal, and numberless circular bridges cross to the other side. I walked about a mile & a half, and counted no less than 50 bridges, and this was not half the length. The buildings stand

in a variety of positions, and are painted with a variety of colours.

I returned in the afternoon much pleased with my days excursion. Mr. Van Baggan and Mr. Parker were very polite to me, and the latter pressed me very much to spend several days with him at his residence about 12 miles from the City, which I declined, finding the atmosphere too damp for me, and I had already got a bad cough, which made me desirous of getting to a drier air, and a climate not so moist, and clogging to my lungs. Having gone over the City, and seen everything worthy of observation, I made an arrangement with two young Englishmen to travel with them, as they understood something of the language of the country, and we accordingly took our departure in a Trekschuit for Utrecht, with several ladies and gentlemen, and a detachment of soldiers. We passed thro' several villages, and found the banks of the canal adorned with gentlemens seats, each with some motto over the principal entrance, and as we approached Utrecht, for the first time perceived the land began to undulate, and deviate from that dead level we had been accustomed to observe ever since landing in Holland. Two canals pass thro' *Utrecht*, considerably below the street under which there are shops. Here we hired a Voiture, or small coach, to convey us to *Breda*, and while dinner was preparing, improved the time by inspecting the Cathedral. It was originaly a fine large edifice, built in the shape of a cross, as most all the ancient churches were, but in 1674 the center was destroyed by lightning, and a wide street now passes thro' the space thus left open, leaving

the immense square tower of brick, standing by itself. What remains of the Cathedral is more than large enough for the Parish. We ascended to the top of the tower 464 feet, from which a grand view is had, said to be one of the most extensive of any in Europe, and that no less than 51 walled Cities and towns can be seen in fair weather. I swept the horizon about two thirds the way round with a spy glass, and counted 65 steeples and towers, the country is so level. This Cathedral was built in 1321, and in the tower are 42 bells, the largest of which requires ten men to ring it. The town appeared to very good advantage from our elevated situation, and we could see into every street and observe every object likely to attract attention. It is very ancient, and was built in the time of the Romans. Pop. 30,000. Proceeding from Utrecht we passed thro' several antiquated looking villages, and at 10 P. M. stopped at *Gorcum*, a town of 8 or 10,000 inhabitants, but contains nothing worthy of note. In the morning resumed our journey and passing thro' several other villages, stopped at *Breda*, where we discharged the Voiture, and engaged seats in the Diligence for Antwerp. Breda is a strongly fortified town, three times surrounded by water, entrance thro' strong fortified gates, and over several bridges, presenting many angles exposing an armed force that should attempt to enter, to almost certain destruction. It contains about 8 or 10,000 inhabitants and a noble great church with a spire 360 feet high. We examined the interior in which is a splendid monument of alabaster, of Count Nassau and his consort, represented in full length statues of the same material, lying on a lofty stone tomb,

supported by four statues, each resting on his knee. Taking our seats in the Diligence we continued on, and arrived at Antwerp at 10 P. M. Having now got out of Holland into Flanders, altho' under the government of the Netherlands, I offer some

General Observations.

The Dutch people in general bestow a great deal of labour in rendering their dwellings and shops, neat and clean, and it would excite the admiration and astonishment of some of our matrons, and shop keepers, could they but behold the order and cleanliness of everything within and without the houses and shops in Holland. Custom, and the climate, has rendered the article of Tobacco, one of the staple articles of consumption, and every Dutchman is always provided with pipe, Tobacco, and fire works, at home or abroad — they are his travelling companions, and without them, would be as uncomfortable as I was surrounded by his countrymen in the Diligence, without the power of speech. They smoke as soon as they rise in the morning, and thro' the day the pipe is always in requisition. No matter where they are, or whoever it may offend, mynheer never troubles himself about asking "by your leave," but lights his pipe and puffs away with as little concern for the olfactories of others, as the great Bashaw with three tails would have in puffing before a Christian. I have been fumigated more than once, and obliged to swallow large portions of the villainous smoke, whether I would or no. The middling and lower

class of both sexes wear large clumsy shoes of wood, and they make not a little noise in going over the pavement. It is a custom when any one is sick to place a board before the door containing a daily bullatin of the persons health, by which every anxious enquiry of friends, are satisfied without disturbing the patient, or harrasing the domestics by repeated raps of the knocker. The roads in Holland are paved with stone or brick, are generally very strait, and lined with majestic trees; and in many parts are extensive dykes thrown up to keep the country from being overflowed. I observed but little cultivation on the road from Utrecht, but extensive grass fields on both sides as far as could be seen. Holland is indeed a land under water, and unless a Dutchman is surrounded by water, and has his pipe he would be quite miserable. I cannot say much in praise of Dutch cookery — they give plenty of dishes for dinner, but of what composed I was not at all times able to learn. No fear of getting the Dyspepsia, for they do not give you a chance to eat to excess. A four pronged silver fork is used almost altogether — the knife being used to cut with, but not to convey food to the mouth.

Antwerp is an ancient town and at present contains about 60 to 70,000 inhabitants, many elegant buildings, and many of the old spanish style of architecture, which are intermixed with those of modern construction, giving a strange appearance to the town in general — there are some fine streets, and squares, but most of them are narrow and dirty, and at almost every turn the stranger is reminded of being in a Catholic

country by the numerous figures of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus, which decorate the corner of almost every street, besides the representation of Christ upon the cross in wood, or stone, in various parts of the City. The exchange is similar to the one in Amsterdam, and under similar regulations. The docks are well planned, and afford fine accommodation for the discharge and loading of vessels, and a complete shelter from storms. These were Bonapartes works, and remain unfinished where he left them.

The Cathedral is a most superb gothic structure, 500 feet in length, 230 wide, 360 high, and was 96 years in building. The beautiful spire of ornamental stone work is 466 feet high, to the top of which I ascended, and had a complete view of the City, river, and surrounding country. The tower contains 82 bells, one of 10,000 lbs. and the largest weighing 19,000 lbs, with a tongue of 700 lbs, requires 16 men to ring it. The interior is very rich. The altar of variegated marble is a splendid piece of work. Some of the finest paintings by Rubens are in this church, the "Elevation of the Cross," and "Descent" from it, are not surpassed — these with many others, were taken by Bonaparte to the Louvre, but returned at the restoration. 125 massive gothic pillars support the roof of this fine edifice. It contains a fine organ, which I heard on Sunday at mass, the service of which was musical and performed in good style. I also attended the military mass, music by the band in grand style. There are no pews or benches, but a great number of flag bottomed chairs piled up in the interior, in charge of

several individuals, who are on the spot to furnish to all who wish for a sous (about a cent) a piece. I also examined the interior of the church of St. James, which is indeed splendid — the windows are painted very richly, and there are many fine pieces of sculpture, paintings &c, no less than 25 chapels, and a bell in the tower of 13,000 lbs weight. In the center of the church of St. Pauls is a curious Clock, in the form of a globe, surrounded by the hours, to which the figure of time behind, points with an arrow. In a yard of this church "is a representation of Mount Calvary, exhibiting, in a rude but spirited style the wild and rocky grandeur of the place," thronged with 60 statues of the Prophets and Evangelists. Descending under the rock, is the tomb of Christ. "The Savior shrouded in beautiful and costly silk, tranquilly sleeps in death, while around him are represented all the horrors of purgatory." Many other Churches I examined, but these are the most prominent. Antwerp is strongly fortified. Three lines of defence surround it, water intervening, and no entrance, except over bridges and thro' gates. The rampart round it affords a fine promenade for the citizens. The Museum I visited which contains a great many beautiful paintings by the old Flemish masters. I also saw a fine collection belonging to a private gentlemen, a Mr. Van Lancker. I dined with Mr. Mosselman, to whom I had a letter, in company with a small party of ladies and gentlemen, and everything was in the first style. I also went round the Citidal, at one end of the City without the walls, erected by the duke of Alva, surrounded by a broad, deep ditch, and in every respect ren-

dered an extremely formidable place — defended at all points, and capable of containing a large force, with immense bomb proof magazines, for a sufficient storage of provissions to sustain a long seige. The Quay on the river side is wide, and rendered a delightful promenade. I had pointed out to me the remains of the old Inquisition, and Prison, the monastery, the academy of Rubens the great Painter, and having seen every object worthy of observation, took my departure in the Diligence for Brussels. We passed thro' several villages, and made a short stop in Mechlin, situated on a plain — a large town, and well known for its manufactures of lace &c. Some of the streets are wide, and the Cathedral of St. Rembauld, of ancient gothic structure, makes an imposing appearance. The front is ornamented with statues of the apostles, and figures of Faith, Hope and Charity — it has a large tower 348 feet high. The road was enlivened by numerous villas, and gentlemens seats, and after a fine ride, entered about 9 in the eve'g, the town of

Brussels, and put up at the Hotel de Flanders, situated in a beautiful square, not to be exceeded by any place I have yet seen. The old part of the town is antiquated in its appearance, streets narrow & dirty, but the remainder is very fine — elegant mansions, on wide and spacious streets, well paved, and clean, renders it a very desirable place of residence, and the salubrity of the air, together with the comparatively cheap living, attracts many English famillies of moderate incomes to take up their abode here. It is estimated the English residents amount to 8000, and it is in some measure owing to them, that Brussels is in such a flourishing con-

dition. The Park is a large spot of ground, shaded with trees, with numerous walks decorated with statuary, water fountains, and a fashionable promenade. Most of the buildings in this part are high, painted white, and almost every one has a beautiful flower garden attached to it, presenting altogether a most lively appearance. The market place is in a large square, on all sides of which are high buildings which, from the dingy colour, and variety of ornamental stone work, proclaim their antiquity. The town Hall, fronting one side, is a fine gothic edifice, with a tower 364 feet in height. There are in front of it, and within the court yard, several fountains, two of which are fine sculptured Lions of stone, the water issuing from their mouths. The market I found well supplied with fruit & vegitables — meats are kept in shops all over the place. The fish market at another part of the City was rather disgusting, and took my appetite away for fish — the principal part was Skate fish, which with us are never eaten, and great quantities of Muscles. I also went thro' the frog market, and saw a great many of those hopping animals prepared for dressing — they are considered a great delicacy and a dinner of them costs more than any other article brought to market. As none of them *hopped* down my throat, I was unable to judge of their flavour or relish, but setting prejudice aside I think I never saw anything look more delicate — the hoppers or hind legs, only, are used. The poor house is an extensive and beautiful building — a large square courtyard is within the walls, in the center of which is a beautiful flower garden, tastefully laid out. The Church of St. Gudule is an object worthy inspection, has two large square towers, and

windows are ornamented with painted glass. The pulpit is an extraordinary speciman of carving, executed in 1699 — all of oak — Adam & Eve are represented being driven out of Paradise by an Angel, with a flaming sword, while death is following and a variety of other figures. The Chapels, and interior of the Church is fine, and contains many fine paintings, monuments and sculptured work in marble &c. Twenty-one fountains adorn the various squares and public streets, for the supply of the citizens. One at the corner of a street is a fine statue of a child, discharging a stream of water in a natural but not altogether decent manner; outside the town is a fine Botanic garden. The Palace of the States General is a fine building — the hall is spacious, and each side of it, is a beautiful marble stair case. The Chamber of Deputies is an elegant semicircular theatre — the number of Deputies are 150, Peers 60, and they alternately assemble here, and at the Hague. The Royal Palace, the residence of the King, when at Brussels, is a superb building — the apartments are spacious, and richly furnished — sides of the rooms covered with silks and sattins variously worked; ceilings surrounded with gilt work, and highly ornamented; beds curtains, sofas, chairs &c, all of the richest silks, and the floors are inlaid with mahogany, oak &c, in diamonds and stars, forming not the least ornamental part of the decorations of the interior. Brussels was formerly surrounded by a wall, but most of it is demolished, giving place to a most delightful promenade, now two-thirds round it, and is to be continued quite round, denominated the Boulevards — a carriage road is in the center, and a walk as wide, is each side of it,

GOLFE DE LYON
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Bouches du Rhône
MONTPELLIER
MARSEILLE
VALENCE
MACON
BOURG
CHAMBERY
GRENOBLE
DRAGUIGNAN
Iles d'Hieres
C. Sicie
LA CERDAGNE
Colliours
Port Vendres

NETHERLANDS
GRAND DUCHY OF THE LOWER RHINE
DUCHY OF DEUXPONTS
DEPARTMENT OF THE STRAITS OF CALAIS
DEPARTMENT OF THE SOMME
DEPARTMENT OF THE ARDENNES
DEPARTMENT OF THE MOSELLE
DEPARTMENT OF THE MARNE
DEPARTMENT OF THE HIGH MARNE
DEPARTMENT OF THE UPPER MARNE
DEPARTMENT OF THE HIGH SAONE
DEPARTMENT OF THE UPPER SAONE
DEPARTMENT OF THE LOIRET
DEPARTMENT OF THE YONNE
DEPARTMENT OF THE COTE D'OR
DEPARTMENT OF THE DOUBS
DEPARTMENT OF THE UPPER RHINE
DEPARTMENT OF THE LOWER RHINE
DEPARTMENT OF THE SEINE
DEPARTMENT OF THE SEINE AND OISE
DEPARTMENT OF THE EURE AND LOIR
DEPARTMENT OF THE LOIR AND CHER
DEPARTMENT OF THE LOIRET
DEPARTMENT OF THE YONNE
DEPARTMENT OF THE COTE D'OR
DEPARTMENT OF THE DOUBS
DEPARTMENT OF THE UPPER RHINE
DEPARTMENT OF THE LOWER RHINE
SWITZERLAND
GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN
Brussels
Liege
Namur
Mons
Charleroi
Luxembourg
Metz
Nancy
Strasbourg
Paris
Versailles
Amiens
Lille
Calais
Boulogne
Rheims
Chalons
Troyes
Dijon
Besancon
Orleans
Tours
Rouen
Caen
Le Mans
Evreux
Chartres
Blois
Auxerre
Nevers
Bourges
Moulins
Lyon
Basle
Geneva
Berne
Fribourg
Thun
Neufchatel
Coblentz
Mayence
Aix la Chapelle
Maestricht
Cologne
Rhine R.
Meuse R.
Moselle R.
Seine R.
Loire R.
Somme R.
Oise R.
Marne R.
Saone R.
Rhone R.
Aare R.
Scheldt R.
Lys R.
Yonne R.
Allier R.
Cher R.
Indre R.
Vienne R.
Dordogne R.
Garonne R.
Adour R.
Charente R.
Sarthe R.
Mayenne R.
Eure R.
Aisne R.
Ourcq R.
Ornain R.
Aube R.
Ill R.
Doubs R.
Ain R.
Isere R.
Drome R.
Durance R.
Var R.
Gard R.
Herault R.
Aude R.
Tarn R.
Lot R.
Dordogne R.
Gironde R.
Adour R.
Pyrenees
Alps
Jura
Vosges
Ardennes
Cevennes
Auvergne
Limousin
Perigord
Guienne
Gascony
Languedoc
Provence
Dauphiny
Savoy
Piedmont
Lombardy
Corsica
Bay of Biscay
Mediterranean Sea
English Channel
Atlantic Ocean

a quadruple row of trees lining the whole distance. I walked over the whole of it, and a more charming promenade cannot be imagined. I took a walk with a guide to the village of *Laeken*, about 2 miles distant, to view the Palace of Schoenberg, built originally for the governors of the Netherlands, afterwards the occasional residence of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Ex-King of Holland, his brother. The road extending a mile and a half in a strait line, is shaded by a quadruple row of majestic trees, and is called L'Allee Verte. The Palace stands on an eminence commanding from the back windows, a fine view of Brussels, which is partly situated on an eminence. In front is a semicircular court yard of fine grass, surrounded by orange trees in large green painted square tubs, bearing fruit. I went thro' the several apartments, finished and furnished nearly in the same style of the Royal Palace above described, but if anything superior — the floors are exquisite works of art, and of the halls is finished throughout with marble in a superior style — the concert room is a circular apartment containing statuary, according with the use to which the room is appropriated, and two very large dark coloured marble Basins, highly polished, and extremely rich, on stands of the same material, and are moved round on a pivot. This Palace was furnished by Bonaparte, and the apartments used by him and the Empress Josephine, remain the same as they left them. On the night of the battle of Waterloo, Bonaparte calculated to have slept in this Palace, but alas! another fate awaited him. Brussels contains from 70 to 80,000 inhabitants, and is partly situated on the banks of the Senne. I readily passed for an Englishman, and as no advan-

tage was to be derived from disavowing myself as such, when among Englishmen I allowed them to be in error in thinking and believing me one of them. In company with three Englishmen in a coach, I rode to the battle ground of Waterloo about 9 or 10 miles distant. At the village we stopped, ordered dinner to be prepared for our return, procured a guide, and traversed over this field of blood, carnage and death. Having a chart with us, with the different situations of the contending forces, accurately laid down, which, with the explanations of our guide, who appeared to understand the subject well, I obtained a tolerable good idea of the different plans of attack, and defence, adopted by the two great Generals on that eventful day; and but for the opportune arrival of old Blucher, the army under Wellington would have been annihalated, which my English companions were free to confess in the honest convictions of their minds, under the firm belief that I was from "the town" (London). Wellington thro' the whole of that day, acted entirely on the defensive; to retreat would have been sure destruction to his army, as in his rear was an impenetrable forest, and nothing but the road to Brussels was left open for him — he therefore was obliged from necessity to make the best defence possible, and I consider he was completely beaten. Bonaparte took an admirable position and came so suddenly upon them, that many of Wellingtons officers were at a ball in Brussels which they hastily left to dance to a very different tune. I was five hours walking over this field of slaughter — stood where Bonaparte and Wellington did, examined every point of attack and defence, and

a more admirable spot for a battle could not have been selected. It is well known that Bonaparte dispatched Marshal Grouchy to keep old Blucher at bay, and prevent his forming a junction with Wellington; and when he perceived the approach of the Prussians, firmly believed them to be those under Marshal Grouchy, and he considered the day his own; but their attack upon the right wing of his army soon convinced him of his mistake, his fortitude forsook him, he gave all up as lost, and a precipitate flight was the consequence, and thus decided the contest. It is said old Blucher made this significant reply to the question put to him for his opinion as to who won the battle. "No one *won* the battle, but Bonaparte lost it." The farm house, LaBelle-Alliance, is thronged by visitors from all parts of the continent, England and America, on account of its being the place of meeting between Blucher and Wellington after the battle, and an inscription commemorative of that event is placed over the door. Two monuments to the memory of officers who fell in that struggle, stand in the most central part of the field, near the road, which was occupied by the British line, and not far distant, is an enormous mound of earth thrown up to commemorate this battle. It is 200 feet in height, 2160 feet in circumference at its base and on the top (to which I ascended) is a very large stone pedestal, which supports an enormous Lion of cast iron, measuring 21 feet long by 12 feet in height, a large ball, under one of the fore paws, whether to represent the globe or what, I was unable to learn. This mound is surrounded by 140 hewn stone posts, and standing as it does in the middle of an open field, is very imposing. The field is infested with a great

number of beggars, who single out strangers instinctively, and beset them as close as a stinging fly does the hide of a horse, so that there is hardly a possibility of shaking them off. Another set annoy strangers very much with bullets, old Prussian eagles, broken pistols, pieces of brass, harness leather, buttons &c, all found on the battle ground of course, but I told them I was not to be gummed, or humbugged, and offended the retailers of battle relics, by informing them I could get any quantity manufactured at short notice in Brussels, which the manufacturer would swear, for a small fee, came from the field of Waterloo. I guess as how they let me alone after this. It was my intention to go direct from Brussels to Paris, but almost every one with whom I became acquainted, advised me to go up the Rhine; but my greatest difficulty was in being unacquainted with the language of the country, which made it almost impossible for me to get along. So far I had come by the assistance of others whom accident had thrown in my way, and that kind of assistance now failed me. How then was I to remedy this inconvenience? Why I will inform you. I hired a servant who could Parley vous English & French, and thus equiped I bid adieu to Brussels, and like Don Quixote of old, with his worthy squire, Sancho Panza, set out in quest of adventures. We took our departure in the Diligence, and made a short stop at Louvain, a walled town celebrated for the brewing of beer, great quantities of which are made and sent in every direction thro' the country. Its foundation is attributed to Julius Caesar, and contains 25 to 26,000 inhabitants. The town Hall, built in the 14th century is a splendid pile. It is

of stone and covered with carved figures, and other ornamental work in stone, which give it a very rich appearance. I stepped into a shop and purchased a print of it. We next passed thro' *Tirelemant*, which was formerly a considerable City, but fire and the wars of the revolution have almost ruined it. Population at present 8 or 10,000. Leaving the gates, we noticed on our right three artificial mounds of earth, supposed to have been erected by some of the barbarous tribes in commemoration of victory. Passing thro' *Looz*, an antique looking place, we made a short stop at *St. Trond*, a place of about 8000 inhabitants. It has a venerable Benedictine Abbey, and was formerly a place of great note. We also made a short stop at *Tongres* a very ancient place, said to have been built by Tongrus, its first King, 100 years before the foundation of Rome. It was sacked by Attila, King of the Huns in 455. The Cathedral, a fine gothic building, is supposed to be the most ancient of any North of the Alps. Population 4 or 5,000 only. The end of our route for the day terminated at

Liege, the entrance to which is very picturesque and beautiful. It is situated at the junction of the rivers Meuse and Ourthe, on the side partly of a steep hill or mountain, and contains 45 to 50,000 inhabitants. It was built by Embiorise, a leader of one of the tribes of the Gauls — many of the houses are lofty, streets narrow, and present a gloomy appearance. I walked over most of it. The market is held in a large square, in the centre of which are three fountains which discharge the waters into large stone basins, issuing from the mouths of human faces, cut out of the pedestal which supports a statue. The market was well supplied

with fruits and vegitables, all brought in by women, in baskets slung on the back, containing load enough for a jack ass, and they are sold by them in the square, on the pavement. These women wear enormous large broad brimmed felt hats, which both keep off rain as well as sun. St. Johns church is handsome in the interior, contains a fine organ, highly ornamented with various figures, Statues of the Apostles, and bust heads of all the scriptural Kings, and many fine paintings. From the Citadal, immediately back of the town, on the highest elevation, I had a view of the surrounding country, rivers, and completely overlooked the town, connected by a stone arched bridge over the river. The Palace of Justice built in the form of a square, is a noble building; the columns which support the inner court are filled with carved work — all of stone. The Cathedral of St. Paul is also an imposing structure, the ceiling is painted very richly in imitation of tapestry — and the altar and chapels are adorned with some fine paintings. The roads from Brussels are strait — no fences on the road side, or in the fields, but all appears in common, land chiefly tillage — saw no cattle feeding in pastures — the women cut the grass, and carry it in bundles for the use of cows &c, kept under cover. Resuming our journey, we passed thro' *Robermant*, *Herve* & *Battice*, small towns, and stopped at *Henri-Chapelle*, the last town in the government of the Netherlands, where our cargo was over hauled by a custom house officer to see if we intended to smuggle anything *out* of the country, and a few miles beyond, passed the boundary line, denoted by a large stone 12 feet high, with a large spread eagle carved upon it, the arms of Prussia. Soon after a

Prussian officer got into the Diligence, to see we did not smuggle anything *into* the country, and on arriving at

Aix-la-Chapelle, drove into the Custom house yard where our baggage was examined, and then were permited to find lodgings. Our road to this place was over hill and dale, and extensive plain, thro' many miserable looking villages, built of wood frames, and filled in between with earth, mixed with chopped straw, in some instances filled with brick. This is also an ancient place, built by the Romans, pillaged by the Huns in 451, and rebuilt by Charlemagne. Its name is derived from its warm baths. The Emperors of Germany used to be crowned here with great pomp. Population about 35,000 — houses built chiefly of brick. A great many people resort to the place on account of its baths, some of which are beautiful establishments. Opposite the town hall, a venerable looking edifice, is an antique fountain, adorned with a gilt copper statue of Charlemagne, placed on a pedestal in the center of a basin 30 feet in circumference. The Cathedral was built by the Emperor Otho who was crowned here in 983 — part of his tomb of black marble yet remains. The interior is elegant, altho' time has dimed its lustre, and was dispoiled of many of its ornaments during the French revolution — there are several beautiful pieces of tapestry hung round the choir, and the pulpit is ornamented with plates of gold, relievos in ivory, precious stones &c. This church contains a variety of curious relics, and are enclosed in a shrine of solid gold — they are exhibited only once in seven years, from the 10th to the 24th July, and persons from distant parts come in crowds to see them. They consist (as priests say and

multitudes believe) of the swaddling cloths, and the winding sheet of our Saviour, robe of the Virgin Mary, and the shroud of John the Baptist. Other relics are shown at certain times of the year, but strangers can see the whole collection, who are willing to pay for the privilege, by expressing a wish to that effect, and procuring the attendance of a priest — they are fragments of the cross, some of the manna by which the Israelites were miraculously fed in the wilderness, leathern girdle of our Saviour, a piece of the cords with which the Saviour's hands were bound &c, all set in precious jewels and preserved in cases curiously ornamented. Most of the streets are narrow, and buildings antique in their appearance. Leaving this, we passed thro' several villages, and thro' the walled and strongly fortified town of *Juliers*, over a bridge across the river Roer, and stopped at *Borgheim*, where we dined; a small town, surrounded by a wall, crumbling to ruins, a dirty, ill looking place. After dinner our road was thro' an extensive, descending plain and the City of Cologne was in view before us for many miles before we reached it. Before arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle, and after leaving it, I noticed immense fields of Cabbages on each side of the road, such as I never saw before. The roads throughout my route in the Netherlands, are paved with bricks edge ways, or square blocks of stone, which discontinued at the boundary of Prussia, from which it is macadamized. All the way thro' Flanders, and this part of Prussia, are to be seen along the road every half mile, and in fields, images of our Saviour upon the cross, executed in stone, from one foot to 8 feet in size. In what the people call chapels (but which are like the ovens in the

open air in the interior of New York) built of brick, are the Virgin Mary & the infant Jesus, erected by the side of the roads, and streets of the villages, which meet the eye of the traveller almost as often as the Cross. Beggars beset me all along the road, in the towns & villages, in the Churches and Hotels, in great numbers; and with an importunity and perseverance I believe never equalled, old and young, great & small, sick & well, lame, halt, and the blind came upon the traveller like so many hungry tigers, and never quit till they have had a small taste at least of his loose change — telling them I did not understand Dutch or German, availed but little, and for miles would they chace, and keep up with the snail like progress of the Diligence, in the hope of exhausting our patience, and of obtaining a fee as a reward for discontinuing their annoyance. It is difficult to calculate distances, or to ascertain satisfactorily at all times, how far it is from one place in Holland, Belgium, or Prussia. Ask a Dutchman the distance between any given places, and he will tell you it is so many hours, and you can get no other answer by repeating the question, so in Prussia, it is by Posts they estimate distances. Nor is this the least perplexing — the currency, and coin, change almost from town to town, so that you know not what to give, or whether cheated or not, and as to stopping long enough in a place to learn the coin or currency, would be about equal to making a stop to learn the language before I proceeded on; I have therefore given a handful to take what they said was the charge, and return me the change, so that I *reckon*, like *Jemmy Green*, I have paid for the horse. I am now at

Cologne, my chamber window looking directly upon the Rhine. This is a walled City, and its origin goes back to the commencement of the Christian era — to an entrenched camp of the Romans, established by Marcus Agrippa. Its great antiquity is apparent in the decay and ravages of time stamped upon many parts of it, particularly the walls which surround it, and the gates, or entrances into it. The wall is 30910 feet in circumference, surmounted by 83 towers, many of which are entirely in ruins, and has 13 large gates. A subteranean aqueduct leads from *Treves* to *Cologne*, and it has never been discovered for what purpose the Romans constructed it. The City contains from 50 to 60,000 inhabitants, several pretty squares, and some few good streets, but generally they are very narrow, and like most other towns I have been in, since I left Holland, are paved, and no sidewalks. One of the greatest curiosities in the place is the Cathedral, which was commenced in 1248 and carried on till 1499, and left unfinished, as it now remains. If finished according to the plan I saw of it, a more magnificient structure can hardly be imagined — enough is finished to show the grandeur of the design. It is built in the form of a cross, the arches are supported by a quadruple row of 100 columns. It was designed to have two towers of 500 feet in height, but neither have been finished, one is only 20 feet, and the other is about 260, and contains a great bell of 25,000 lbs weight, requiring 12 men to put it in motion. The building is 500 feet long, 250 wide, and 180 high. In front of the altar are four brass candlesticks, 10 feet in height, and weigh 1000 lbs each. It contains much statuary, several fine paintings, monuments &c.

Its progress towards completion was arrested for want of funds. I also visited the church of St. Peter, in which Rubens the great Flemish painter was baptized, the font in which that rite was performed is exhibited in the Church. His picture of the crucifixion of St. Peter, is as fine a painting of his as I have seen. The town house is a very antique building, and in its prime must have been a rich edifice. From its tower I had a commanding view of the whole town and vicinity. The town of *Deutz*, on the opposite side of the river, is accessible by means of a bridge placed on 39 large boats anchored in form of a crescent to oppose a greater barrier to the force of the current. This place the Ladies cannot fail to remember. It has 15 to 20 large manufacturies of Eau de Cologne, or Cologne water, as it is generally called, and many other objects worthy of notice which I must pass over, and take my departure up the Rhine. At 6 A. M. I left Cologne in a very good steam boat, called the Frederick William, with about 50 ladies & gentlemen, principally Germans, but some English, among whom was Col. Harris & his daughter, the same officer who captured and held Eastport during the last war. We passed many villages, and observed several old ruins of Castles &c, and at 7 P. M. landed at

Coblentz, where we took lodgings. It contains about 10 or 11,000 inhabitants, and is situated at an angle which the Rhine and Moselle form at their confluence. Opposite to the town, on the other side of the Rhine, is the impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which, during the revolutionary wars was blockaded, and bombarded repeatedly, yet never could be taken, but by

starving out the garrison. It was partly demolished by the French when they evacuated it, but now it is as formidable as ever. It is situated on the top of a precipitous rock, the foot of which the water of the Rhine washes in its course. Having no time to make personal observation of Coblentz, I am unable to give a more particular account of it. At 6 A. M. the following morning, we again pursued our route up the Rhine, and at 7 P. M. landed at *Mayence*. The scenery presented to view this day was much more grand and picturesque than yesterday. In many places its windings were such that it appeared as if we were sailing on lakes, hemmed in by mountains, towns & villages skirting the borders of the river; old convents in the distance, ruins of Castles on mountain tops, and projecting rocks, and other elevated situations, presented themselves in rapid succession, and kept up a continual interest. I purchased at Cologne a Panorama of the Rhine, in which the course of the river, every town, village and object to be seen, is delineated with a degree of accuracy I did not think could be done. The stranger is thus provided with a knowledge of the name &c, of every place as he passes along. The sides of the mountains exposed to the sun, are covered with vineyards, and where nature has been sterile, art has rendered productive. On the sides of steep rocky mountains, walls have been built 10 or 15 feet high, several yards apart, from the base to the top, looking like so many steps, and earth filled in between, thus preventing the heavy rains from washing it away, and producing the best grapes, and consequently the best wine. The vines run upon poles 4 to 6 feet in height, placed in the ground the same as bean

poles, and do not present that lively, green foliage of the American scenery, still, being of a different cast, is not without interest. There is not that lively and animating appearance of the Hudson River, with its numerous steam boats & vessels plying up and down; but the great antiquity, and appearance of its villages, so unlike anything in America, make up in interest that deficiency. Many of the old Castles observed were once the strong hold of hordes of Banditti, who would descend from them and pounce upon the unwary trader, or traveler, relieve him of his cash or merchandize, return and riot upon their illgotten wealth without fear of assault from the weapons of that period. These frequent depredations led to the confederation of the Rhine, which has been restored since the peace of Paris.

Mayence is situated opposite the river Maine, population about 25,000, not including the garrison of 8000 soldiers stationed here, consisting of Austrians, Prussians, and Bavarians; the Austrians make the finest appearance of any troops I have seen. It is very strongly fortified and is a very important station. In the 70th year of the Christian Era the 22d Legion, which was under the Emperor Titus, at the conquest of Jerusaleum, came to garrison Mayence. This place has gained some celebrity from the art of printing having been discovered here in the 15th Century by Doct Faust. St. Peters Church is a venerable building, and the ceiling of arches is painted with numerous variegated colours & subjects — built of a kind of red stone. The museum of Roman monuments contains a great variety of Roman antiquities, found in the neighborhood, and many ancient Paintings, representing costumes

different from any I have seen. There are 27 Altars, and more than 60 other stones belonging to the 22d Legion, all found near Mayence. There is a beautiful promenade along the banks of the river, and many others back of the town. Many of the streets are wide and clean, but most of them are narrow. Opposite the Museum is a beautiful fountain of two large sculptured Lions spouting water from their mouths into a large elegant stone basin beneath them. At the Citadel back of the town is the ruin of the old monument erected in honor of Drusus, a General of the Roman Legion, in a crumbling State — a flight of steps in the interior in pretty good preservation, conducted me to the top of it, from which I had a good view of the town, rivers Rhine and Maine, and surrounding country. A bridge on 47 boats crosses the river from Mayence, and below are 17 floating mills; wheels resting in the water are carried round by the force of the current only, and thus the town is supplied with flour. I walked to the village of *Zahlbach* about 2 miles, where I viewed the remains of 47 pillars of a Roman aqueduct, they are of stone masonry. In going, passed by the grave yard, and my guide conducted me into a house within the enclosure, where the bodies of all persons, rich or poor, are exposed in their coffins for two days, before they are buried, for the inspection of any one who wishes to see them. I found an old man and two young children thus exposed — to the hands of the old man was fastened a cord, which led to the ceiling, and on enquiring of the guide what it was for, he replied with great soberness that it was made fast to a bell on the top of the building, that in case the old man should *not be dead*, he could ring the bell

and thus obtain assistance — what nonsense. If such superstition is prevalent in the 18th century no wonder those in the 15th believed Doct. Faust had dealings with the D—l. Once more embarking on board a steam boat, I passed up the Maine, by the towns of *Hockheim*, *Fleursheim*, *Kellersbach* and *Hochst*, a fine looking town; a castle with a high tower in the centre makes a conspicuous appearance. This last town is where the old Hock wine, so called, comes from. *Seltzer* is about 5 miles back, where the celebrated mineral water of that name comes from. Soon after we arrived in the independent city of

Francfort, which made an imposing appearance as we approached. It was near the close of a three weeks fair, and the city was crowded with persons from every part of the continent, exhibiting a great variety of costumes, quite interesting to a Yankee. The street along the river is very fine. It is adorned with modern buildings painted white, which gives it quite an airy appearance — the stone bridge on nine arches crosses the river from the centre of this street, which adds to the beauty of the scene. Every kind of merchandize and fancy articles are here exposed for sale at this fair, and the streets are all bustle and confusion. Some parts of the City are quite antiquated, but much of it is not to be exceeded in its beautiful streets and buildings, by any place seen since leaving England. There are some fine squares, in all of which are fountains constantly playing. The Cathedral built in 874 is an object of curiosity. It contains some old German paintings, and about a year ago in making some necessary repairs on the walls, each side of the altar, was discovered several paintings

which must be coeval with the foundation of the church, they are so unlike anything I ever before saw. A curious clock is here exhibited. It has a vertical dial with the months in one column, days of the week in another, and days of the year in a third. A small figure is by the side of it, which points to each, every day, giving the day of the week, month, and of the year that have passed. The tower, 366 feet high, was not commenced till 1415, and finished in 1509. I ascended the top of it, and had a most beautiful view, completely overlooking the City. I attended the Theatre one eve'g and witnessed a fine assembly of the beauty and fashion of Francfort — it was crowded throughout — four tier of boxes — handsome building, good performance as well as I could judge — scenery fine, orchestra and music first rate. In the garden of Mr. Bathmann I examined a fine collection of figures, but the finest of all is an Ariadne, in alabaster, or white marble, which is an exquisite piece of workmanship. Here I hired a return Barouche to take me to *Strasbourg* to stop when I chose, and to be exclusively for my use. So taking my Valet de chambre at my side, I set out in style; the driver did not understand English or French, and my Valet, nor myself understood not a word of German, consequently Mr. Driver was a very quiet man. Passing thro' *Langer*, a considerable large village, made a stop at *Darmstadt*, to feed the horses during which I perambulated a great portion of the town, which is very handsome — 8 or 10 streets are spacious, and the buildings being modern, painted or washed with a light colour, make a showy appearance, affording a striking contrast to the remainder of the town, which retains its narrow streets and antique

buildings, from the commencement nearly of the Christian era. The Castle at the end of the principal street is a large, ancient looking edifice — deep arched passages lead to several inner court yards, and being surrounded by a moat which could be filled with water at short notice, reminds me of the reading of Romances in former days. The streets mentioned above run at right angles, and in the centre of the widest is a beautiful fountain. A pedestal stands in the middle of a large stone basin, four finely sculptured Lions lie crouching at the foot of each side, & four human faces carved upon each square of the pedestal, water pouring from the mouths of all into the Basin, continually, without cessation, while from the centre of a large basin on the top of the pedestal, issues a perpendicular stream several feet high and falling, forms a curve and passes into the one beneath. There are many others all costly and elegant ornaments to a town, by which the inhabitants are supplied with that all important and necessary article, water, and coming from the mountains is of the purest kind. This place contains about 15 to 17,000 inhabitants and is situated in the midst of an extensive plain. It is the residence of the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, under whose government it is. Leaving Darmstadt, we passed thro' a forest for a few miles, and then entered the Bergstrasse, so called, or road by the mountains side — the mountains on our left, and cultivated plains on the right, thro' the village of *Eberstadt*, where we had a fine view of the ruins of Frankenstein castle, on the top of a mountain, making considerable of a show, said to have existed as far back as the time of the Carlovingian Kings; thence thro' the villages of *Buckenbach*, *Zwing-*

enberg and *Auerbach*, at which last named place we dined. Near Zwingenberg is Mount Melibocus, on the top of which is a high tower. From Auerbach we noticed the ruins of an old castle on the top of a hill, beside the mountain, the walls and immense tower of which still survives the lapse of ages. After dinner we continued on thro' *Bensheim* surrounded with high walls, and also with towers; fortifications in a ruinous state, deep ditches &c all proclaiming its importance in times past. It is a small town, and its appearance is altogether unique, thence thro' *Heppenheim*, and *Weinheim*, *Ladenbourg* and the *City of Manheim* in sight to the right of us. Weinheim is an old town in the form of an amphitheatre, and remains of ancient fortifications, thick walls, and towers, and ditches half filled up, are still distinctly seen — streets narrow, and form many angles — the old Castle of Windek is behind the town, situated on a hill, and has a picturesque appearance. Continuing on we passed thro' *Leutershausen* in sight of the old castle of Strahlenbourg, at the back of a high mountain, when we came suddenly upon the banks of the river Neckar, the road as suddenly turning to the left, at the foot of a mountain; coaches &c protected from falling into the river by a stone wall; this scene was heightened by the reflection of the moon, which shone with uncommon brilliance as we crossed a beautiful stone bridge on 8 arches, having elegant full length statues of fine marble over each end, and centre arch; and I entered the town of

Heidelberg, situated at the entrance of the valley of the Neckar, which flows between a range of mountains, the scenery about which is far more picturesque and beautiful, than any place seen on

the continent. The ride this day was fine, enhanced by the uncommon mildness of the weather. On the mountains side was nothing but extensive vineyards, nearly ready for harvesting, and in the plains, fields of hemp, potatoes, patches of a well known (and to me a welcome sight) grain, *Indian corn*, Tobacco &c &c — no fences, but all open and to appearances in common — apple, pear, and walnut trees lined the sides of the roads for miles — women appear to do most of the work in the fields, gathering potatoes, pulling hemp, raking hay, and some few I saw guiding the plough — what would our fair country women say to this? Nor is this all, they are emphatically the pack horses of the country, and support burdens on their backs, and heads that would make some of the four footed race stagger. Thank God the delicate frames, and constitutions of the fair sex of Yankee doodle land, are not subjected to such severe trials; and they cannot be too thankful for the enviable rank they hold in society, and the superior standing they maintain above every other class of their sex in the world. The villages passed thro' on this route bear evidence of greater antiquity, and my mind was irresistably carried back to a period before the flood. Houses are generally built of oak frames, filled in with brick or stone, and something like clay mixed with chopped hay or straw, then plastered over, and white washed, while the wood of the frame is suffered to grow dark coloured by age, or is painted black or blue, presenting to the astonished eyes of a genuine yankee a sight truely novel, and unlike anything he ever saw before. The roads are mostly shaded by majestic trees and are macadamized. The farmers look like

the old seventy fivers who attended the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument (bye the by, will it ever be finished) they wear breeches (excuse me ladies, unmentionables I should say) and large broad brimmed hats cocked behind — they are poor hands at the plough in my opinion — they have wheels attached to them, and consequently the furrows are not very deep. Cows are substituted for oxen, and the whole strain bears upon the horns, instead of the shoulders. Carts are narrow at bottom, wide at top, framed, and body of basket work, made to ship and unship. Women with faces as hard as a North wester in Vermont in Dec., and hands and feet that defy soap, sand and water.

Heidelberg is a large town, and is principally on two narrow streets running parallel with the river. It contains no buildings of much notoriety. The churches are old gloomy looking buildings, destitute of that richness of material and workmanship in those before mentioned, altho' the Church of St. Peter contains some fine ancient tombs. Rothschild, the great London Banker, put up at the house where I was temporarily located, and his equipage consisted of five carriages, 12 servants and 22 horses — himself and family made only five, one to a coach, so he and myself were on an equality. I and my family had a coach for each one. The greatest object of curiosity in this place is the ruins of the old Chateau, or castle of Heidelberg, situated on a hill back of the town by the mountain side, which towers above it. I visited this ancient ruin, and examined it well. Its walls are massive, and of solid masonry, faced with hammered stone, and on a very extensive scale. It was formerly the property of the Elector

Palatinate, fortified by him, and defended by his vassals. It was built about 600 years ago, but has undergone various alterations since then, and prior to its destruction. The French in the time of Louis the 14th bombarded it, and damaged it considerably, which is vissible at the present time, and about 65 years ago it was struck with lightning, and every combustible part, except the chapel, and one tenement within the court yard, now occupied by the gardiner, was consumed — the walls stand, while within is rubbish; trees, shrubbery, and weeds have spontaneously taken root and added to the romantic beauty of the place. It must have been a strong and magnificient structure, as the walls of the Chapel, and the residence of the Elector fronting the inner court yard, bear indubitable evidence. The front of the Chapel is decorated with 19 statues of stone, large as life, standing in niches in the walls, besides carved heads, faces and other figures all of stone, and in front of the Chateau are 14 other statues similarly placed, representing Mars, Mercury, Jupiter &c; Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, &c; David, Hercules, Sampson &c, and other figures, making the front one entire piece of ornamented work. The interior appears to have been finished in a corresponding style. A beautiful garden surrounds the ruins, and a terrace supported by a massive stone wall, guarded by an iron railing, affords a most delightful promenade, from which the town can be overlooked directly below, the course of the river can be traced to a great distance, while the mountains on both sides the river rise in majestic grandeur above us, and make up a scene truly grand and beautiful. In the garden are remains of an old Roman

Bath and an old Roman stable, the entrance to which was guarded by two sculptured animals so defaced by time as to make it impossible to determine what they were; and close by the wall, lies broken in pieces, thrown from its elevated stand, the gigantic statue of a Giant, upwards of 20 feet in length, who, according to an old Legend believed by many in this enlightened age here abouts, separated the mountains and formed the Rhine, — the statue was made to represent that imaginary being. The Neckar is a wide, shallow stream, current rapid; boats towed up by horses. Leaving this place we passed thro' *Weissbach*, *Langenbrucken* to *Bruchsal*, where we dined. I took my breakfast as I rode along, a roll & a bunch of delicious grapes, not so coarse a breakfast neither, and I dare say some of my friends in Boston would have been glad to join me in the frugal meal. While dinner was preparing I strolled over the town seeking what my *eyes* could find to devour. It is very irregular, streets crooked, appears to be two towns, one within the other, a wall round each, and gates to enter and pass out of each — could not put my jaws out of joint enough to ascertain the reason of this, an embargo, as the sailor would say, having been laid upon the nine parts of speech. One of these towns (altho' only one) has a large square in the centre fronting which is the government house, a fine large building, before which are two beautiful fountains, sending the water perpendicularly 20 feet high, and descending into an artificial pond surrounding it, filled with gold and silver fishes as tame as kittens. Back are fine pleasure walks, groves and fountains. In one of the public streets is a curious fountain — it is a boy bestriding a goose which he is trying

to throttle and the water pours out between its bills into a stone basin. After dinner passed thro' *Weingarten* to *Durlach* a considerable large town, back of which on the mountain of Thurmberg is an old, large, square stone tower, generally supposed to have been a Roman watch post, and on another is the ruin of an old castle. From Durlach to Carlsruhe the road is thro' a plain chiefly of pasturage, on a strait line for three miles, thickly shaded on each side with poplar trees, nearly 100 feet in height, presenting a most enchanting appearance. At the end of this road I entered the gate of

Carlsruhe, at which I was stopped, a state paper was handed me to write my name, where from, whither going, profession, where I lodged the eve'g previous &c, and then was allowed to proceed. Of all the places I have been in since I landed in Holland this is decidedly the most beautiful. From the gate I entered a most superb street, wide as broad way, New York, runs thro' the town for about one mile and a half on a strait line, with lively, fine looking buildings on each side. The town is paved, and clean throughout. It is only 116 years since it was first commenced, and was laid out by design as it is. It is under the government of the Duke of Baden (Grand Duke of Baden is his title) whose Palace is on one side of the town. I went thro' it and was gratified with the elegance and richness of every part thereof. The dining hall and audience chambers are most splendidly furnished — the former is finished with marble, and abounds with sculptured work of cupids &c, gilt work &c. The ball room is indeed magnificient, and is finished and furnished in a style corresponding to the rest

of the Palace. Seven large and brilliant cut glass chandaliers are suspended from a highly gilt and ornamented ceiling, covered with various oil paintings, and 20 others are fixed upon the sides and ends, while at the ends the panel work is filled up with large looking glass plates, which must produce an effect, when lighted up, dazzling in the extreme. Directly back of the ball room is a tower which I ascended, and enjoyed a view of this beautiful town, which it overlooks, and while in that situation the Grand Duke drove into the Palace yard with only one attendant, and a pair of horses, altho his equipage consists of 164 horses, and from 20 to 30 carriages. He is a good looking man of 60 years of age. The town is like half a wheel, the Palace being the hub, and the streets (all verging towards the Palace, into and thro' which I could see from the tower) are the spokes; while back of the Palace is an immense thick forest, with roads, or promenades, for the Grand Duke's use and pleasure, running in opposite directions from the streets of the town, thus making the wheel complete. The stables, pleasure grounds, flower gardens, fountains &c, are all in corresponding style of beauty and elegance with the Palace itself. Before the Palace is a large public semicircular space, surrounded by large orange trees in square green tubs, bearing fruit, with several fine promenades thro' it shaded by other trees; while at each side is a circular space, in the centre of which are beautiful fountains, sending forth perpendicular streams from the middle of artificial ponds, round which elegant white swans sail with expanded wings, evidently conscious and proud of their superiority on the watery element. The town is situated on an extensive plain —

population about 20,000, and the Grand Duke has 10,000 troops in garrison here. Having walked over and seen as much as my limited time would allow of this fine town, most of the buildings of which are in good taste, and wear an appearance of wealth and elegance, and obtaining the French ambassador's seal of office to my passport, I once more found myself on the move; and passing thro' *Ettlingen* an old Roman town, stopped at *Radstadt*, and while the horses were feeding, walked thro' the town. On leaving the gate of Carlsruhe, an officer stopped me, and enquired if I belonged to the military; on being answered in the negative, we were allowed to proceed. I wonder what he saw in my phiz to think I was a military officer. I have neither whiskers or mustachios, those necessary ornaments of a soldier. The next time I go to the place I am determined to know. On the road met about 3000 troops going to Carlsruhe to attend a military review of 16000 to take place the next day. We also passed thro' 4 or 5 antiquated looking villages before reaching *Radstadt*, which is a small town of 3 or 4,000 inhabitants, very regularly laid out. One broad street, or place, is particularly noticed, there being three fountains and an ancient church (which contains some good paintings & other ornaments usually found in Catholic churches) in the centre of it. One of the fountains is a fine piece of work, all in one block of stone, and painted a flesh colour. On the top of a large pedestal is the gigantic statue of one of the deceased Dukes; at two sides of the pedestal are flying dragons, tails curving upwards, heads projecting out, jaws extended, and inclining upwards, the water issuing from their throats into the Basin surrounding it.

The town is situated on the Murg river. On one side of the town on a rising ground, stands the Palace, going to decay, of the house of Saxe Laurenbourg. It forms the three sides of a large square. On the top of the balustrade, quite round it, are no less than 30 stone statues, large as life, and on the top of the cupola, in the centre, is an elegant bronze statue of Jupiter highly gilt. On the terrace near the street and built up at the entrance of the square, to reduce it to a level, are placed 14 statues of stone; and at the corners of the entrance to the court yard, are two large warlike statues, upon square pedestals, which are made hollow and serve for sentry boxes. One of the statues is represented as having a ferocious animal in his power, one knee pressing his back to keep him down, one hand seizes his head, while the other firmly grasps his tongue in the attitude of tearing it out by the roots. Leaving Radstadt we passed thro' several villages wearing more the appearance of farm houses than any I have seen. I was *delighted* in observing several large fields of corn, and *overjoyed* in beholding among them a well known yankee notion, *Pumpkins*. I almost fancied myself "a way up there, you know where, in Varmount." I see the Germans know what is good. "Pumpkin pies and 'lases oh" is not to be sneezed at, notwithstanding our friend Johnny Bull turns up his nose at it. Dined at *Ulm*, "an old times and the primer" looking place, afterwards continued on thro' a fertile country, stopped at *Bischofsheim*, and after passing thro' several farming villages, and the small town of *Kehl*, on the Rhine, the last on the German frontier, we crossed a bridge supported by 66 large boats, the current running rapidly and when

over found myself on French ground, indicated by the dress and different appearance of the soldiers on duty. Crossing another bridge on wooden piers, over the river Tell, were stopped by a custom officer, baggage taken out, which was barely looked at, while the officer was most thorough in his examination of the Barouche, which he perforated with a long steel instrument throughout every part of the lining, and stuffing and was nearly half an hour before he "give it up." He also examined a poor countryman, and his cart, even to his pockets, & felt all over him, during my detention. The particular distinction shewn me, was, no doubt, owing to the style in which I travelled. Proceeding onward again, I was stopped at the gate of Strasbourg, my passport demanded, and delivered, for which I received a certificate in exchange, to be delivered at the Passport office in the City, and finally passed into the City and put up at the Hotel L'Esprit opposite, and over looking the *Ill.*

Strasbourg, is the frontier town of Germany and France. The rivers Ill and Breusch pass thro' it, the walls of the buildings lining the banks & in many parts stand in the water. With a guide I commenced my tour of observation. I first examined St. Thomas Church in which is an exquisite monument of black and white marble, erected to the memory of Marshall Saxe, by order of Louis 14th. A more beautiful piece of sculpture is rarely to be met with. In front of the obelisk of *black* stands the statue in white marble of the marshall; at his left is a small figure representing an angel, and at his right are the figures of the Lion, Eagle & Leopard. At his feet is a coffin of black marble, the folds of a

shroud hanging over the edges in white marble. At the left is the figure of death covered with a mantle, the skeleton face, hands & feet only to be seen, an hour glass in one hand, and the lid of the coffin in the other; while over it, and at the feet of the Marshall is an elegant female form, one hand clinching the arm of the Marshall, the other outstretched towards the figure of death; the face, expressing the greatest degree of anguish it is possible to conceive the art of man could pourtray in inanimate marble, is imploringly bent towards the grim tyrant; — the whole design and execution is creditable in a high degree to the artist. Here also are exposed the bodies of the prince of Nassau and his daughter in good preservation & buried 300 years ago — the tops of the coffins are covered with glass, and they are seen in the costume of the age in which they lived, rings on the fingers &c — they were embalmed at the time of decease. The Cathedral is one of the greatest objects of attraction to all strangers who visit the place. It is indeed a grand structure, and the external work is princely magnificient. The front from the foundation to the spire, nearly 600 feet, is one entire piece of ornamental stone work, statuary in full length; busts, horses, saints, cupids &c, fill up the front and render it uncommonly rich; a window represents the blazing sun. The interior is not so rich as some I have seen, but the windows are finely painted, and are full of subjects taken from the old and new testaments. I attended the military mass, and being a stranger of distinction, obtained a seat near the altar; the soldiers occupied the main body of the church, and the officers within the enclosure of the altar, while the band occupied the organ loft. The service

of the officiating Priest was all dumb show and mummery, but the chief part of the services was musical, which was very fine. To my notion there was very little solemnity in the whole performance. I ascended the tower to the roof without difficulty, and then commenced ascending the spire; the winding flight of steps which are placed in open work so that every thing below and around is seen at every step, and the apparent insecurity with which the mind is impressed in advancing, takes such firm possession of the nerves as to deprive one of the pleasure he would otherwise enjoy. Such was my case. I followed the guide to within about 6 or 10 feet of the highest point he could attain, where I was entirely outside, and had nothing but my hands to trust for safety, and I was so affected that I retreated while I was able, without being able to boast of having reached the highest elevation. On the roof, which is about half way up, is a fine promenade perfectly secure, from which the City and surrounding country for a great distance, can be seen — in the distance are the mountains of Switzerland. This spire is said to be the highest of any object on the Continent of Europe, except the pyramids of Egypt. This place has a double line of fortifications round it — the ramparts afford an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants, which amount to about 50,000. Most of the streets are narrow and dirty. It possesses but few objects of interest. Its great antiquity is quite vissible in every part of it. I saw several buildings bearing dates in the 7th century. At 8 P. M. the gates of the City are closed, and no one is allowed to enter or depart after that hour — the inhabitants are about half French and half German — the theatre is a fine building, and the

manufactory of brass cannon is worthy of note — the pieces are very fine.

At 2 P. M. 29th Sept., left Strasbourg in the Diligence. At the gate my passport was examined. At *Manalheim*, was stopped and baggage examined — at *Falsberg* took supper, then continued on.

30th. Slept as well as could be expected in a sitting position last night. Took breakfast at *D'Auville*, and dinner at *Metz*, where I had contemplated stopping to take the Diligence next day, but such was the filthy and disgusting appearance of the Inn at which we stopped that I concluded to keep on. Metz is a large fortified town, and a military school is kept in it to which young aspirants for military fame resort to obtain the first rudiments in the art of war. Passport was examined going in, and four miles beyond.

Oct. 1st. Slept last night with my head slung in my pocket. Hdkf for a pillow. Took breakfast at *St. Menauld* — dinner at *Chalons*, a large town, houses all built of stone, like chalk, and plastered over with the same material — passed several cliffs of the same, thence thro' *Impernay*, and took supper at *Dormant*. The ride this day was thro' the Champagne country, hilly and mountainous on the right and left, and centre extensive cultivated grounds gently undulating, with scarcely a tree or object to break the view; men, women, and boys & girls in the vineyards gathering grapes, which are placed in large baskets and slung across the backs of asses and donkeys and conveyed to the villages.

2d — Took breakfast at *Meaux*, a large town, walked thro' *Clay*, on the side of a steep hill and after passing thro' several villages,

and the suburbs of the great City, thickly lined with buildings, I entered at 2 P. M. the renouned metropolis, the City of

Paris, after a ride of three days and as many nights, a distance of 121 leagues or 363 miles, and experienced but little fatigue from the journey. Passing over the route, making stops only long enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and stowed in the front of the Diligence between two Frenchmen, who could not speak English, any better than I could French, I was obliged to restrain my curiosity, and while the day lasted make the best use I could of my eyes. I therefore could not derive much information of this part of my travels. The Inns on the route are execrable, dirty places. Throughout Holland, Prussia & Germany, I found good accommodations, good clean and comfortable beds; and travelling as I did from Brussels with a servant, I passed for a great character, was shewn every attention by mine Host, and I guess I paid for it accordingly. It is astonishing what defference is paid to wealth in this part of the world, or to a person travelling out of the ordinary way of travellers. He obtains much attention and civility, but he is sure to be taxed for it in the bill. From Strasbourg to within 50 miles of Paris the road was quite miry — the latter part paved. I have not as yet seen much of this great City, but I am rather disappointed in it. I have once visited the Louvre which does infinite credit to the nation, and walked in the garden of the Tuilleries, attended mass in the Kings Chapel by ticket, and had a tolerable good view of his Majesty. He is quite popular just now. I have been one eve'g at the Grand French opera house, and such an orchestra I never before heard. I was

electrified. A considerable of my time has been taken up in calling on many Americans of my acquaintance, particularly several Bostonians, and in receiving their attentions; and in order to satisfy my friends at home that they live in my remembrance, though far removed from the smile of their countenances, and the well known sound of their voices, I have sacrificed several days in arranging from my loose memorandums, and committing to paper, this brief history of my peregrinations since leaving London, and hope it may afford them some satisfaction to learn where I have been, if it fails to amuse. It has been a labourious task, but I have cheerfully submitted to it, and present it as an offering of a grateful heart for the kind solicitude and warm expressions of friendship I have experienced, and had manifested towards me by many friends I left behind. I beg them one and all to receive it as the best proof of my good feelings towards them, requesting it may be perused by a candid allowance for errors, and imperfections, either as it respects the composition or penmanship, having no time to spare previous to my departure from this City, to prepare a revised copy, and this is the only one I have.

Paris Octr 5$^{th}_{m}$ 1828

Respected friends;

On my arrival here the 2^{d} inst, I repaired immediately to Mr Lanes[1] place of business calculating on receiving half a dozen letters at least, from home, but judge of my disappointment if you

[1] Of the firm of Lane & Draper, Paris.

can, at not receiving any, altho' the Packet ships up to the 1st Sept from New York, had arrived at Havre. How to account for this omission I know not, and it has caused me some uneasiness. Before I left London I received a letter from my brother Benjn stating he should write me next via Havre, which would agree with the instructions left with him not to write me at London after the 16th July, and that letter was dated the 17th. From a perusal of a file of Boston papers from the 1st to the 30th August inclusive, I do not find any mention of our arrival at Liverpool, altho' I wrote several letters giving the particulars of our voyage, and one particularly to my brother for publication, and forwarded under cover to Long, Turner & Co., New York, per Ship Isaac Hicks, which sailed the 27th June, and I observe by the papers, arrived at New York the 21st Augt. How to account for this omission other than the letters had not come to hand, I know not. The Liverpool I also observe returned to Boston the 28th Augt.

I left London the 27th Augt per Steam boat, and landed at Rotterdam, whence I proceeded to the Hague, & Amsterdam, and returned thro' Utrecht & Breda; thence to Antwerp, Brussels, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelles (in Prussia) to Cologne, where I embarked on board a steam boat up the Rhine, to view that fine river and see some of Germany; the first night stopped at Coblentz, next at Mayence, and stopping a day, again embarked in another steam boat for Frankfort, sailing up the Maine. At Frankfort I procured a return Barouche, and left it, stopping at Heidelberg & Carlsruhe, reached the frontier town of Germany, and France, called Strasbourg, where I remained two days; but being very

anxious to hear from home, took passage in the Diligence, direct for this place, riding three days & three nights, three hundred and sixty three miles, having started at 2 P. M. the 29th Sept., and arrived here the 2d inst. at 2 P. M., stopping only an hour or so to take necessary food, the whole distance; and only waiting time to change my dress, wash &c, and take a mutton chop, I set out in quest of Mr Lane, feeling but little fatigue from the journey, and to my astonishment found he had no letters for me from my brother, or Mr Dorr, as I expected. This disappointment affected me more than the long journey; and my mind was harrased for that and the succeeding day in conjectures to account for it.

Before I left London I saw the marriage in a Boston paper, of the Misses Stedmans,[1] and since my arrival here, I have seen in print also, the marriage of Miss Louisa W Bowman[2] — well, I wish them all every earthly happiness and enjoyment, and trust that each one and all of them may have been so fortunate in their choice of a partner for life as to secure to themselves the greatest share of true felicity and mutual affection. When shall I see

[1] Sarah Baxter Stedman married Isaiah Atkins, July 31, 1828. He was of the firm of Atkins & Homer, dealers in crockery-ware.

Miriam White Stedman married Joel Priest, July 30, 1828. He was of the firm of Priest & Clapp, West India goods.

They were the daughters of Josiah Stedman.

[2] "In New Braintree, Mass. on Thursday morning last [August 7, 1828] Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, of this city, to Miss Louisa W. Bowman, of the former place." — *Boston Courier*, August 12, 1828.

announced in print the marriage of our neighbors Jeffrey & P. B. Richardson — I wish to know, as I am looking out for some small notions to take home with me in the Spring, and a few rattles or other toys may be wanting for the young Richardsons &c.

Paris Octr 11th

The foregoing I had intended for the Packet Ship Edward Quesnel, but before I had finished it, was informed it was too late. Since then I have received from my brother, a letter dated 30th Aug^{t}, which, by mistake or carelessness, was sent to London instead of Paris. By this I learn you are all well. I have sent my brother a particular account of my travels from London, to this City, which I have requested him to hand in for your perusal, after which you are at liberty to shew it to any of my friends who may desire it. I suppose you will think I have taken a strange route to Paris, and from the length of time that will have elapsed between the receipt of my last, and of this, almost imagine me among the missing. I know indeed, that I have taken a route out of the usual course of travellers, who have generally made London & Paris their starting points, whereas I have reversed it. My plan I think the most rational of the two. I have travelled North while the warm season lasted, and now I shall be ready to go South, as the cold weather advances. What with writing my tour, calling on Bostonians & other Americans here, who have been very attentive to me, particularly Messrs Lane and Draper, I have had but little leisure, as yet, to view this great City. I shall now make short work of it, and make preparations to leave in a few

days for Italy, but whether I shall visit Rome, to take a peep at His Holiness, the Pope, or not, I am unable to say. If no unforseen accident takes place, I shall return in time to take passage in the March or April Packet from Liverpool. As I have not experienced one sick turn, such as I used to have at home, since I landed in Liverpool, I have the greatest encouragement to hope for a confirmed state of health, and the strongest inducement to make the trial complete, by remaining over winter, strong as my wishes are to return this autumn. I make this sacrifice, not to idle curiosity: but to the conviction of my mind, that my hopes will be realized. Just beginning to feel some good effect from the voyage and journey, change of diet and climate, I should be unjust to myself, at this moment, to think of returning this fall.

I have seen in the papers the marriage of Miss Silence Baxter[1] and I have been looking sharp for the announcement of my friends Jeffrey and P. B. Richardson's marriage — as the Packet ship of the 15th Sept is arrived at Havre perhaps the papers in the morning will announce the important intelligence. I have just been informed by a friend who "dropped in" to my chamber, that in the Packet arrived at Havre, are Mr Edwards & lady, late Miss Martha Ann Dorr.[2] What under the sun has happened in Boston? have any of the planets fallen? or has the Legislature threatened to impose a tax upon Bachelors and

[1] Silence Baxter was married to Galen Meriam, August 7, 1828, by Rev. William Jenks.

[2] Martha Ann Dorr married Henry Edwards on September 4, 1828. He was of the firm of Edwards & Stoddart, French and India goods, at 74 State Street.

maidens? when I left, I knew not that Miss Dorr was engaged, and the first information I receive, is her arrival in France a bride. What a revolution has four short months made. If all other business in Boston, is as brisk as matrimony, you are all making your fortunes. Do inform me how many rattles, and other small toys, will be wanted in the market, so that I can set some of the manufactories at work to get a supply ready by the time I return here in the spring? They must be in great demand by that time. I hope our friend Perry is not idle at this time.

I suppose M^r and Mrs Holbrook are with you, if so, present to them my respectful congratulations, and my best wishes for their mutual happiness. I would also wish to be remembered particularly to Mr & Mrs Bowman[1] & family, Mr Baxter S^r.[2] and jr, and families; Mr Stedman[3] & family, Mr Richardson[4] & family & brothers; Rev^d Mr Ripley,[5] and all others who may take the trouble, or think me worthy a passing thought — one & all I greet with friendly salutations; and I beg each one of the family to receive the renewed assurances of my friendship and esteem.

SAM^L TOPLIFF

[1] Abner H. Bowman, or, perhaps, the parents of Mrs. Holbrook.

[2] Probably Daniel Baxter of Front Street, plumber, and Daniel Baxter, Jr., of South Bennet Street, doing business in West India goods on Front Street.

[3] Josiah Stedman of Front Street.

[4] James Bracket Richardson.

[5] Rev. George Ripley of Quincy Place.

P. S. In the hurry and confusion of arranging the numerous sheets of paper before me, to prevent mistakes, I omitted to mention my scholastic friend Joseph. I have not so soon forgotten him — his kind and friendly note to me the day before I left is not erased from my mind; and I therefore should be wanting in grateful feelings, did I not include him in the warm expressions of my friendship & with the best wishes for his health, and distinction in the pursuit of his studies.

13th The detention of Mr Eustis[1] enables me to inform you that Mrs Edwards arrived in this City yesterday — have not seen her. I have perused Boston papers to the 13th Sept inclusive: but do not find anything of importance — I had previously heard the yellow fever was in Boston, and that 40 persons had died of it: but as the papers are silent on the subject, I presume it must be a false alarm I have no letters as yet by the last Packet. Shall keep this open till after the arrival of the Havre mail in hopes of having the pleasure of acknowledging one from Mr Dorr. I hope the Alderman will not be puzzled with the German names, so as to fail in tracing me along, when he gets down the atlas after tea, and the ladies are obliged to forego their prerogative of talking — as I have suffered that privation, I shall more readily sympathize with them. My motto now is, talk when you can, for there is much risk of losing the power of speech. What with Dutch, German & French, I find it difficult to commence talking at all, and now & then I slip in a

[1] Mr. Joseph Eustis of the packet ship "Francis I.," Havre and New York.

Dutch word, sometimes a German, or French, making such a complete jargon of sounds, that, "butter my parsnips" the rascally waiters & cooks show their grinders to me, shrug up their shoulders, and walk off, muttering in French, that they do not comprehend me — is not this provoking. I however, am making some progress, and expect by the time I return to finish my education, and teach those two pretenders to the Presidential chair, J. Q Adams, and old Hickory, to stand out of the way, and make room for their superior, His Excellency Baron Vanderdragon Spedelbergergen Montesquibus Samuelus Topliff, fitted by his travel and knowledge of the living languages, to set them at immeasurable distance, and every way a more suitable candidate to preside over the destinies of that mighty empire U. S. A. — burn my whiskers, if I had any: but they shall give way; and know who I am, unless they wish to smell some of Duponts best F. Z. P. K., that will kill without giving pain. Thus much for the present.

11 A M. I have just received a letter from my brother of the 13th ult, by which I learn you are all well, which is pleasing information to me. May health prosperity and happiness ever attend you all, individually, and collectively. I once more subscribe myself the sincere friend of each.

SAM[L] TOPLIFF

PARIS Oct[r] 28th 1828

JOS. H. DORR ESQ[R]

DEAR SIR; Having so lately written the family, I now take the opportunity of addressing you individually, for the purpose

of giving you an account of my visit to Lagrange, and in so doing, I shall endeavour to be particular and circumstantial, not to shew my vanity or pride, on the occasion, (for you all know the humble opinion I entertain of my own merits) but to exhibit to your view, the illustrious individual so well known in public life, as he appears in the domestic and social relations of life. Trusting these few prefatory remarks may remove from your mind the idea of egotism on my part, and that the narration I am about to present, may prove interesting and amusing to you and the family, I proceed.

On the 16th inst I took a seat in the Diligence in company with Mr Louvrier,[1] a Frenchman by birth: but a resident for the last 25 years, of Salem, Mass. Passing thro' Vincennes, Azour, Tournas, Fontenoy, St Maur, crossing a stone bridge over the river Marne, Champigny, to Rosny, where we arrived at ½ past 4 P. M. 36 miles from Paris. Genl Lafayette having been informed of our intended visit, by a friend, without our knowledge, sent a carriage with a servant to Rosny, which we found in waiting, and we immediately proceeded to Lagrange, about a mile and a half. On our arrival at the Chateau, we were shown into the Saloon, or sitting room, where one of the Generals daughters soon made her appearance, and very familliarly introduced herself. In a few minutes the General himself appeared, and shaking me most cordially by the hand, welcomed me to Lagrange. I handed him the letter from Mr Quincy which he merely looked at, and taking me by the

[1] Mr. Louvrier advertised in the "Salem Gazette," October 7, 1806, to give instruction on the pianoforte, and lessons in the French language.

arm, conducted me to "my room," as he called it, and left me to wash, change my dress &c. The weather was cool, and I found a fire in the chamber, and every thing necessary to make myself comfortable. About 6 P M, a servant required my attendance in the Saloon, where the whole family had assembled for dinner, to whom I was severally introduced, and in a few minutes descended to the dining hall, the General very pleasantly requesting me to wait upon one of the ladies, which of course I did. The dinner was served up in good, but plain style, was abundant, and finely cooked — a seat was assigned me next to the General, and during the dinner he was social, humourous, and asked me many questions about Boston, individuals &c. Returning to the Saloon, the evening was very pleasantly spent in social conversation, in which the General took a great part, chiefly on subjects relative to America, and by his humour, ease, and good nature, removed every feeling of restraint, and thus made every individual enjoy himself and feel at home. At 10 P. M. I retired, the Genl conducted me to my chamber, shook me by the hand, bid me good night, and remarked, that the breakfast hour in the morning was 10 o'clock. Two wax candles illuminated the apartment, and a good fire blazed on the hearth, and soon I found myself prostrate on a comfortable bed enjoying the satisfaction of sleeping beneath the roof of that personage, who, of all others in Christendom, the monarchs and crowned heads of Europe, well might envy.

17th After returning to my chamber this morning from a walk, the General entered about 9, and I had the pleasure of enjoying his conversation in private for nearly an hour, which related chiefly

to the Presidential question, his tour thro' the United States, Boston &c. He expressed no opinion in regard to the former: but said enough to satisfy me which of the two candidates he prefered. He observed that he considered himself very fortunate, that during his travels in America not a question was asked him tending to embarrass, or to involve him in the political subject of the time, and he thinks he never but once asked a question relative to the Presidential election, and that was in his room, while in Washington. He stated, that Mr Clay entered one morning, and that, too, long before the time in which it has been stated the corrupt bargain took place, and he (the Gen'l) asked his (Mr Clay's) opinion &c relative to that all engrossing subject; that Mr Clay distinctly stated to him that as Mr Crawford was withdrawn, he should vote for Mr Adams; and, said the Genl to me, Mr Clay was not friendly to either of the candidates: but less so to Genl Jackson than Mr Adams. This statement coming from such a man as Lafayette, carries conviction to my mind more than any other evidence, of the incorruptible integrity of Mr Clay in that election. Improving the opportunity thus afforded, I took from my pocket your letter to the General, observing that it was from a gentleman, who, among the multiplicity of new faces introduced to his notice when in Boston, he probably would not recollect: but on pronouncing the name, he replied, Oh! I remember very well. When our conversation was ended, we walked into the Saloon, where the family had assembled for breakfast, and a kiss by the General on the forehead of the ladies (daughters and grand daughters), was his affectionate salutation of the morning. We

FISHER PINXT — LITH. DE VILLAIN — DEBOT DEL.

LA GRANGE.

HELIOTYPE CO., BOSTON.

descended to breakfast, and as it may be interesting to know of what it was composed, I will give you the items, as it will give you a good idea of the French style of living. A large tureen of boiled milk, sweetened, and bread in it, was ladled into soup plates and sent round the table; next came roast veal, mutton chop, ham, roasted & boiled potatoes, bread & butter, red wine &c, and at last finished with a cup of coffee — the coffee is made strong, the cup is one third filled with it, and two thirds with hot boiled milk, and is far superior in strength & flavour to the American made coffee. I recommend this plan to all lovers of the article as decidedly preferable. After breakfast the Genl took us round to view his stock, buildings, farm house &c. They form a large hollow square. One side is for curious foreign birds, of which he has a number, with iron wire cages extending in front about 10 feet, and as high; two sides for sheep, cows, poultry &c, and the fourth for the farm house, all of which we went thro'; examined the fineness of the wool of the sheep, the dairy, buttery, and his steam apparatus, presented to him by a person in Baltimore, for boiling potatoes, by which 100 bushels can be cooked at a time, used to feed his cows, sheep &c. From this we went into another yard, where his piggery was exhibited, wagons, carts, and farming utensils. One pig was of a superior kind, concerning which the General related an anecdote. Shewing it one day to an English nobleman he observed that the General could boast of having the finest one England could produce. "Excuse me," said the General to him, "for depriving you of your self satisfaction in considering and believing it to be from England, for I must inform you

it came from Baltimore." He remarked that the Nobleman was very much mortified. Next we were shewn his barns which are large and well filled with hay. In it was a threshing machine worked by horse power, in which, he observed, 100 bushels of wheat per day could be threshed. The General was very communicative on all the subjects connected with farming, and entered into copious explanations on every branch exhibited to us. On a fine green spot in the rear of the Chateau is the beautiful race boat presented to the General by the Whitehall boatmen, New York. It is under cover of a neat painted house, the sides and ends filled with iron wire open work, by which every part of the boat can be seen, while the air is freely admitted, and every thing calculated to injure it, is excluded. The boat rests on hooks fitted to the bottom, and elevated several feet from the tile covered flooring, on posts all neatly painted. This building was erected expressly for the purpose. On the sides of the boat in gilt letters, I read "American Star victorious Decr 9 1824." Leaving the General we took a long walk round the park, and the principal part of his estate, and returned in time to prepare for dinner. We descended to the dining hall as yesterday and again I was placed at the Generals side. There were 16 altogether at table, viz the Genl, his two daughters, with their three daughters & one son, Mr Lavassaur & wife, Mr Louvrier & myself, and five French gentlemen. G. W. Lafayette his wife & children were in Paris. As I have given you the particulars of our breakfast; for the same reason I will give you the particulars of the dinner. First was soup, principal part of which was of rice, 2^{d} a course of roasted veal, fowls, mutton, boiled

ham & Potatoes, 3^{d} Carp fish roasted & boiled, 4th a course of vegitables, roasted Potatoes, artichokes, spinage, salad, &c, and stewed apple; then Pyramid cakes, maccaroni, & other cakes; custard pudding, roasted chesnuts, very large; Desert of Pears, grapes & strawberries, the latter of which, out of compliment to me, was served up with milk, according to American fashion — Red wine was the common drink of the table: but the General treated Mr Louvrier & myself, to some of his old Madeira wine rec^{d} from New York, of which no one else at the table had a taste — the whole was finished with a strong cup of coffee, after which we returned to the Saloon, and spent the eve'g in agreeable conversation. The General was jocular, full of spirits, telling stories, and cracking jokes, which kept the party in good humour till the hour of separation for the night. The Genl had much to say relative to the liberty pole in Boston which was cut down by the British during the revolution, and appeared extremely anxious something should be done with the stump, or with the spot where it stood, to perpetuate its remembrance. He said so much, and expressed such a strong desire to have something done, that I think it would be exceedingly gratifying to his feelings, if the City authorities were to act in accordance therewith. Perhaps it would be well to consult Mr Quincy[1] on the subject. He also expressed great concern for the preservation of the gun exhibited to him in Boston as the first that was fired in defence of American liberty, as he observed, it was the signal for universal liberty, and agreed with me in opinion that it ought to be in the possession of our State government.

[1] Josiah Quincy, then mayor of Boston.

On retiring to rest I was about taking my leave of the General, observing that as I should depart early in the morning for Rosny, to be in time for the Diligence, I presumed I should not have the pleasure of seeing him in the morning: but he prevented me, by saying he should be up, as I must have some coffee before I left. Taking my leave of the family I retired to rest, Mr Lavasseur observing, that a servant would awake me at ½ past 6 o'clock in the morning.

18th Early this morning a fire was made in my chamber, I arose, and while shaving the General entered the room, begged me to keep on, as he only wished to say he had some drawings in his chamber to shew me after I had got thro' with dressing. I accordingly went into his apartment examined everything in it hastily, and went below, where I found coffee, mutton chop, an omelet, bread and butter provided for us. After partaking of this breakfast, the General followed us to the door, having previously ordered a Cabriolet (kind of Chaise) to convey us to Rosny, and shaking me most cordialy by the hand, and pronouncing a blessing upon me, I took my leave of this Champion of liberty, this asserter and vindicator of the rights of man, this lover, and beloved of, America. Thus terminated my visit to Lagrange, which, with its pleasant associations will ever be cherished in my memory with feeling of pride and pleasure. I was welcomed, and treated by the General and the whole of the family in such a manner as removed every feeling of embarrasment, and made me feel that I was at home, and fully at my ease. The General was in excellent health, animated by a fine flow of spirits, quite playful,

and humourous, calculated to please all around him. If a good story was told, or a joke cracked in French, which I understood not, he would interpret it for me in English that I might enjoy a share of the laugh; so on the other hand, if he and myself enjoyed a laugh together, on the relation of an ancedote by either, he would relate it in French, that all might partake, and thus render the good humour general. His whole conversation was relative to America, or if he spoke of any other country, it was only by way of comparison. His love of the country; his admiration of its institutions and laws are unabated, and he speaks of all with a warmth and feeling of affection and attachment; with a countenance animated and very expressive, unequalled by the best among the natives of our happy country. He is now 71 years of age, and his memory is unimpaired. His Chateau is built of stone, but at what period it was constructed he knows not: but it is above 600 or 700 years old. It was originally a hollow square, but one side at some remote period having been removed, it now makes three sides of a square, the entrance into the court yard being thro' an arch on one side, which was formerly guarded by two gates, the entrance to which was over a draw bridge; a square moat surrounding the Chateau, rendering it impossible for any one to enter when the draw was up. The moat is now filled up except a small part in the rear which serves as a kind of duck pond. Five towers remain with conical roofs. In one of them is the Saloon I have mentioned, in which are the portraits of the Presidents John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, & J. Q. Adams; Genl Green, and a Bronze bust of Washington, on a marble Ped-

estal. In the Parlour leading to the Saloon, are the Portraits of Washington and Franklin, (between which is suspended in folds the American Ensign, presented the Gen[l] by Com. Morris) the portrait of Com. Morris; the representation of the Bastile on the 2[d] day after the commencement of its demolition, when Gen[l] Lafayette commanded 40,000 of the National guards; and another representing the river and the vessel, from, and in which the Gen[l] first took his departure for America in the war of the revolution. In the room assigned to me, were representations under glass and in gilt frames, of the battle of New Orleans & defeat of Gen[l] Pakenham, Victory of Perry on Lake Erie, of Macdonough on Lake Champlain, battle of the frigates U. States, and Macedonian; and Plan of New Orleans. In the Generals chamber, were Portraits and engravings of several American worthies, among them Gen[l] Jackson, and two drawings executed, and presented by, M[rs] Quincy — one represents Gov[r] Hancocks house; the other M[r] Quincy's house in Quincy, from which Boston with its State house, church spires &c, is seen in the distance; and in short every room in the Chateau, as I was informed, contained some memorial of America. The General informed me that his estate consisted of about 700 acres and that about 400 is arrable, the remainder meadows & wood land. According to a plan he shew me of it, the Chateau stands nearly in the centre, the whole forming nearly a circle. 100 acres are sowed every year to wheat. He has about 1000 sheep, about 50 cows, half milch, plenty of hogs, poultry &c, and 3000 apple trees planted by himself. A beautiful green park, near by surrounds the Chateau,

with gravelled walks thro' it, affording very agreeable and fine promenades.

Having finished my account of Lagrange, visit &c, I have only to make one request that no part of it may find its way into any public journal: but as many of my friends who feel any wish, or interest to know my views relative to the subject which makes up this communication, are at liberty to peruse it.

Since I last wrote you I have been over a considerable of this great City. So much magnificience united with every thing miserable, filthy & dirty, is not to be met with very often. The Palace of the Tuilleries & gardens; Louvre, Hospital of Invalides; Garden of Plants, are beyond my faculty of describing. The greater part of the streets are narrow, and paved with square blocks of stone, no sidewalks; gutters in the centre, thro' which a stream of filthy, miry substance is continually running, which keeps the whole street muddy and dirty in dry, as well as wet weather.

I went to Versailles the 21st in company with three Americans, Mr Dodd of Boston, W. B. Draper,[1] a resident, and Mr Watson, of Charleston, S. C., and walked over a part of the enchanted garden, and examined the interior of the Palace which for extent,

[1] William Bemis Draper, a son of Simeon Draper, was born in West Brookfield February 15, 1804. When about twenty-four years of age he started a wholesale dry-goods store in Paris and amassed a considerable fortune. After ten years he repeated his experience in New Orleans, and retired from business in 1845. A rich banker and philanthropist, he was a trusted friend of Lincoln and Grant. See "History of the Draper Family," Draper, page 69.

magnificience & splendour, is not exceeded on the continent of Europe, if in the world. We spent the day and did not see $\frac{1}{4}^{th}$ of it. The Palace we went thro' and no wonder the feelings of the French populace were roused to revolt, at the extravagance, and wasteful expenditure of money so lavishingly thrown away in decorations of no manner of utility, other than for the gaze of multitudes and the wonder and astonishment that such things are. This Palace with its immense gardens, walks, fountains of bronze, statuary of marble & bronze, cost Louis 14th, upwards of two hundred millions of dollars, and bore so oppresively upon the people, that it was one great cause of the revolution, and downfall of the Bourbons. This house having once more got into power, the King & royal family very wisely make no use of this Palace, and the public at large are at liberty to view every part of it, officers being appointed to take care of it — there is no furniture in the Palace, so that the splendid paintings which decorate the walls, and ceilings of the whole interior, are seen to the best advantage — every room is loaded with gilt work of the richest material & workmanship. The fact is, no person can give anything like an adequate idea of the immense amount of labour and art in decorating this magnificient Palace and any description of the whole must fall short of the reality.

I have made arrangements with Mr Russell Sturgis,[1] of Boston, to travel together, and we leave here to morrow for Geneva,

[1] "On Wednesday, Oct. 29, with passports at length in order and the right seats secured, the traveller with Mr Topliff of Boston as his companion, left Paris for Geneva." — *From Books and Papers of Russell Sturgis*, page 126.

in Switzerland, on the way to Rome, from which place you may next expect to hear from me I have directed my brother to send all letters for me to the care of Mr Lane with whom I shall leave instructions where to forward them to meet me.

With my good wishes, and kind remembrance to each one of the family, and respects to *all* enquiring friends, I subscribe myself with friendly sentiments of regard your humble Ser^{t}

Saml Topliff

N. B. From what Genl Lafayette said to me you may expect a letter from him, and probably by this opportunity.

P. S. Having been disappointed in our seats in the Diligence on account of not getting our passports ready, I have to add that Genl Lafayette sent me from Lagrange a letter of introduction to Count Montebello, Secretary of Legation to the French Embassy at Rome, enclosed in a letter addressed to me, couched in such kind and polite language that I cannot but esteem him still higher than before, particularly as it was unsolicited and quite unexpected to me. It is by such courtesy and attention he secures the good will and increased love and veneration of every American.

Mrs Edwards I have not yet seen, and as she and her husband have gone to Lagrange not to be back before I leave, of course I shall not have that pleasure.

29th I see by a Boston file of Newspapers rec^{d} by Mr Lane this morning, that our friend Jeffrey Richardson [1] was married the

[1] Jeffrey Richardson was of the firm of Jeffrey Richardson and Brothers, iron merchants, at 2 Central Wharf. He was the son of Jeffrey and Rebecca (Bracket)

16th ult. at Quincy — so we bachelors go. I have no letters as yet by the Packet, and if any have been brought in her they will not be here till tomorrow, and I shall be away this afternoon. I have requested Mr Lane to send them, if any, after me, to Geneva. Health & happiness attend you all. I have written a few lines by this opportunity to Mr Bowman, and the Baxter families by way of remembrance, in great haste I close.

Oct 29th at 5 P. M. left Paris in the Diligence with Mr Russell Sturgis, of Boston; and on the occasion had the pleasure of meeting several Americans who assembled at the Diligence office to take leave of us, viz Messrs Dodd, Child, Amory, Lane, Draper & Richards, of Boston; and Griswold & Dennison of Connecticut. We took supper at a small village, and in the night passed thro' the town & forest of Fontainebleau, Fossard, by the river Yonne, to Ville-neuve la Guiard.

30th Passed thro' Pont-sur-Yonne, and took breakfast at Sens, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, but had no time for observation, continued on across the river Vanne, thro' a fine avenue of poplars to Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, a small town, to Villevallier, and Joigny, built on each side of the Yonne, and connected by a stone bridge of 7 arches, thence to St Florentin, and Tonnerre, where we dined at 8 P. M. The route thro' the day was thro' an open country, deprived of its beauty by the lateness of the season, the fields, vineyards & trees no longer wearing the lively green of

Richardson, of High Street, Boston. He married Sally, daughter of Lemuel and Sally Bracket of Quincy, September 16, 1828. In 1839 he married her sister, Julia Lambert Bracket.

summer, but the yellow and uninteresting appearance of approaching winter. After dinner proceeded on, passing in the night thro' Tanlay, Ancy-le-Franc & Montbard.

31st Took breakfast at a small village, and passing thro' several others & St Seine, arrived at Dijon at 4 P. M., where we took dinner, and remained till morning. The last eight miles the road wound round, and over steep mountains, the scenery bold, and picturesque in a high degree. Dijon contains about 24,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of Burgundy, situated in a fertile plain between the rivers Ouche & Suzon. The darkness of night soon deprived us of the opportunity of making personal observation of its extent, and general appearance.

Novr 1st At 4 A. M., resumed our journey, passing thro' Genlis, to Auxonne, on the Saone river, an ancient looking, and fortified town, surrounded by a moat, entrance over draw bridges, to Dole, where we took breakfast. Dole is situated on the river Doubs, and the ruins of the fortifications which once surrounded it, are still vissible — a moat still surrounds it. Leaving Dole we crossed a handsome stone bridge, and riding thro' a fine avenue of poplars to Mont Sous-Vaudrey, the road continued descending gradually, nearly all the way to Poligny, at the extremeity of an extensive plain, and at the foot of the Jura mountains, whose rugged, rocky cliffs appeared suspended over the town. Here we left the Diligence at 3 P. M., and ascended the mountain on foot, on a superb road constructed under the orders of Napoleon Bonaparte, forming part of the grand military route over the Alps, and the ascents, and descents are admirably graduated, and offer but little or no obstacle

in the transportation of heavy loaded teams over the mountains. The road is very serpentine, and required a great amount of labour, and the removal of immense bodies of rocks to construct it; ledges of great magnitude hang over it for several hundred feet in height, while the outer edges present frightful precipices, many hundred feet below, which impresses on the mind of the traveller a great degree of insecurity, and almost certain destruction in case of accident. At 7 P. M. we reached Champagnole where we dined, after which continued on thro' the night, descending and ascending alternately, and in many places, I was informed, extremely dangerous even in the day time to pass: but confined as I was within the narrow limits of the Coupé (front) of the Diligence, and overcome by sleep, all sense of danger was lost — and knowing nothing, feared nothing.

TRIESTE Novr 30th 1828

MR DORR & FAMILY

DEAR FRIENDS

My time being limited at present, I must of necessity be brief. Since I wrote you from Paris, I have travelled over an interesting part of the continent. I was five days & four nights from Paris to Geneva sleeping one night at Dijon, and three in the Diligence — crossing the Jura mountains at Vattay I had a most grand & magnificient view, the plains of Geneva, the lake & town were far below me, while opposite appeared the peaks & cliffs of the Alps far above the clouds, covered with eternal snow, the clouds rolling in volumes below, stretching along the distance horizontally, as far as the eye could extend. I dined with Mr

J. S. Capt[1] who formerly resided in Boston, and had a pleasant time, & I remained at Geneva six days — visited Voltaires residence and viewed the interior of the church in which Calvin first denounced the Pope and his religion, and preached aloud the Protestant faith. The pulpit remains the same as when Calvin held forth in it. From Geneva I proceeded to Milan, and was six days and a half on the road, stopping at night. In this route I crossed the Alps, over the celebrated Simplon road constructed by Napoleon, which is one of the greatest works of the kind ever accomplished, and worth a trip across the Atlantic to inspect. Rocks & mountains yielded to the genius & art of man, and a greater monument to Napoleon, or any monarch, could not be raised to perpetuate his or their name and achievement. At Arona I went into the Bronze statue of San Carlo Boromeo, standing on a hill overlooking the Lago Maggiore (lake) and stood in his nose, and took a peep out of his left eye. But fearing he might sneeze me into the lake for this indignity, I retreated. This Statue with the pedestal, is 115 feet high. At Milan I remained four days, and inspected 16 colums of the ancient temple of Hercules, built in 285, of marble, but strapped with iron to keep them together. The Cathedral, an immense edifice, entirely of marble, is externaly one of the grandest, and most magnificent structures I ever beheld ; besides the chief steeples or spire (to the top of which it is 468 steps), it is adorned with 117 other steeples or pinacles, each topped with a statue larger than life — the whole building is covered with statues, and carvings, from one end to the

[1] John S. Capt, married, in 1804, to Eliza M. Langdon.

other — it was commenced in the 13th century, and is not yet quite finished — its cost is immense, and no one can estimate it. I attended the La Scala theatre one evening, a fine large building, which will accommodate 4000 persons. It has 6 tiers of 240 boxes. The opera was well performed, music by an orchestra of 80 performers in good style, the scenery was beautiful. Milan, altho' it was founded 590 years before the birth of Christ, contains but few antiquities. From Milan I proceeded to Venice, and was four days & a half on the road, stopping at night. At Verona I inspected the ancient Amphitheatre, built during the reign of Trajan in the 1st century, in very good preservation. It is composed of blocks of marble — has 44 rows of seats and will accommodate 23,484 persons, all comfortably seated. I also visited the garden, which contained the tomb of the Capulets, in which the fair Juliet was placed, but nothing now remains but the wall which Romeo scaled, and the stone sarcophagus, or coffin in which Juliet was laid, which I inspected.

At Venice I remained six days, and a more wonderful, or singular place I have not seen, and such another does not exist. It is built on piles altogether, on marshy islands, just above water, and all the materials, earth, &c, of which it is composed, were brought from the main by water, four miles distant. A garden & walks, constructed by Napoleon, of several acres, and brought from the main, was 15 years in finishing, and with a large square, surrounded by fine buildings, with galleries and open arcades in front, are the only promenades in the place — there are only one or two short streets, the remainder lanes & alleys, short, and

zigzag, only wide enough for two or three persons, and it is curious to go thro' them and observe how abundant and well supplied with everything the city is. Hot baked squashes, chestnuts, apples, boiled turnips, potatoes &c, are cooked, and sold in these passes. Venice is 7 miles in circumference, population about 100,000 — is divided by a grand canal in form of an S, and subdivided by 400 other canals, with a proportion of bridges of a single arch, all of stone or marble, a flight of steps ascending one side, and descending the other. The Churches, public buildings &c are splendid, decorated with a great profusion of marble statuary, sculpture, paintings, mosaic work &c. but the greater part of the City is of brick, and very compact. The Cathedral is finished throughout, in the interior, with mosaic work, very rich, and a variety of precious stones — the pavement is also mosaic — it is the most ancient christian temple in Italy. I inspected the dungeons of the inquisition in the Ducal palace, and saw several of the infernal instruments of torture used in the days of persecution. The Arsenal is on a very extensive scale, and shews what power and resources this ancient Republic once possessed. Its days of prosperity are gone by — Napoleon did much for it, and under his government it would have recovered in a great degree its former prosperity, but since it has been under the Austrian government, it has declined in trade, and population. The famous Rialto crosses the grand canal, and is a single arch, covered with shops each side. All the water used for cooking, drinking & washing is brought in boats from Fusina, on the main. There is not a horse, cow, or carriage, of any description, not even a wheelbarrow, in the

whole city, and all the riding is in gondolos, having in the centre something like the body of a coach to hold 4 or 5 persons, with blinds and sash windows, and are propelled by two men very swiftly & safely, and is a very pleasant mode of conveyance round this place, floating as it were on the bosom of the Adriatic. Geese & Turkeys are large and to accommode all wants & means, a person can purchase a forequarter or hind quarter of either.

I find Mr Sturgis a pleasant and agreeable companion and so far we have agreed very well.

I shall return from this to Venice, and proceed to Florence, and by January expect to take a peep at the Pope in Rome.

I have directed my brother to continue writing to me via Havre & Paris till 1st Feb'y, after which to Liverpool, care of Mess. C. Humberston & Co, and I shall be gratified to hear from you, and learn how each and all do in my absence.

So far I have not had a sick turn and altho' I do not increase in size, my health is improved and I feel very well.

My rent of Merchants Hall is up 1st March, and Mr Grafton[1] may attempt in my absence, to demand an increase of my brother; if so, or any difficulty should arise in relation thereto, Mr Dorr will oblige me by seeing Mr Henry Chapman,[2] with whom I had a full understanding upon the subject last year. His authority is paramount to that of Mr Grafton. I shall write again from Rome

[1] Joseph Grafton, measurer, Custom House, Boston.

[2] Of the firm of Henry Chapman & Co., ship chandlers, 109 State Street. His residence was on Chauncey Place. His daughter-in-law, Maria W. Chapman, was a famous abolitionist.

if nothing prevents, where I have ordered my letters to be forwarded from Paris.

This place is situated at the head of the Adriatic, on a fine bay, at the foot of a mountain, a range of mountains extending to the right as far as can be seen, and partly on a flat valley; a hill of some height on the other side, on the top of which is the citidal, or fortification, overlooks the town. It is rather a pretty place of 55 to 60,000 inhabitants — streets of good width, paved with large oblong square blocks of stone, and chiefly running at right angles. It is a place of much business, and the harbor is filled with numerous vessels of all nations.

Give my respects to all enquiring friends, and accept of my continued friendship and good wishes for all.

Sincerely your friend

Samuel Topliff

P. S. Last eve'g I attended the Theatre in company with three other Americans[1] besides ourselves, and witnessed a brilliant assembly of about 3000 persons, called together by the Vice Roi, on a visit to Trieste, who honored the Theatre with his presence in company with his Lady & the Governor of the

[1] November 30. "This evening Messrs. Campbell, Coster, Topliff, and myself, with William Balestier, whom we met here, took tea with Mr Moore's family, [Mr George Moore, American Consul at Trieste] a part of whom I had met in Boston five years ago, and with whom I was happy to renew my acquaintance, and adjourned thence to the Opera, where we saw *Madame* Murat, or as she is called here, *the Queen*. She is a fine looking woman and keeps up some state at Trieste." — *From Books and Papers of Russell Sturgis*, page 146.

City. It is one immense large square hall, without a pillar fitted up in form of an Amphitheatre, a semicircular row of seats one above another extending from the entrance each side to the stage, six in number, each side entirely filled by about 1000 Ladies bedecked in all their charms. The extensive pit on this occasion was divested of its seats, the flooring covered with mats, and was filled with gentlemen standing, a complete jam. Nine glass chandaliers suspended from the ceiling, — branches of three lights each on the sides and end, illuminated this handsome edifice. When the Vice Roi entered the box over the entrance, all hats were off, and cheering followed — he bowed, his lady curtisied, and soon the opera commenced, which was very well performed — fine scenery and very good orchestra.

This is a despotic government — soldiers are placed in every street, at almost every corner — spies are about, and every stranger is noticed & watched — Madame, or Queen Murat resides here, and is strictly watched.

No more at present.

Florence, Decr 10th 1828

Mr Dorr & all the Family.

Dear Friends;

On the 2nd inst I departed from Venice in a gandolo, five miles to Mestre, where, finding our coach which we had engaged to convey us to this place, we proceeded on our journey and stopped at Padua for the night, one of the most anceint towns of Italy, said to have been founded 400 years before ancient Rome, consequently it must have been 1100 years before the birth of Christ. It's ap-

pearance indicated great antiquity. The 2[d] night we slept at Ferrara: but arriving late & departing early next morning, had no time for personal observation — the weather too was cold, and we were desirous of getting out of northern into southern Italy, to a milder climate. The 3[d] day we reached Bologna. We remained here the 4th day, in viewing the most interesting objects of curiosity, among which were the Duomo, or cathedral; Church of St Patronio, built in 432, repaired in 1390, in which Charles 5th was crowned by Clement 7th. We also ascended the tower of Assenilli, built in 1119. It is 327 feet high; from the top I had one of the most delightful views witnessed on the continent, overlooking an immense plain as far as the eyes could extend, sprinkled with palaces, villas, villages & hamlets of a snowy white, producing the most lively appearance.

[1]The 5th day resumed our journey. The first 10 miles was thro' a rich valley to Pianoro, where oxen were attached to our

[1] "Saturday Dec. 6. Commenced our journey over the Apennines with most delightful weather. Oxen (who here wear *red shirts*) are put before the horses to *quicken their pace*. My companion is exceedingly angry that he cannot speak Italian enough 'to tell the voiturier what d——d fools the people are, from the Pope down.' "

"The oxen in their red shirts dragging forward the delaying horses, and the young traveller angry in that he could not tell his vetturino 'what d——d fools the people are, from the Pope down' — here is a little picture of travel wholly delightful. It seems that some generations of New England air had not wholly purged from Mr Topliff's blood the fine old English wish to explain to the benighted foreigner what a fool he is, nor taught his Saxon tongue to substitute fine phrases of choice Italian for the prevailing 'damn.' " — *From Books and Papers of Russell Sturgis*, page 150.

carriage and we began to ascend the Appenines, continuing to ascend nearly all day: we stopped after dark at Covigliajo, where is a solitary Inn, nearly on the highest part of the mountains, about midway between Florence and Bologna. Six carriages full of travellers stopped here for the night; and the supper table presented a motley group. Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Portuguese & Americans, some opera dancers, and a monk, who suffered much for a barber. While he, poor devil, acquitted his conscience by partaking of maccaroni & roasted fish (it being Lent) we satisfied ours by stowing away something more substantial.

The 6th day at 5 A. M. found us still ascending, when having gained the highest elevation of the route, we descended & ascended again alternately thro' the day. In some places the road wound round the side of the mountain, one above the other like so many galleries. The ascents & descents are more steep than those of the Simplon, and extra horses, and oxen are kept at various parts of the route to assist carriages up there. I walked a considerable part of the distance, and on foot or riding, was constantly annoyed by beggars, who appear instinctively to smell out every stranger before he passes, and they beset him with a determination to take no denial: but I guess they did not know I was a Yankee. I had no wooden nutmegs to sell or give, or leather coppers to bestow: but I reckon I out-generaled them.

Descending the last of the Appenines, the Vale of the Arno opened to our view, discovering the domes, towers & Steeples of the capital of Tuscany. The weather being generally bad at Flor-

ence in Decr we shall proceed in a day or two for Rome & Naples, and returning, make our visit here.

My friendship and good wishes are with you all. Remembrance to all enquiring friends

S. Topliff

Rome Decr 22^{d} 1828

Mr J. H. Dorr

Dear Sir; At length I have reached this ancient and renowned City, and inspected several of its greatest antiquities, and can hardly realize the fact that I have travelled over ground which once upheld the footsteps of an Alexander, a Trajan, a Brutus, a Cicero, the Caesars, and a host of other great men, associated with this once great & powerful City, the mistress of the world. But they have long slumbered in the dust, and since then, Empires & worlds have risen into existence. It is almost impossible for a stranger in passing thro' this comparatively modern built City, to believe that such a race of men; and such a City as ancient Rome is represented in history to have been, ever existed but in imagination, did not the mouldering, grass & weed covered, walls; the broken & scattered pillars & columns; the preserved remains of Temples, Triumphal arches, Pillars, Columns, Obelisks, Fountains, Aqueducts &c, proclaim the solemn reality, and speak forth in impressive, silent language, the grandeur and magnificence of its structures, in the days of its prosperity. Judging from history I should think the present inhabitants are as much inferior to their ancestors, as modern is inferior to ancient Rome. I see no men to remind me of the Heros, statesmen, and orators, which once

were the fear and admiration of the world: but a poor, superstitious, priest ridden race having no affinity to their heroic ancestors.

I was five days on the road from Florence thro' a very uninteresting country, over hill & dale, mountains & valleys, the road good: but the soil chiefly of wild and waste lands, with a good portion of volcanic substances. For miles we passed not a hut or hamlet, and thro' a part of the country famous for Banditti. The Inns on the road are miserable, built of stone, floors universally of tiles, or bricks, with apologies for beds, are cheerless and comfortless. We lodged at a very large Inn the last night previous to our arrival here, situated in a solitary place, about 20 miles from Rome, as complete a cut throat looking concern as I wish to see — we however escaped with whole skins, and entered this City the 20th at noon. I immediately sent to the Post office, having directed Mr Lane to forward all letters to my address to his care, to this place, and I had the pleasure and gratification of receiving no less than seventeen, from my brothers, yourself, Joseph, and other friends. Yours are of the 29th Sept & Oct 21st; Benjn's to Novr 14th. The advice you give me relative to dining out, diet &c, I receive as friendly. I however have been cautious in those particulars, and have invariably made it a *sine qua non* on the acceptance of an invitation, to plead ill health, and to be allowed to eat & drink such things as best suited me. This in America would be thought strange, but on the continent and in England, this kind of freedom is allowed & practised, and every one knows the guest does not slight the cheer of his host, in refusing anything

placed before him: but from motives of personal comfort. I have generally accepted all invitations I could conveniently, for it places me in a situation to learn something of the state of society, and the manners & customs most prevalent, which I could not learn so well otherwise. So far I have conducted myself with discretion, and with a single eye to my health, and I am satisfied I have not suffered in one instance. Before I left Florence, I attended a party at Prince Borgheses, who married a sister of Bonaparte, and lives in a princely style. I went in company with five other Americans, and was presented to the Prince by Mr Ombrosi (an Italian) the American Consul, who made a polite bow and I passed into the apartments, which were filled chiefly with strangers in the City, and mostly English, who sauntered from room to room, the ladies with bonnets on, and the gentlemen with their hats in hand, the custom of the place. I soon found myself among ambassadors, and persons decorated with orders of nobility; and ladies with nodding plumes & other gewgaws. Mrs Jerome Bonaparte (formerly Miss Patterson) was present, and appeared quite young for a woman of her age. Six large elegant apartments were thrown open on the occasion, it being a small party (his mansion contains 40) which exhibited a richness, superior, I was informed, to the residence of the Grand Duke. The walls are covered with superb figured damask and other silks; the cornices, wainscotting, doors, chairs &c highly gilt; each room ornamented with a superb glass covered clock; and the interior passage to the rooms lined with plate glass on the walls and ceiling, which produced a fine effect. In one room was a large table loaded with various kinds

of cake and confectionery, at which the company helped themselves, and servants in waiting supplied tea or coffee as it was called for. Then other servants were continually passing thro' the rooms waiters of ices, and various kinds of refreshments. Each person retired when he pleased, without any formality or leave taking. Shoes, and white kid gloves are indispensable on these occasions. These parties are given once a week, and the Ambassadors residing in Florence, are allowed to present a certain number of strangers who may be in the City furnished with letters of recommendation, to the Prince, and partake of his hospitality.

I have been thro' the Vatican, and St Peters, the grandeur and magnificence of which exceeds my ability to describe. St Peters is without doubt the mother of all churches throughout Christendom. The whole interior is of various kinds of precious marble, immense columns of oriental marble; numerous exquisite statuary larger than life, baso relievo &c, decorate every part, and the pictures over each of the numerous altars are most superbly executed in Mosaic work, & so well done, as hardly to be distinguished from oil paintings.

The death of your mother was not unexpected to me. She had attained a good old age, and it should be matter of rejoicing rather than of mourning to every christian relative, that she is removed from this scene of trial & trouble, to a place I trust of eternal happiness & rest.

I shall write Joseph in reply to his letter rec^{d} here, and direct it to Savannah.

In regard to the Fur robe, I particularly stated to Mrs Dorr

the day before I left, to take one half of it for her own use, on its arrival, and take care of the other till my return. I sent for it for that purpose. I now renew those directions in reference to its disposal.

I notice your remarks relative to the introduction of Gas lights into the news room, and the plot of sundry persons may have in view to the injury of the establishment, and particularly wish you to confer with, and assist my brother in case of any real or threatened trouble before my return. He has written me his fears on the subject — they may be imaginary, and may have some foundation — I cannot think of returning sooner than I have all along calculated, altho' I wish it, on account of the season. Benj'n's fears appear to be predicated on the election of Gen[l] Jackson — I hope such an event will not happen, altho' at present there appears to be little doubt of his success. Should he succeed, there will not be many changes of public officers before the ensuing summer before which, I trust in God I shall be with you. I have written my brother more fully on this subject, to which I refer you for my views in relation thereto. You will have learned before this comes to hand that your wishes relative to my visiting the worthy and generous Lafayette, have been anticipated. The Gen[l] promised me he would write you, which I doubt not he has fulfilled, as he is a man of his word. The weather thus far has been mild, and I find no necessity of outside garments thro' the day. The mornings, eve'gs and nights, are cool indoors, on account of the uncomfortable construction of the dwellings — being all stone and brick and very damp. I have received two letters from M[r]

J. B. Richardson[1] of Sep^{t} 29th & Oct 13th, and one from his brother B. P. R.[2] of Oct 20th, which please say to them, and that I shall be unable to answer them at this time. The elder announces to me the death of his youngest child, and B. P. R. states that carpenters & masons are at work in preparing his new habitation against the day of his wedding, which before this has no doubt taken place. He says he is a boarder with M^{r} & Mrs Jeffrey Richardson ! ! ! Strange things have happened in the good old city of notions in my absence and I fear I shall be puzzled to find my associates; the ranks of the bachelors club will have been so thinned on my return. I shall leave here in a few days for Naples, and make out my visit at this place and Florence, returning, and hope to be in Paris, via Marseilles, by the 15th March, and to be in Liverpool in time to take passage in the Packet Ship of the 20th April. To leave sooner would not be prudent for me: but if I find my presence is not absolutely required I think I should be induced to wait till the next ship, for milder weather. I wish you would write me the state of affairs, and give me your advice, after having informed yourself in every particular.

The policies of insurance on Merchants Hall, which I hold as collateral security, expire the 2^{d} May, and I shall be obliged if you will see them renewed in time. I wish to be remembered to M^{r} & Mrs Bowman, M^{r} & Mrs Holbrook, all the Richardsons; Rev^{d}

[1] James Bracket Richardson, a brother of Jeffrey, married Hannah, daughter of Samuel Fiske of Boston, January 26, 1818.

[2] Benjamin Parker Richardson, the youngest brother, married Rebecca, daughter of John Bridge of Littleton, Massachusetts, November 28, 1828.

Mr Ripley & lady; all my friends in Front & Bennett Streets, and all others who may make enquiries of me, and to the family, one and all, I offer them best wishes of their exiled friend, and beg you to accept the friendly regards of your humble Ser^t^

SAM^L^ TOPLIFF

26th Having been misinformed as to the time it took the mail hence to Paris, I deferred sending this on the previous date, and I am enabled to add the following. Yesterday being Christmas day I attended the splendid church of St Maria Maggiore for the purpose of seeing His Holiness the Pope, who I understood was to officiate on the occasion. As he does not officiate but about four times in the year I was on the spot early to get a peep of his Popeship.[1] When I entered the Church, the Pope with the Cardinals, Bishops, and other dignataries, were in a side Chapel, and in a short time a procession was formed and entered the body of the church, continuing to the choir, where the Pope took his seat under the Pontifical Throne. The rich robes of the Cardinals & Bishops, of silk, worked with gold, together with their mitres &c, made a fine show. The Pope, seated in a most superb chair, borne on the shoulders of his chair bearers, was elevated in a manner to give every one a chance to see him who was near enough. A canopy of very rich embroidered silk was suspended over him, carried by six officers of the church, added to the splendour of the show. About a battalion of soldiers lined the principal Nave of the Church to keep back the rabble and those

[1] Pope Leo XII.

not suitably dressed, from approaching near the Altar. A black dress was a sufficient passport. Having on a blue dress, I was repulsed by the guard: but they knew not I was a yankee, and not so easily intimidated, as the poor cowardly Catholics about them, so watching a favourable opportunity I made a bold push, and soon found myself among the monks, friars, & black coats. When they kneeled, I did the same, so that the guard could not detect me. Thus secure from observation, I had a fair view of His Holiness and saw more of him than Peter Parker[1] did, for I saw his face, and Peter was satisfied with seeing his — I cannot say what, for Moggy will say it is impolite. The Pope performed High mass. His voice was tremulous and he appeared very feeble. He is 70 years of age. The music was by a choir of vocal performers — (the organs are not played in presence of the Pope) and the shrill and high tones of the altos, and the deep and powerful tones of the bass voices echoed thro' this immense edifice, and gave a great impression to the service. At the end of the service the procession returned in the same order, and the Pope passed so near me that I could have kissed his great toe (a great honor) if I dared venture: but was not desirous of the honor. His countenance was very serene and tranquil. This church was built on the foundation of an ancient Temple, in 352 — the nave is supported by 36 columns of white marble and four of granite, and the altar is adorned with oriental jasper, agate, and lapis lazuli, and the whole interior is one body of paintings, mosaic work, various kind of marbles, and gilt work. Upwards of 1500

[1] A Boston merchant, whose home was at 6 Beacon Street.

wax candles from 18 inches to 5 feet in length, illuminated this splendid church, and the reflections thrown upon the polished marbles, and gilt work, was dazzling in the extreme. They were placed in upwards of 60 cut glass chandaliers, besides numerous branches. It is impossible for any person who has not seen them to form any thing like a correct idea of the immense riches, and splendor of all the churches I have thus far seen in this City, (and they are more than a dozen) and any description must fall short of the reality. Of the Antiques I have observed, the following must suffice for the present. Forum Romano, Temple of Jupiter Thunderer, Temple of Concord, Temple of Saturn, Temple of Antonino & Faustina, Column of Phocas, Temple of Jupiter Stator, Temple of Peace, Arch of Titus, Arch of Constantine, Forum of Trajan &c, all in ruins, with here & there a column standing, and parts of walls, and what is most singular and not easily accounted for, is, that the bases of all, are from 20 to 30 feet below the present surface. The Coliseum built in the time of Vespasian in the 1st century, is an object of great interest. A very considerable part of this immense structure remains standing — the earth has been removed from around, and within it, and exhibits the pavement 20 feet below the street which passes close by the walls. This is the case with the whole city; whence this accumulation of earth! The Column of Trajan is nearly entire, at one end of the Forum, which has been excavated, and appears like a deep cellar, at the bottom of which are parts of 60 columns of granite resting on their original bases, and fragments of the same lay scattered about the space. Several Egyptian obelisks are standing

in several parts of the City, covered with hierogliphics, one of which was brought from Heliopolis 522 years before Christ. Here I must close.

N. B. My health is about the same, and altho' my appetite and digestion are good, I cannot get flesh on my bones — the food does not afford that nourishment it ought — I however am tolerable well.

Give Moggy a kiss for me, and my friendship to all the family.

Naples Jan'y 6th 1829

Mr Dorr & family

Dear friends;

I have only time to inform you of my arrival at this place, and to say my health continues to improve. When at Rome I wrote Mr Dorr, under date of the 27th ult., stating I had received several letters from various friends, which I then had not time to answer: but should improve the first opportunity. What spare time, therefore, I have had in this place I have devoted to that purpose, which must be my apology for the shortness of the present, as the mail packet which conveys this to Palermo, is ready for a start.

I have visited the ancient towns, or rather, ruins of Pompeii & Herculanaeum, and been upon the top of the great crater of Mount Vesuvius, the particulars of which I have communicated in my letters by this opportunity to my friends J. B., and B. P. Richardson, the latter of whom I have requested to furnish you with copies, as I have no time to spare at present to give you

particulars. The weather has been cold part of the time, and part very pleasant since my arrival: but it is generally thought Rome at this season is the best climate of the two, and I shall return there in a few days, to remain two or three weeks to give me time to see all the antiquities and objects worthy of note; and to proced to Florence, Leghorn, &c. This City is beautifully situated, and it contains many fine buildings and several fine promenades, fronting the Bay: but many streets are narrow and excessively muddy. They are paved with large flat blocks of stone set in mortar. The King, Francis 1st, is no beauty, is not very popular and has, it is said, a very weak understanding. He however has 15,000 fine looking troops in the City to take care of him, and a regiment keep guard during the day, before the Palace. From my chamber window I look upon Vesuvius, which smokes during the day, and sends forth flashes of flame during the night. I shall write you again from Rome, and in the meantime hope to receive further news from home. Give my respects to all enquiring friends, and believe me to be the friend and well wisher of each one and all of the family.

SAML TOPLIFF

ROME Jany 24th 1829

MR & MRS DORR
MISS PERRY
LUCY P. & T. E. DORR

DEAR FRIENDS; The last three days at Naples the weather was windy, rainy & cold, So that I could not go about much, and thinking it likely to con-

tinue for many days longer, I thought I could improve the time much better here; and my friend Sturgis being of the same opinion, we bid adieu to Vesuvius, and here I am. Notwithstanding such weather at Naples, I ate green peas which grew in the field. I saw them in blossom as I rode out to Pozzuoli one day, but not in pod. I guess as how the "Alderman" would like a few along with his Lubec potatoes. [Then follows a description of various buildings, including the Temple of Vesta.] Before this temple a few days since a man was guilotined for murder. I went to see the execution but was too late. I however saw the instrument of death, which is something like the machines in Boston for driving piles — the unhappy sufferer was placed on his knees, his neck in a block fitted for it, while his body was secured by straps to a frame each side of him, and on the descent of the knife, severed his body in an instant. The Executioner carried the bleeding head by the hair, three times around the stage as a terror to the people. A battalion of the Popes soldiers attended to preserve order — they are miserable looking troops.

General Remarks.

Buildings are from four to six stories high — very few in the City have yards — each story is occupied by one or more families, and each story is furnished with lines and pullies to transport articles to and from the streets. Clothes are hung on lines projected in the front and rear, the width of the house, which presents an odd appearance to a stranger. I do not observe so many *vissible*

signs of vice and depravity in this City as in London or Paris, and not an instance have I noticed in the day or evening of the bestial and degrading conduct of the female part of Society, so often to be seen and met with in those two cities I have named, such is the severity of the government in punishing the vice of prostitution. Yet I am informed by those acquainted with the language, and [who] have frequented Roman Society, that the people in general are a poor and degraded race, who will do almost anything for money; and that altho' nothing appears in the public behaviour or demeanor of the females to warrant such an opinion of them, yet in fact there is scarcely one, howsoever high her rank or fortune may be, but has her price. . . . It is a great nuisance as well as annoyance to strangers to encounter the host of beggars which beset them at every pace thro' the City whether on foot, or in a carriage: by childhood and hoary headed old age; by "the lame, halt and the blind," by women and men, by the sick and the healthy, with an importunity and perseverance that patience to endure it ceases to be a virtue — yet they are objects of pity, and in some instances I have bestowed a trifle on a miserable object of charity, who has called upon all the saints in the calender to reward me. There are many public places and squares, decorated with churches, palaces and fountains which are handsome and ornaments of the City, but most of the streets are narrow, have no side walks and are extremely filthy.

On the 17th & 18th inst were the festival days of St Antonio, or as the *vile* Protestants denominate it, "*Horse-blessing day*." On these days all the horses in Rome, with few exceptions were rode, or

led before the Church of St. Antonio, where a Priest in attendance sprinkled holy water, and pronounced a blessing upon them.

Such as it is [this letter] you are welcome to let any of my friends peruse, with the understanding that I never went to College, and can boast no higher education than what I obtained under "long Asa's" (late Doct^{r} Bullards) tuition at our south end public school, otherwise my bad grammar, and punctuation may be severely criticised.

S. Topliff

Rome, January 28th 1829.

Dear Sir;

Your gratefying favours of the 12th & 27th Novr and Decr 12th (Nos 5 × 6) I received yesterday; they were forwarded by my direction to Florence, that is to say, I ordered Mr Lane to send all my letters up to Jan'y 20th, and from the 1st, to Florence, thinking it impossible I should receive any after the 1st, but the Packet of the 15th Decr must have had an astonishing short passage as letters by her from New York were received here only 32 days old, and the mail is fifteen days from Paris. I had therefore to send to a Friend at Florence to take them out and send to me here, which reached me just in time, as I leave here tomorrow or next day for Florence, and shall be six days on the road.

For the interest you have taken in my concerns I feel grateful; and I wish you would aid my brother with your advice &c till my return; and in case of any real difficulty or trouble arising, I wish the best that can be done, taking every circumstance into considera-

tion, may be done to counteract it. I find he and you do not agree as it respects the necessity of my early return. He thinks I ought to return earlier than I named to him, which would make it the month of March, one of the worst in the year. I am as anxious to return as he is to have me; but I will not take any unnecessary risk, or sacrifice my comfort for one months delay for the sake of arriving perhaps a fortnight sooner. As it is I cannot get to Paris before the middle of March, and my companion, Mr. Sturgis, is as anxious as I am to reach that City. Benj[n] has written to me in a strain which at any other time would have fretted me and given me the blues: but I am as firm as a rock in my determination to be unmoved by business considerations. I cannot be there to prevent the difficulties he apprehends and therefore why should I worry myself. Gen[l] Jackson is President it appears: but I cannot think there will be many important Changes of officers for several months after his inauguration, and I am of opinion the Gen[l] will adopt a different course from what is generally supposed; and will disappoint many expectants. He knows that New England is opposed to him, and if he consults his own good, as I think policy will prompt him to do, he will manifest in his appointments to office, a disposition to conciliate their good will to secure the New England votes at the next Presidential Election. In regard to the old State house I cannot say more than I did in mine of the 29th inst.

Tell Miss Perry I cannot send her a husband from this quarter of the world, and if she cannot find a yankee good enough, then indeed she must despair. I am surprised at the failure of Mr

Quincy in the choice of mayor. Leap year has indeed been very productive in matrimony. I believe I shall hardly know where I am when I again tread Boston Streets. I have written the family a long letter respecting Rome, antiquities &c, which I intended to have copied, or to have written the substance of it to my brother, but the arrival of his and your letters have prevented my doing either. I have therefore sent it to him by this conveyance unsealed, and have given him directions what to do with it after you have read it. I feel sensibly your kind attention to me, and I offer you the feelings of a grateful heart in return, and remain your friend and well wisher

SAM^{L} TOPLIFF.

LYONS March 9th 1829.

MR. DORR & FAMILY

DEAR FRIENDS;

I have not had this pleasure since the 28th Jan'y at Rome, since when I have been so hurried from place to place that I have found it difficult to appropriate time to write any one. I however wrote my brother at Leghorn per brig Potomac for New York, at Genoa via Paris, and at Marseilles per brig Sophia via Philad'a, giving him a brief account of my journey to the latter place. Lest they should not have come to hand, I will give you a brief recapitulation. I left Rome 30th Jan'y & slept at Civita Castellana 31st; stopped at Terni at 1 P. M. to give us time to view the Falls of Terni before dark, and remained for the night. Feb'y 1st slept at Foligno: 2d at Castiglione; 3d at Arezzo; 4th at Florence, where we remained several days to finish our tour of

observation, during which attended a more splendid party at Prince Borgheses than at my first visit at Florence, on which occasion his ball room was opened and filled with ladies and gentlemen, who moved upon the "light fantastic toe" till very early in the morning. I also attended a masked ball in the hall of the opera house, and had an opportunity of seeing this European custom of killing time. Here I met Geo. B. Osborn of Boston, son of the late John Osborn,[1] and Geo. F. Williams, son of J. D.,[2] both of whom left a few days after for Rome. Mr. Ambrose, the American Consul, an Italian by birth, and who resided four years in Boston about 24 years ago, was very attentive to us. Feb'y 11th left Florence early, and was at Leghorn in the eveg, shipped some notions per brig Dove, Capt Ripley for Boston, via Messina; 13th left Leghorn and reached Pisa early enough to see that beautifully situated town, to inspect the celebrated leaning tower, Cathedral, Baptistery, Campo Santo &c. 14th left Pisa early in the morning & slept at Sarzana; 15th slept at Borghetto; 16th met Saml Parkman,[3] with his brother Daniel,[4] lately arrived at

[1] John Osborn, a widely known pianoforte maker at 471 Washington Street, died in 1819. Chickering learned the trade in his employ. George Barber Osborn (H. U. 1820) died in 1876. Mementos of his father are mentioned in his will.

[2] John Davis Williams, a prominent merchant of the firm of J. D. & M. Williams, 757 Washington Street. George Foster Williams died in 1872.

[3] Samuel Parkman, a merchant, died in 1847. Brother of Daniel Parkman; also of Rev. Francis Parkman (H. U. 1807) and Dr. George Parkman (H. U. 1809).

[4] Daniel Parkman, a Boston broker at 63 State Street. He was born in Boston in 1794, and graduated from Harvard in 1813. He studied law with William Prescott, and was admitted to the Bar in 1816. As deputy sheriff of Suffolk

Genoa from Boston, on the highest, most wild and desolate part of the Appenines, which was a singular event, both of them uncle to my travelling companion, Sturgis, and Dan'l an old acquaintance of mine — slept at an Inn on the side of a mountain overlooking the Mediterranean about 18 miles from Genoa; 17th at noon reached Genoa, examined this ancient republic, and rival in past times of Venice, from every commanding point, inspected the interior of the best of its numerous Palaces, its finely protected harbor, filled with the shipping of all nations, and found within its walls all bustle and activity; here I met an acquaintance, Mr. Waters of Salem, with whom I promenaded over a great portion of this amphitheatrically situated City. 20th left Genoa early in the morning and passed thro' the village of Cacoletto,[1] and stopped a few minutes before the house in which *Christopher Columbus was born* — slept at Savona; 21st slept at St. Remo; 22d arrived at Nice at 6 P. M. Nothing can exceed the grandeur and sublimity of the whole route from Pisa, but more particularly from Genoa to Nice. The road is all the way on the mountains side, in view of the Mediterranean, consisting of one continued chain of the Appenines, and Maratime Alps, which we alternately ascended and descended, and wound round principally of solid rock, on the sides of which the road is formed, cut down, cut through and perforated, forming grottos 3 to 400 feet in length. Immense cliffs and bodies of rock hang over head on one side, from 200 to 500

County he committed William Lloyd Garrison to jail in 1835. He died in Cambridge February 25, 1840.

[1] Cogoleto.

feet high, and on the other frightful precipices from 100 to 300 feet below us, almost perpendicularly, the carriage wheel passing within 3 & 4 feet of the very edge. In one place the road was on the point of a rock hanging over the sea, about 150 feet above it. This magnificient road was commenced by Napoleon, all but the centre part finished before his downfall, and it is only within a few months that it had been rendered passable for carriages, the miserable King of Sardinia, the pupil of the despotic Emperor of Austria having suffered travellers to pass on mules the part left unfinished by Bona[parte], rather than submit to the mortification of continuing a work commenced by their conqueror and superior; but in this as in every other great work designed by Napoleon throughout Northern as well as Southern Italy, the several petty Kings and Dukes who now govern the several states, have been forced, by public opinion, or the apparent utility of them, to complete; and what galls them the most is that Bonaparte gets the credit of it; and well he may for there is not a work of public utility of any magnitude, or a beautiful promenade &c, designed for the comfort and convenience of the Italians that did not originate with Bonaparte. From what I have seen and heard, I am constrained to believe that all Italy would rejoice and hail with rapture the return of Napoleon to rule over them, if it were possible. Bonaparte was ambitious and that was his ruin and downfall; but notwithstanding, the people of Italy owe many of their comforts and conveniences to him. He struck a blow to Popery from which it will never recover. The people know this, and when they dare speak out, acknowledge it. But to return

from this digression. At Nice I met Mr. Raucher,[1] a native of the place, but who is a naturalized American, and has been much in Boston, who accompanied us over the town. He dined with us at our Hotel, and sent us a dozen bottles of old wine to consume, to show what Nice could produce & it was indeed very fine. While on this subject allow me to remark that drinking wine in this country and in America, are two different things. Here it is the pure juice of the grape, without any foreign mixture or alcohol, which is used to preserve it when transported across the Atlantic. On this occasion we had Master Albert H. Dorr[2] to dine with us, who arrived at Nice the day we did from Paris on his way to Rome. He left in the eve'g for Genoa.

24th at noon left Nice and slept at Antibes in France; soon after our departure we crossed the Var which separates Sardinia from France; 25th left Antibes early and in a few hours passed Cannes, the place where Bonaparte landed from Elba; stopped at Frejus to breakfast where Bona' landed on his return from Egypt, and embarked for Elba. Stopped at Vidauban for the night. 26th left Vidauban early, and at 4 P. M. landed at Toulon from a French Diligence, to which was attached a very fine horse upwards of 30 years old, which accompanied Bonaparte to Elba. Walked round Toulon on the rampart walls, and thro' the principal streets, and inspected the whole of the arsenal, docks &c, of this great marine establishment of France. 28th left Toulon at an early hour

[1] Mr. A. J. Raucher. — *Sturgis*, p. 194.

[2] Albert Henry Dorr, merchant, died March 24, 1880. He was in the class of 1818 at the Boston Latin School.

and was in Marseilles at 4 P. M., where I met Mr. John Cabot of Boston, a short humped back man, who has resided in Marseilles for two or three years for his health; a son of Mr. S. B. Doane [1] of Boston, on his way to Rome, several Boston Captains, and officers of the U. S. navy.[2] Marseilles is a delightful place, and the port one of the finest in Europe — it is like an artificial dock, being every way as secure from storms and tempests — the environs are charming. March 4th at 1 P. M. left Marseilles, and at 5 stopped at Aix to dine, and a more miserable dinner I never had. We continued on thro' the night, sleeping as well as we could in the Diligence. 5th, Early this morning took coffee at Tarascon; after crossed a branch of the Rhone, on a floating bridge on boats to a low island, following a fine road up the banks of the river a short distance, and then crossed another bridge of boats to Beaucaire, the bridges & road forming the letter N, and arrived at Nismes at ½ past 10 A. M. Taking a more substantial breakfast, we commenced our tour of observation, calculating to remain till the morning, but after three hours promenade finding we had seen every object of attraction, engaged seats for Avignon in the Diligence to start at 2 P. M. At Nismes is a Roman Amphitheatre erected about the 754th year of Rome in better preservation than any one of the kind at present existing, that is to say the whole of the external walls remain, and what is peculiar in its construction is the fact that no morter or cement of any kind was used, but the joints of the immense blocks of stone of which it is composed are

[1] Mr. Sidney Doane, son of Samuel B. Doane, a Boston sugar refiner.

[2] Of the ship "Delaware." — *Sturgis*, p. 198.

so nicely adjusted as to require none, and thus it has braved the storms and old father time nearly 1900 years — the temple of Diana in part preserved, built in the same manner; a Corinthian temple, with modern repairs is entire, and the lower apartment filled with paintings, busts, statue models &c — the foundation is below the present surface to which I descended by a flight of stone steps and beheld the mosaic pavement as it was originaly laid for the floor of the temple. The lower part of the Amphitheatre was also a few years since buried in the earth, but it has been excavated, the street surrounding, inclines towards it. A beautiful garden with subteranean baths, and various fine promenades decorate the place. Before arriving at Nismes, we passed within a mile and a half of the Pont de Garde, a bridge and acqueduct across a valley between the mountains 174 feet high and 728 in length, said to have been built by Agrippa, but we had no time to go and see it. At 2 P. M. we were on the way again and at 9 arrived at Avignon. This place is situated on the Rhone, and our entrance to it was across a long wooden bridge, well built & secured, to an island, and thence by a similar bridge in continuation. Remaining here a day to rest ourselves I had an opportunity of going thro' and round the town. An embattled wall entirely surrounds it for about 4 miles, and outside the walls is a promenade quite round it, shaded by a double row of venerable oaks, whose branches meet at top and form an arch. I walked round this and had a view of the country, river &c — three arches of an ancient stone bridge which once crossed the river remain, and I observed workmen repairing them. On one side the town, just within the walls,

is a large high rock, ascended by a steep street, on the top of which is the ancient Cathedral; the Popes Palace, now converted into a jail, and a terrace, a walk round which gave us a beautiful view, overlooking the town, river &c. This place was formerly part of the Popes dominions, and the residence of the Popes for 63 years, but Henry the 5th took it from His Holiness. Several of the Popes are entombed within the Cathedral. Avignon is said at one time to have contained 200,000 inhabitants — at present it has about 30,000. A few of the streets are decent, but in general are narrow & crooked. 7th at 10 A. M. left Avignon, took breakfast before we started, and dined at Montelimar. In passing thro' Orange, we had time to examine an old Roman triumphal arch, almost entire, built in honor of Marius and Catullus, now repairing. Many of the bas reliefs upon it are in good preservation, and represent some of the ancient battles, trophies &c. It stands across the road & consists of one large and two small arches. Continued on thro' the night, and at day light the 8th was at Valence an ancient town. Stopped at Tain on the Rhone, where is a fine suspension bridge, and took coffee. Dined at St. Vallier at the confluence of the Galaure and Rhone, afterwards continued on thro' Vienne an old Roman town, where are remains of an Amphitheatre, a triumphal arch, a temple, and a tomb, with a high obelisk upon the top of it. Pontius Pilate, the judge, before whom Christ was tried and condemned to the Cross, was afterwards banished to Vienne, and died by his own hands, as it is stated. Arrived at Lyons last eve'g at 9 P. M. The ride from Avignon was over a country almost on a dead level for nearly two

thirds of the way, an extensive plain on each side of the road almost covered with loose stones, giving it the appearance of having been washed by a torrent; but at Stuberice it became more hilly till within a few miles of Lyon when we crossed an extensive plain again to the bridge over the Rhone, which conducted us into this City. We no longer saw that lively hue of spring noticed before entering France, no trees in blossom, no green pastures, &c, but the trees were leafless, and all nature seemed to be reposing — the air became cooler. Workmen & workwomen were in the fields trimming the Vines, ploughing, and digging the soil, for the coming season.

Wishing to improve the opportunity by the packet of the 15th from Havre, I have set down, fatigued as I am, to give you this account of my progress, and hope you may be able to read it. I shall rest awhile here and then proceed to Paris where I expect to be the 15th or 16th if not sooner. Shall be obliged to ride three days and three nights in succession. Please inform my brother of my arrival here, and with health much the same as for the last three months. My remembrance to all inquiring friends and accept yourselves of the best wishes of your absent friend

SAMUEL TOPLIFF.

PARIS March 18th 1829

Mr DORR & FAMILY

DEAR FRIENDS;

I arrived here the 14th from my tour of four months and a half thro' Northern & Southern Italy, and found

an alteration had taken place in the departure of the Packets from Havre, so that my letter written you from Lyons, which I intended for the Packet of the 15th, was still here; as no Packet sailed on that day, and the first is on the 20th, you will consequently receive both by the same conveyance. My last left me just arrived at Lyons; I will now continue the journal. Lyons is situated on a point of land with the rivers Rhone, and Saone running each side of it, both very rapid streams. On the left bank of the Rhone is an extensive plain, and on the right bank of the Saone is a range of hills presenting a side very steep towards the river, covered with buildings, forming the suburbs and almost part of the town. Three fine stone & iron bridges cross the Rhone, and six over the Saone. The town is terminated from the point on a high hill, from which, and an elevated position on the opposite side of the Saone, I had a complete view of the country and quite overlooked the town. This place is the great manufacturing town of France, for gros de naples,[1] and other fancy silks, velvets &c, so well known to the ladies of Boston, and is about 350 miles from Paris. Population about 130,000, and with the suburbs amounts to nearly 200,000. It contains some decent streets, and several fine squares, buildings generally six & seven stories high, including dwellings. It is quite a business place and the promenades along the banks of the rivers, lined with handsome buildings, are delightful. I walked thro' the principal part of them and the town, and left on the 11th, at 8 A. M., & took breakfast at

[1] "Étoffe de soie à gros grain."

1 P. M. at Larbrielle. Leaving Tarare, a large town, we ascended a mountain and were two hours in gaining the highest point, where we had an extensive view. Descending, we came to an open country again, and crossing two bridges over two branches of the Loire, stopped at 9 P. M., at Roanne to dinner. After dinner proceeded on thro' the night, and early in the morning of the 12th passed St Gerand. As we were to stop half an hour at Moulins to breakfast, we made ours before reaching that place, from a cold roast chicken, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine, that we might employ the time in visiting the grave of your former minister, Mr. Thacher,[1] but on arriving at the Hotel, could gain no correct information where to find it, and after exhausting the time allowed, were obliged to leave the town without that melancholy satisfaction. Leaving Moulins we continued thro' the remainder of the day without stopping to dine on the road, and the same kind of meal we had for breakfast constituted our dinner. Passed Nevers in the night, at the confluence of the Nievre and Loire; and the 13th early, took coffee at Cosne, and at 6 P. M., dined at Montargis. 14th passed Nemours, Fontainebleau &c, and at ½ past 10 A. M. reached Paris; and as I did not like my former quarters when here before, located myself at Hotel d'Lille, Rue St. Thomas. Being confined within the narrow limits of the Coupé of the Diligence for three days and nights, I arrived hungry, dirty, and plenty of business for the razor. The ride from Lyons was rather uninteresting, the country presenting a sombre aspect, and stripped of

[1] Rev. Samuel C. Thacher, minister of the New South Church, died at Moulins, France, January 1, 1818.

foliage, and very little diversity of scenery. The country not being divided, as in ours, by walls or fences, exhibits an appearance at this season of one vast waste. Satisfying my grumbling stomache, exercising the barbers scythe, which had a good crop to mow, washing, combing, and sundry other odd jobs, I repaired to friend Lanes, and received Mr Dorr's letter of the 26th Dec^r^, and I can only say that his good wishes I reciprocate and extend to you all. May this and many future years prove happy to each and to every individual. Strange things indeed have taken place in our good city of notions. Danl Adams[1] and Simon Wilkinson[2] advocating the cause of H. G. Otis[3] is one of the wonders of the day. These and many other events which have taken place in Boston "*town*," must be owing entirely to my absence, and if I do not return soon the City will be turned "topsy turvy." I am glad to learn things go on well at Merchants Hall, tho' my brother informs me under date of the 30th Decr, that he was confined at home sick. I was disappointed in not receiving any letters by the Packets of 15th Jan'y and 1st Feb'y, both of which have been in Havre some time. Your letters of Sept 15th and Octr 1st, and others, about which you express so much anxiety, I received at Rome. The non receipt of them before, is not charge-

[1] Daniel Adams was a pump and block-maker, and had a "stone store" on India Wharf.

[2] Of the firm of Wilkinson & Pratt, caulkers and gravers at Wilkinson & Pratt's Wharf.

[3] Harrison Gray Otis succeeded Quincy as mayor in 1829.

able to the Paris Post office clerks: but to some gross carelessness the other side the "mill pond." They came in the packet of the 15th Octr, and were recd by Mr Lane 19th Novr. Perhaps this may be the case again, in regard to letters intended for the packets of 15th Jan'y & 1st Feb'y.

On our arrival here, Mr Sturgis, my companion to Italy and back, received letters from home requiring his immediate return on account of the sickness of his father, who, he thinks may be dead before this; and he leaves this eve'g for Havre to take passage in the packet of the 20th. Before I left Boston I knew him by sight only, and considered him a proud, haughty young man. I met him one day on the Boulevards, being ignorant before of his having left Boston. Feeling pleased to see a Bostonian whether acquainted or not, I accosted him, we got engaged in conversation, and it resulted in ascertaining we were both bound on the same tour. As he laboured under the same difficulty with myself in not understanding the French or Italian languages, and that we must take a servant, (the common custom with persons in our situation) who understood both, we agreed to take one between us, for economy, and to travel together for company sake. This plan we adopted, and have returned without having exchanged an angry word, or disagreed in any respect. The utmost harmony has existed between us, and altogether we have had a pleasant time. Our servant proved strictly honest and attentive, and gave us great satisfaction. Mr Sturgis intended to have gone thro' Germany, Holland, England &c, the same tour I took, and to have returned home early in the fall, but his plans have been defeated by the cause I have named.

I shall wait patiently for the arrival of the Packet of 10th Feb'y momently expected, and shall be governed in my future movements according to the import of letters I may receive; I think, however, I shall leave this for England about 1st April. I have spent an eve'g since my return with Mr Gould (late latin school master),[1] his wife, and Wm Amory,[2] brother of T. C. A,[3] who has been in Europe for the last three years. Bishop Cheverus[4] is in the City, and Genl Lafayette resides in the City during the winter. I shall call upon both in a few days. The weather has been cold and uncomfortable since I returned and I feel more unwell than at any time since I left home. Please present my respects to Mr Ripley and all other friends, and accept yourselves the renewed tokens of regards of your friend

Saml Topliff

N. B.

From midnight of the 13th to our arrival in Paris we rode in a thick snow storm, and since I have been here I have been more unwell than at any time since I landed on the continent.

[1] Benjamin Apthorp Gould (H. U. 1814) was head master from May, 1814, to 1828. He died October 24, 1859.

[2] William Amory, a Boston merchant, was born in 1804; married Anna, daughter of Hon. David Sears; and died in 1888. He was a son of Thomas C. Amory (born 1767) and brother of T. C. Amory, below.

[3] Colonel Thomas Coffin Amory, whose office was in the State House, was born in 1796 and died in 1865.

[4] John Louis Lefebvre de Cheverus, born at Mayenne, January 28, 1768; died July 19, 1836. First Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, beloved by people of every faith. He returned to France in 1823, became Archbishop of Bordeaux, a peer of France, and finally a cardinal.

Paris March 30. 1829

Mrs Dorr & family

Dear friends;

Since I wrote you by my travelling companion Mr Sturgis, the weather has been milder, and "Richard 's himself again." In my last I gave you an account of my journey to this place, and now I will attempt to give you some idea of the manners and customs of the Italians and French, and in so doing I shall use language plain and easy to be comprehended, even at the hazard of being accused of that want of modesty I condemn in others. But my object is to contrast European with American customs, manners &c, and I am satisfied you will agree with me that the latter will lose nothing in the comparison. I have before given you some idea of the character of the Roman women, which is applicable to the sex in every part of Italy, so far as my limited means of information enabled me to judge, still, however, there is some portion of the stern virtue of the ancient Romans existing at the present day among the matrons of the city of Rome, altho' instances similar to one I am about to relate are very rare. Throughout Italy marriage is considered more as a matter of convenience, than of domestic felicity and happiness, and after the rites of the church are performed, each is at liberty to rove, and indulge their lustful passions unrestrained by moral obligation, love, or the sacred compact by which they are bound. And very frequently the husband, for the sake of "filthy lucre," will be the pandor to his wifes dishonor. Can you imagine any state of society worse than this?

But to the story I promised to relate. A Frenchman who accompanied us from Rome to Florence, stated to us that a friend of his at one of the theatres in Rome, made a certain proposition to a female he met in the place, who found it difficult to prevent his importunities and insulting proposals, being alone; and at the conclusion of the performance, insisted upon going home with her, which she suffered, meditating on the way (so inferred from the sequel) some means of revenge. Arriving at the door of her house, he followed her to her chamber, which she left as soon as he had entered, promising to return directly: but instead of so doing, she sought her husband and informed him of the whole affair. In a moment the husband presented himself, instead of the wife, to the astonished stranger, armed with a long knife, and told him to follow. Finding himself entrapped, he made no opposition, but followed the husband down stairs into his workshop. This man was a *dyer*, and had on the spot four or five journeymen, whom he commanded to strip the stranger. Resistance in such a case was useless, and he quietly submitted. He was stripped "*to the buff*" and placed in a large kettle of blue dye, not hot enough to scald, but of a temperature to make a good impression; and after keeping him immersed up to the neck till the colour was firmly fixed in his hide, took him out, and permitted him to dress himself and walk off, with a wholesome admonition not to insult an honest man's wife again. The Frenchman informed us that when he left Rome it was six weeks since his friend was dyed, and that he then was as blue as indigo & was obliged to wear a high cravat, and gloves at all times, to hide the evidence of his having suffered.

The Italians in general are a very indolent and lazy people, and have not that lively, vivacious turn of their neighbors the French. Frequent visits to the Cafes, where all classes after dinner resort to sip coffee, liqueurs &c, gave me an opportunity of seeing great numbers, and of forming a tolerable correct opinion of their manners, habits, temperament, &c. They are very accessible, social, and ready to answer any enquiry, and accommodating to strangers: but they lack animation, and when alone, or not engaged in conversation, they exhibit a degree of melancholy quite infectious. In one corner may be seen an individual reclining his head upon his hand, with a countenance of the most woful cast; another appears as if under the approaching operation of an emetic, and a third as if he had rendered up his accounts to old neptune: yet they are generally good natured and pleasant, and if a stranger stops any one in the street from a Prince to a beggar, to enquire for a particular street, or the residence of an individual, they will take off their hats, answer the enquiry in a most respectful manner, and frequently accompany him to the place altho' out of their own course.

The habitations, as I have before informed you, are altogether of stone or marble, with brick, tile, or marble floors. Diogenes would find it almost as difficult to discover a wooden floor, from the ground to the sixth, or eighth story, as to find an honest man. There are little or no yards to any of the dwellings throughout Italy, except the courts, and every convenience is within the mansion. Luckily for the natives they do not *live* in their houses, they live in the streets during the day, and *stay* in the house during the night; and on each succeeding morning they get purified from

their physical pollution by the fresh air from above, much better than from their moral pollution by the mummery of their spiritual advisers. The great portion of the women throughout Italy, (and in fact in Holland, Germany and France) appear in the streets with caps of muslin; very few bonnets are worn except by the richest classes, unless it is on some fete day, when all endeavour to appear in their best. This remark applies only to the large cities, while among the peasantry in the country, there are a great variety of costumes — every district, or section of the country is distinguished by some peculiarity of dress. Some by large bonnets, others by small, of a common make and shape, some by large, others by small, of a grotesque and fantastical appearance; some by large rimmed hats big enough for an umbrella, others not larger than a pint bowl, with crowns the size of a small tea cup. Families in general have no cooking in their houses, but are supplied with breakfast, dinner, &c, from a Trattoria, which are regular cooking and eating houses, where strangers, and natives unmarried, and frequently men and their wives, resort for their daily sustenance, and instead of paying a fixed price for a dinner of such as the landlord sees fit to place before you, as in America, you pay for what you eat; and on entering, a list is presented of what they can furnish in a few minutes, and you make the selection. If you eat two loaves of bread you pay for two, if you eat none, you pay for none — every article has a fixed price on the *Carte*, and every person knows exactly what it will cost him before he eats a mouthful. He may dine very well for 2½ Pauls (equal to 25 cts our currency) or it may cost him a Scudi (one dollar) according to his

taste and appetite. Consequently every one can order a dinner according to his means of paying for it. From the Trattorias every one goes to their favourite Cafe, and there they take a cup of very strong coffee and sugar, to settle their dinner, while others take a glass of some kind of cordial, and amuse themselves in playing Domino, cards &c These Cafes are generally fitted up in great style, the sides of the spacious apartments are lined with plate glass, reflecting every object, and making the room appear three times as large as it is. All over the room are handsome marble tables, of various sizes to accommodate all parties, and silk or velvet covered stools to sit upon. A person presides at a marble Bureau, surrounded with plate glass, at one end of the room, who issues his orders to the waiters in attendance and furnishes every thing called for, receiving the pay &c. The waiters are numerous, and generally wear a long white apron, and appear very neat. A gentleman who has a retinue of servants has no trouble to provide board or lodging for them, for they neither eat, or drink, or sleep beneath his roof — they are paid a stipulated price for their services, and furnish their own meals and lodging, leaving their masters residence at night when their services are no longer required, and returning early in the morning. The Italians are extremely fond of music, and every town of any magnitude has one or more opera houses, and the prices of admission are such as to accommodate all classes. I have heard an opera performed for about twenty cents our currency, that would cost in Paris $2. The operas are altogether different from those represented as such in America. In Italy the whole dialogue as well as poetry is set to

music, the orchestras are generally very full and effective, and so thoroughly drilled are the performers before a representation takes place, that a mistake or false tone rarely happens, and should a performer commit the least error, or discord the audience detect it immediately, and show their displeasure. During a performance the utmost silence is preserved, and should any persons be heard conversing, they are hissed into silence. The Italian style of performance, as well as the music itself, is much more refined than any I ever before heard: but to enjoy it a person must have a good taste as well as a fine ear. So far therefore as music concerned me I enjoyed my tour to Italy, and without any knowledge of the language, I could always find within the walls of an Opera house, voices and instruments that spoke a language perfectly intelligible to my understanding.

Coming to France I find quite another race of beings. Instead of a dull, inanimate race like the Italians, they are all life, always on the move, free from every kind of restraint; nothing ever appears to trouble them, and their motto is to live while they can. They have but a small share of fortitude to sustain any misfortune that may overtake them. They live but to enjoy life, and when the means fail them, they give themselves up to despondency, and frequent suicides are the consequence. They are extremely fond of every kind of amusement, and so volatile and fickle is the general character of the people, that the goverment finds itself obliged to contribute largely to that end. The grand opera in this City is carried on by government at a loss of many millions of francs yearly, yet they feel compelled to support it.and

to procure first rate performers in every department. It is without doubt the first in the world. I have seen upwards of two hundred in a ballet on the stage at one time, moving simultaneously together, to the music of an unequalled orchestra of nearly one hundred performers, any one of whom would be considered in Boston a first rate dancer. The floors of the dwellings in France are very generally of tile, of six sides. and in winter are very cold and uncomfortable, without a large fire — fuel (wood) is very dear, and consequently every one makes as little answer as possible. The people generally are free of speech and converse upon *all* subjects unrestrained, and with the most perfect coolness. If a lady happens to be in *circumstances* she will converse very freely with any gentleman in company concerning it, and "arguefy" the topic whether it will be a boy or girl, and make bets upon the subject. They are not more free of speech than of action. Women walking out with children in the most frequented and fashionable streets, or promenades, suffer them to attend to every call of nature, while thousands of both sexes are passing by. Nobody thinks it improper — it is business that must be attended to, and they do not go out of their course to accommodate them, because *it is the custom.* If a lady finds herself in the Diligence (or stage coach) with a half a dozen gentlemen, she don't hesitate to ask the one opposite to arrange legs, and dovetail, and this too, without blushing: but as a thing of course, and very cooly. *Custom* again pleads an excuse. So too if a woman with an infant, similarly situated, has occasion to give suck to the object of her care, she lays bare her bosom and performs the office required of a mother

with the utmost indifference to all around, and as cooly as if alone in her nursery. These are some of the *customs* of France, and I could present you with others equally revolting to modesty and every delicate feeling of the mind, did I not think the number sufficient to answer the purpose intended. One fact, however, while writing of Italy I forgot to mention, and in introducing it I have to remark that it will finish this part of the picture of manners & customs, for the burning glow on my own cheek reminds me that it is about time to stop. All the public galleries, museums, Palaces, squares, gardens, walks, and most fashionable promenades, throughout Italy, are decorated with numerous statues, and paintings, representing man, and woman in a state of nature, and such is the force of habit and the familiarity with which such works of art are associated in the mind, from their numbers, and in situations to be daily viewed, that a group of ladies will surround an Apollo or a Venus, and discus the merits of them, and that too in the presence and hearing of gentlemen, with the same unblushing firmness of look and speech, as if they were coach wheels. Here the rump is too prominent, and there the bosom is too flat, and so on, from head to foot, till every part has undergone the ordeal of these delicately minded critics. Even English ladies, who are next in modesty and delicacy to the fair daughters of yankee doodle land, become, from their intercourse with the natives, and the frequency with which these objects are viewed, blunted in their feelings, and I have seen them criticise and examine a statue and a painting, that at home would make them blush if it was known they had even *looked* upon any thing

of the kind. These statues have been, and still are at the present day, copied from nature, and when a fine formed man or woman is found, it is not difficult, considering the manners and customs of the country, for a sculptor to get them to stand as a model, and as it takes months, and years to finish a statue, the model is exposed naked before the artist very often. As works of art, therefore, they are considered true to nature, and when viewed as a work of art, and with philosophical eyes, there is no subject more sublime. But young men, women in general, and girls, are not philosophers, and they look with different eyes, and different associations of the mind, which, in my opinion, blunts their modesty (the richest gem in the character of a female) and they no longer feel restrained by a sense of delicacy, but give loose to actions and conversation which render their society any thing but desirable to those who still preserve their native modesty. One other custom in France has just popped into my mind, and I mention it as the last I shall notice of this kind. Gentlemen frequently call upon ladies in the morning, while in bed, and others are as often introduced to ladies while they are in bed.

There are no class of persons on the continent, take them as a body, who appear so ridiculous, and who are so cold, and distant, as Englishmen. It is on that account that they are so generally disliked by foreigners. Meet them at a public table, or in any public place, they are reserved, and keep every one who speaks English at a respectful distance. Every one is afraid if he notices another that his dignity will suffer if it should prove that a new acquaintance was not in rank so high as himself. Consequently

they avoid each other, unless regularly introduced, and as a very respectable gentleman informed me, or rather remarked to me, "Englishmen on the continent run away from each other." It is not so with Frenchmen — they are very social, communicative, and polite. Sitting at a table surrounded with those whom I never before saw, I have become as familiar in five minutes, as if acquainted for months. Americans are of this easy, accessible turn of mind, and that is one reason why they are more respected, and their society courted by foreigners, than the English. Whenever I have met foreigners, particularly the French, the first impression has been that I was an Englishman, from the fact of my speaking English, and that Englishmen are more free and easy with them, than their own countrymen, and they have been cold and indifferent: but no sooner have they discovered that I was an American, than a marked difference in their conduct was manifested at once, and a great degree of attention and politeness succeeded. Americans do not run away from each other; but wherever they happen to meet they are sure to know each other very soon, if they should happen to be strangers at the time. I agree with the remark made to me a few days since by a gentleman, speaking of English and French character, and the difficulty of getting acquainted with one, and the ease of becoming so with the other. I think the remark a just one and accords with my views on the subject. In England, said he, there is an aristocracy of manners, in France there is a democracy of manners. With an Englishman you must become acquainted by introduction and other formalities, but once in his confidence, his friendship in-

creases daily, and he becomes at last a valuable and firm friend; on the other hand you become easily acquainted with a Frenchman, without form or ceremony: but at the end of five years he is no better known to you and no more your friend than at first. There are of course exceptions on both sides to this general trait in the national character of England and France. I was surprized to find how ignorant people in general are, of America. Many did not know of such a country: but as I spoke English, thought it must be some how or other connected with England. Some appeared to stare and look as if they never before heard the name. Some enquired if Gen[l] Washington was still the President. The enlightened and educated, however, know full well the history of our country, and entertain for it the most exalted opinion. All over the continent the women wear long aprons with a pocket on each side, rather toward the front, in which they carry every thing necessary or useful for their several occupations, and when their work is done, the apron is cast off, and with it pockets and all. Every shop in Paris, of every description, is attended by girls and women wearing this kind of pockets, and I have seen them stand at a door with a hand in each, and assuming an air of independence and careless indifference, that would put our friend Goodrich[1] of the Sun Tavern out of countenance. Never more believe the stories that Frenchmen live upon soup meagre. If you were to see the substantials they consume, you would consider those tales rather as a satire upon gormandizing. They eat as much at a meal, of real solid food, as an Englishman; but with less injury to

[1] Henry Goodrich. The Sun Tavern was on Batterymarch Street.

the digestive powers. In France, dyspepsia is hardly known, and the grand secret of this, is, in the fact, that in France the food both animal and vegitable is *thoroughly* cooked, and of course the stomache has not half the work to do, whereas in England and America, everything is underdone, vegetables in particular. This kind of cookery, together with the light wines drunk in France always keeps Frenchmens heads clear, and they are light of heels, and merry of heart — they drink no grog to stupify and benumb the senses. This cannot be said of England or America. While in America every thing is done to suppress and punish bawdy houses, and the keepers of them, in Holland & France they are licenced by government; surgeons are appointed to examine the *un*happy, and to be pitied inmates, twice a month, and furnish them with a bill of health, the same as a vessel going from Cuba in a time of health, would be required to exhibit at any port in Europe.

Ladies in Paris dress more genteely and tastefully than in any part of Europe. Here the fashions originate which go all over the world. Even England, from whom we in America formerly took the fashions of the day, now takes them from Paris. The females here are better formed, have smaller feet, and their carriage is more graceful than those of England: but I fancy they know less of domestic comforts and enjoyments than those of England. Here are no side walks, the streets are paved with blocks of stone, gutters in the centre, thro' which is constantly running a stream of filthy mud, water &c, and pedestrians are in danger every moment of being run over, or bespattered with mud. The ladies in consequence elevate their clothes to what would be considered in America a

very indecent height, but here custom sanctions every thing — beautiful calves and legs (I beg Miss Lucy's pardon, but women have legs in this country, and very substantial ones too, as my eyes have frequently witnessed) are seen every day in great numbers, and furnish fine models for boots. In France, and particularly in Paris, there is the best police in the world. Gendarmes are stationed outside and inside of all the theatres and public places, to prevent disorderly or riotous conduct, and they are on foot and mounted, all armed, in every part of the city, so that a man or woman unattended, may go from one end to the other, with perfect safety at any hour of the night.

I have before mentioned the Cafes in Italy, as being very good, and much frequented: but they bear no comparison in point of splendour, and the company that resort to them, to the Cafes in Paris and the same difference marks the superiority of the Restaurateurs in this City, over the Trattorias in Italy. It is quite enchanting to go into them. The Restaurateurs are apartments on a large scale, lined from the ceilling nearly to the floor with looking glass plates of very large dimensions, with two to four rows of marble tables, placed at the sides, and in the centre, of various sizes, to accommodate the lonely bachelor, the man with a family, or a party of single gentlemen. At each end one or two young ladies, dressed very handsomely, preside like goddesses, to whom every one on entering or departing, makes his obeisance. To these the waiters give an account of what is ordered at each table under his care, and when they have finished, she or they makes out the account, the waiter presents it, receives the money,

hands it over to the ladies, and so on as every party leaves. Parties enter and retire, alternately, thro' the day. I have seen three hundred persons, ladies and gentlemen, in parties of two, three, four, and five, spread over one of these large Restaurateurs, and look which way I would, the reflection of the glass impressed me with the idea that almost as many thousands were present, and that the apartment was four times as large as it really was. The effect is most enchanting. The presiding goddesses never leave their seats and maintain the most dignified and graceful deportment. From these, the various squads repair after dinner to the Cafes, fitted up in the same alluring style, and sip coffee, cordials &c, and pass an hour or two in chit chat. In both the Restaurateurs and Cafes, there is a continual buz, produced by the conversation of so many persons there assembled: but the utmost propriety of conduct, and politeness prevails throughout. These establishments are all over Paris and the Parisians, as well as strangers, literally live in them. There a stranger sees much of French character, manners &c. On Sundays, particularly, they are filled, as the general custom of house-keepers who cook in their families on other days, do not on Sundays, and this is done to enable all to enjoy the day in recreation, consequently the house-keepers either procure a dinner from a restaurateur, or go to one for the same. The Louvre, and other places, besides the garden of plants, walks in the Tuilleries, Luxembourg, &c, &c, are open freely to the public on Sundays, and Thursdays, and the government shows its liberality by allowing strangers a free admission on other days, to all who produce a passport. I have thus

given you some notion of the manners and customs of the Italians and French, and was I not convinced that you knew me full well, and that what I wrote was more from information obtained from others, than from personal experience, I should feel ashamed. Although I have lost much information on this subject from my ignorance of the language, still, however, my eyes have not deceived me. What I have written would never appear in a book, and that is one reason why I have written it, and as I might not muster courage enough to communicate it verbally, I hope the motive will exonerate me from the charge of indelicacy.

At length I have seen Mrs Edwards. Not claiming her as an acquaintance I felt not at liberty, neither would my yankee pride allow me to call on her, without an invitation. I knew Mr Edwards, and he knew me well enough, therefore I kept aloof, till finally I received from him an invitation to call at the house, and on the 27th I accordingly made a call, and for the first time saw Mrs Edwards. I never saw her look more beautiful; she was dressed in a violet silk gown &c, the present fashion, and looked "like a queen." She takes lessons one hour a day of a French master, and two hours a day of an Italian master; Miss Edwards takes two hours in French, and he one hour in French, a day. So you will perceive they have work enough. They are preparing for a journey to Italy, Germany, England &c. I found Mrs Edwards occupying apartments in the third story of a house in a court, back of the street, which, in Boston would be considered derogatory: but in France it is quite reconcilable, as here it is the

La grange October 20th 1828

My dear Sir

I Have lately been informed By Ernest Montebello, Son to Marechal Lannes, and Brother to duke of Montebello, now in America, that He is on His Way to Rome as Secretary of Legation to the french Embassy. I Have thought a letter of introduction might forward Your purpose to explore the Great Classic City, and Rejoice in the opportunity to thank You once more for Your kind visit, and to offer the High Regards and Best wishes of Your Sincere friend Lafayette

Monsieur Topliff,
hôtel de Montmorency, rue S
marc,
A Paris

GENERAL LAFAYETTE TO SAMUEL TOPLIFF.

fashion, and the nearer you get to heaven the purer the air is thought to be. Mr. Howe,[1] partner of Saml Dorr jr,[2] with his new wife, are here, and I was introduced to her a few days since. Mr F. Carnes of Boston, who has been a resident here for three years past, goes in the Packet of the 1st April, on a visit to his friends.

I called on Gen[l] Lafayette since I last wrote you, and found him in the same social humour. He invited me to his soiree on Tuesday eve'g, which I attended, and found his apartments crowded. These soirees, or levees, are held every Tuesday eve'g, at which he expects all his friends and acquaintances to visit him. He was on his feet all the eve'g till after I left (past 11 o'cl'k) receiving, and taking leave of company. He appears to know every thing that transpires in America, and to take as much interest in the arrival of the packets at Havre as a person engaged in commercial affairs, and he receives regularly by all of them, the North American review, and other works, newspapers, letters &c, which enables him to know what is going on in America, almost as well as if in the country. He says he cannot think of Boston without associating in his mind M[r] Quincy as Mayor.

There was a large ball given a few evenings since for the benefit of the Portuguese refugees at which the General was present. I was offered a ticket but not feeling very well that day, I declined going. I was sorry afterwards as those who were present, informed me it was very splendid and composed

[1] George Howe, of the firm of Howe & Dorr, dry goods at 41 Kilby Street.

[2] Samuel F. Dorr.

of all the nabobs and fashion of Paris, and the number was about 1500.

I have also called on Bishop Cheverus and found him very affable and social. I have been told by persons in Boston, that situated as the Bishop now was, there would be a great deal of form and ceremony in getting an introduction to him: but I found the reverse to be the case. I found this third dignitary of the Kingdom, in a small room of a house, in the 3^{d} story, situated in an obscure passage, and dressed in a very plain and simple manner. On enquiring at the door for the Archbishop of Bordeaux, a servant directed me to follow him, and I was ushered immediately into the presence of the Bishop. The usual practice among important personages, is, for a servant to announce the name of the visitor, and ascertain if the master will allow him an audience, during which time he is obliged to wait in an anteroom. Not so with this great man; no pomp, parade, or outward show of pride appeared, and I was conducted into his room with as little ceremony, as into the presence of the most humble individual in the Kingdom. I spent an hour with this humble divine in very familliar conversation, in which he more than once expressed his great attachment for Boston, and that it was the wish of his heart to have lived and died in that City, but a sense of duty compelled him to obey the call of the King, & to exercise his feeble abilities in a circle, where, perhaps he might be more useful. Ambition, he said, entered not into his composition of character, and notwithstanding the government had elevated him to the Archbishopric of Bordeaux, created

him a Peer of the realm, and a Counsellor of state, he was still the same in feeling as when in Boston. He also remarked that he was not so happy as in Boston, for here he had to regulate and govern 400 or 500 clergymen under him, to travel once or twice a year from Bordeaux to Paris on official duty &c., which made his care very great: but as an offset, he found his health, under a milder climate, was better than in Boston, where the severity of our winters began to undermine his constitution before he left. I never saw him look better. He urged me very strongly to visit him at Bordeaux, for, said he, there I am at home, and have a Palace in which I can entertain my friends, and in which *every* Bostonian will always be welcome, but you will find the possessor of it the same humble individual he was in Boston. Here, he continued, I have not the means, I occupy this small apartment in the house of my cousin, and I am not situated to entertain company: but if I can be of any service to further your views in any way, I shall be most happy to do so; or will give you letters to visit any of the institutions, or objects of curiosity not generally open to the public, if you desire it, as being a Peer, all places are open to me. I would give you my Peers ticket as it is probable you would not be known otherwise than as a Peer, if you spoke French: but, said he, if you should open your mouth the cat would be let out of the bag. He politely invited me to call upon him any morning, and he would accompany me thro' the Palace of Luxembourg, and the house of Peers, observing that no person was admitted, not even a Prince, when they are in session.

The King I am told is not admitted without sending word before of his intention. The Peers are about 300 in number. I shall accept his invitation the first good day, as it is a long walk from my lodgings to his residence. On leaving he offered me the use of his coach to convey me to any part of the City: but I preferred walking it being a very fine day, and therefore politely declined. Such was my first interview with this worthy individual, and I feel gratified. The walls of Paris do not enclose two characters of more exalted worth than Gen[l] Lafayette and Bishop Cheverus, and I feel a small degree of pride in having an opportunity of enjoying their conversation. Spectators are not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies while in session, except by ticket furnished by the members — Gen[l] Lafayette has promised to send me one, to enable me to see the style of French legislation. I have taken breakfast with friend Lane in true bachelor style, and dined with him once, where he usually dines, in a private boarding house, very pleasantly. I like him very much. He and Mr. Draper, brother to Lorenzo, have been very kind and attentive to me. The Packet of the 10th Feby, arrived and I received no letters. I directed my brother to write me up to March 1st, at Paris, and I cannot account for not receiving *any* letters later than the latter end of Dec[r]. I shall now wait patiently the arrival of the packets of 20th Feby and March 1st, momently expected, after which I shall proceed to Havre and there take steam packet for Southampton, and by coach thence to London, where I left some of my duds. The packet of the 24th Feby has

been in Liverpool several days, having sailed on the 27th, and brings accounts that the Havre packets of the 20th Feb'y and March 1st; were detained by the ice, and would probably sail together, so I may look for their arrival every hour. I have seen a regular file of Boston papers to Feby 7th, but did not discover anything particularly interesting in them. I hope you will excuse this *short* letter, and if it serves to amuse you a leisure eve'g, I shall be compensated for the time consumed in composing it. Many of my observations may appear crude, and uninteresting: but allowance must be made for the time occupied in inditing, and the want of knowledge of the language of the country, to give me more correct ideas on all subjects. What I have written, however, is the best I can do with my limited means; still the principal sketches I have drawn, I believe to be correct and susceptible of occular demonstration. Please present my regards to Revd Mr Ripley, the respective Messrs Richardsons, and families, all my South end friends, the respective families of the Messrs Baxters, and Mr Stedman, and all who make enquiries of me; and each and all the inmates of No 3 Quincy place will accept the best wishes of their absent friend

Sam'l Topliff

P. S. I would not forget Joseph, and if not with you when you next write, say he has the best wishes for health & happiness and the personal esteem of his friend S. T.

Paris April 18th 1829

To one and all of No 3
Quincy Place, I salute as friends;

Since I last wrote my brother, I have called again upon Gen[l] Lafayette, and spent half an hour in social conversation. Persons were continually announced by the servant in waiting, and I was obliged to retire earlier than I wished, to give every one a chance. The following day the Gen'[l] sent me a ticket for the chamber of Deputies, and at 12 o'clock I took my seat in the gallery appropriated for those having tickets; and at half past one the President entered, escorted by the officers of the chamber, dressed in a black coat & breeches, small clothes I should say, with large buckles in their shoes, and a court sword at the side. The President took his seat without any formality. About a quarter past 2 he rose, took in his hand a bell, about the size of the one carried by our City crier, and struck it two or three times, which I understood as calling the members to order, altho' they appeared to take little or no notice of it. After repeating it several times, the members took their seats. A man now mounted the tribune, directly in front of the Presidents table, and held in his hand several sheets of paper tacked together, apparently covered with writing, which, from the movement of his lips, and the turning of the leaves, I supposed he was reading: but the members were talking and buzzing all over the house so effectually, as to drown his voice completely. What this document was,

I know not, but I thought it might be the journal of the preceding days work, or the subject then to engage their attention: but be that as it may, as soon as he left the tribune a member took his place, and made a long speech which he had in writing before him, and was succeeded by several others, and one of the Ministers, most of whom had written speeches. Their declamation was none of the best, altho' one might be reckoned a tolerable speaker. After the debate was finished, the President rose, and said a few words, when a portion of the members just lifted themselves from their seats, without coming to an erect position, and resumed them again; the President then addressed a few words more to the house, and another portion went thro' the same motion, which I judged to be the mode of voting, and the subject under discussion was decided in that manner. I understood but little of the debate: but enough to know it was relative to the monopoly of the tobacco trade by the King, which the liberals wish to take from him. I know not the result: but as the ministers have been defeated several times during the present session, I think it likely they may have been in this instance. The liberals are growing strong, and it is thought the present ministers must retire. I observed nothing like ceremony in opening the session, but business was commenced in the manner I have stated. During the debate, members would talk in spite of the Presidents bell which he continually rung, and a heavy rule which he thumped upon his table to silence them. No member is allowed to address the house in his seat: but must mount the tribune, fronting the whole

body. The form of the chamber is semicircular, seats in three divisions, on a gradual ascent from the floor to the well. The Ministers occupy the front seats. The only light admitted, is thro' a semicircular sky light in the roof. The chamber of Peers is in the same form. The gallery of the chamber of Deputies is situated near the ceiling, and is supported by 36 columns of marble, from which spectators can see and hear every thing that takes place. None are admitted without producing a ticket, which are furnished by members. Soon after the session commenced, Gen[l] Lafayette entered and took his seat, dressed with an embroidered coat and taking from his pocket an opera glass he surveyed the gallery round several times, which I suppose was to ascertain if I had got a good situation, as in his note to me he advised my early attendance for that purpose. The Gen[l] took no part in the debate during my stay: but watched attentively every thing that passed. Having accepted an invitation to dine with M[r] Storrow[1] at his residence at Grenelle, three miles from Paris, I was obliged to leave the chamber of Deputies earlier than I otherwise should. I reached M[r]. Storrows dwelling a little after 5 P. M., and at ½ past 5 sat down to a very good dinner, and afterward spent the evening in agreeable chit chat. It is a charming family,

[1] Thomas Wentworth Storrow, a Boston merchant, born in 1779, had settled in Paris in 1816. His wife was Sarah Phipps Brown. The eldest son bore the same name and was at this time a commission merchant in Paris; another son, Charles Storer Storrow, was a student at Harvard; and a third son was Samuel Appleton Storrow. The daughters were Susan, born in 1807, and Ann, both then unmarried.

and I found Mr & Mrs Storrow, their son, and two daughters disposed to render my visit as pleasant as possible.

On my second visit to Bishop Cheverus, I found him equally social, playful, and humourous, as at the first, and after having gone thro' the chamber of Peers, and other apartments connected therewith, in the palace of Luxembourg, in company with him, he offered me the use of his coach to convey me to any part of the City, and renewed the tender of his services, observing it was only for me to address a note to him stating my wishes, and it would meet with attention. A few days after I had an opportunity of testing his sincerity, and I was fully satisfied that his actions accorded with his professions. Mr Lane, and several of my friends here on a visit, were desirous of visiting the Royal manufactory of Porcelain at Sevrés, about six miles from Paris, and proposed my applying to the Bishop to procure a permission, as it was difficult to gain admission. I therefore addressed a respectful note to him, requesting him to procure for me, from the competent authority the requisite permit. Several days elapsed and I heard nothing from the Bishop, and my friends began to quiz me about the sincerity of his professions, in which I was half inclined to think they were right: but I did him injustice, for at that very moment he was doing more than I had requested. He first called at my lodgings to see me, on the 10th,[1] and not finding me wrote a note on the spot, and left

[1] Mr. Topliff used to tell his children that when he returned to his hotel after the Archbishop's call the lackeys were almost abject in their service. He was very much surprised, and could not imagine the cause of this sudden change until he found the Archbishop's card.

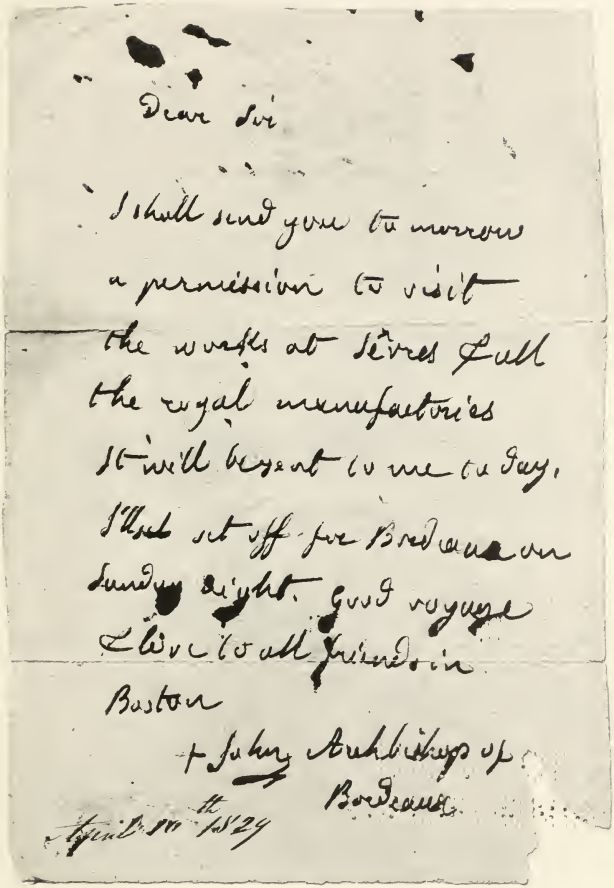
with his card. The note was couched in friendly and social language, stating that he was promised that day the necessary permission and closed thus:

"Shall set off on Sunday night for Bordeaux. Good voyage, and love to all friends in Boston.

"+ JOHN, Arch-Bishop of Bordeaux."

The same evening he sent to my lodgings not only a permit to visit the works at Sevres: but a general permit, signed by the Kings Aid de Camp and Director of the Royal Academy of Arts, to visit *all the Royal* manufactories and institutions in Paris. On Sunday I wrote him a note of thanks, and left it at his residence, with my card, and in the eve'g I presume he left the City. Thus closed my communication with that worthy divine, and good man, who appears as much attached to Boston, and its citizens, as the worthy Lafayette is to America, and Americans.

On Tuesday I invited Messrs Howe (& lady), Lane, Draper, and Richards, to accompany me to Sevres, and we all rode in a coach together. We first proceeded to St. Cloud to view the Palace, at that place, formerly the summer residence of Bonaparte, and now used as such by the present King. We were conducted thro' every apartment uninteruptedly, and had a fine opportunity of inspecting it. Fine and extensive pleasure promenades, fountains of water &c, surround it, and from its elevated situation, the greater part of Paris is seen, altho' four miles distant. These walks, like almost every thing else in and about Paris, are open to the public and in the summer are much frequented. The Palace covers a large space and is furnished, and finished in elegant style,



Dear Sir

I shall send you to morrow a permission to visit the works at Sèvres & all the royal manufactories it will be sent to me to day. I shall set off for Bordeaux on Sunday night. Good voyage & love to all friends in Boston

+ John Archbishop of Bordeaux

April 8th 1829

JOHN CHEVERUS, ARCHBISHOP OF BORDEAUX, TO SAMUEL TOPLIFF.

HELIOTYPE CO., BOSTON.

but far inferior to that of Versailles. Every apartment is decorated with numerous, and beautiful paintings. As the King expects to remove thence shortly, workmen were employed in making alterations, so that several apartments were in a deranged state. Leaving this spot, we proceeded to Sevrès, and my permit, obtained thro' Bishop Cheverus, readily gained admission for the whole party, into the workshops of the Royal manufactory of Porcelain, and one of the government overseers accompanied us throughout, and explained to us every process, and stage of the manufactory, from the kneaded clay to the final finish. I was surprized and astonished at the amount of labour bestowed, and derived much information, of which I was before entirely ignorant, as to the process of rendering clay into such beautiful, ornamental, and useful articles. In the establishment is a museum of ware collected from every part of the world, for the purpose of enabling the government to profit by the experience of others, and to improve upon them. We saw the various articles from the first stage, or moulding, and passed thro' apartments, each one exhibiting a progressive state, till we were finally conducted to the show rooms, where they are deposited for sale, and in all my wanderings since I left the literary emporium I have not seen a more splendid and interesting exhibition. Here were immense vases, pictures in frames, plates, cups, saucers, and every article useful or ornamental, richly finished with paintings of various kinds, so well executed as to be taken for the best oil paintings on canvas, and being incorporated with the porcelain, will last as long as any part of it. The price of one picture was 40,000 francs about $8500. Although this

article for all common uses is now made by various private companies in Paris, and all over France, as well as at Sevrès, still, however, the government keep up the establishment, even without making money, to manufacture such articles as private companies cannot afford to make, which come within the means of very rich men only to purchase, and to bring the art to the greatest perfection possible, and to set all competition at defiance. I should think human skill could go no further in this fabric at least but from what we see, and hear, and read, every day of the developments of the mind of man, there appears indeed no limits to human genius. I have so fallen in love with this ware, that I have made a purchase of some of it, whether I shall want it for my own use or not. Here I suppose some winks and blinks will be made, and some remarks, that "it looks a little suspicious, don't you think it does Mrs Dorr," says my friend Perry in the corner. Persons are continually making experiments at the manufactory to make some new discovery, by combining clay with various kinds of substances. Returning to the City we stopped at the Royal Manufactory of Savonnerie, where the rich figured silks are made, being a description of goods that the private manufacturers at Lyons cannot afford to make. The government therefore keep up this branch for the purpose of perfecting it. The figures whether worked *in*, or raised *upon* the surface of the silk, are executed solely by the looms, which are ingenious. We were much gratified with this exhibition, and leaving which, returned to our respective lodgings, well pleased with the days excursion, and with appetites much invigorated. In the evening I attended for the

2d time Genl Lafayettes soirée, and found his apartments much crowded with ladies and gentlemen, chiefly French, there being a less number of Americans present than at the 1st soirée I attended, (and all those were unknown to me except Messr Draper and Storrow jr [1]) altho' on both evenings it rained hard. The Genl., as usual, was lively, animated, and social. I was introduced this eve'g for the first time to his son. He is not the man his father is. Mons. Constant, the great leader, and the man of the greatest talents, in the Chamber of Deputies was present. He is an old man, white head of hair, uses glasses, is quite active, and his general appearance is not unlike Mr. Bliss [2] of Springfield. It has rained almost every day since my return from Italy, which has impeded me very much in the prosecution of my observations, add to which the failure of the steam boat in departing from Havre at the time appointed, has detained me a week beyond the time I calculated. However, as I never expect to visit Paris again, I have remained to see every thing possible: but shall be obliged to leave without seeing many objects worthy of notice, on account of the weather. Shall start tomorrow for Havre. I have now given up all hopes of receiving letters at this place, from home, and must wait till I reach England, to which, owing to some unaccountable misconstruction of my directions, I presume letters dated previous to March 1st have been sent, instead of to Paris. I have no information from home later than 30th Decr, altho' all the packets up to the 20th March inclusive, have arrived at Havre.

[1] Thomas Wentworth Storrow, Jr., a merchant in Paris for many years.

[2] George Bliss, LL.D., a distinguished lawyer, died March 8, 1830.

I see by an advertisement in a Boston paper of march 1st or 2d, that my brother was alive at that time. I also notice that you have had a severe winter, and plenty of fires. I suppose the fire burnt up the pens and paper, and the weather froze up the ink, which accounts for his not writing. However I will not judge him hastily, and will wait patiently my arrival in England to learn the cause. It has been a great disappointment to me.

The particulars I have written you concerning Genl Lafayette, and Bishop Cheverus, have been detailed not to gratify my vanity, for you must all know that is an ingredient which makes but a small part, if any, of the composition of my character: but to show you how far they rise above the common order of men; that neither titles, rank, dignities, nor honors, alter the men or prevent them from extending towards every individual the common courtesies and civilities of life; and when the opportunity offers, no feeling of false pride holds them back from the notice of the most humble individual, who observes towards them the common civilities expected of all. Independent of their public characters; as good and estimable as they are generally held, I cannot but be allowed the privilege of uttering my sentiments in their praise, and to mention with grateful feelings, the particular notice and attention with which one so humble as the writer, has been honored by them. On this subject I shall hereafter wield a silent pen: but before I leave the City I shall once more call on the Genl, thank him for his attentions, and take my final leave of him.

For the three last days, Paris has been all alive. It has been

customary for many years, on the 15th, 16th, & 17th of April, during Holy week, for the Parisians to come out with new equipages, dresses &c, and ride thro' the Champs Elysees, and establish the Spring fashions, on which occasion all those who cannot afford to ride, walk to the spot to see the show. These holidays are denominated "Long Champs." The whole of the Champs Elysees for some distance beyond the barrier of the City was filled with coaches and vehicles of every description for many miles, and Gendarmes, on horse back, were stationed all along the route to preserve order, and prevent the line from being broken; while on the side walks, lined with trees, were pedestrians exhibiting a solid mass, moving back and forth, as far as the eye could extend, and in the adjacent groves "all sort of fun & frolic," and a variety of games &c, were going on, reminding a Bostonian of "Negur 'lection." This show is not confined to the lower or middling classes only, but extends to the higher, and Royal classes. The little Duke of Bordeaux, about 8 or 9 years of age, appeared in the throng, in a coach with his governor, attended by a body of mounted guards, Surgeon &c &c, and the populace took off their hats to him as he passed, which his little Dukeship "*most graciously*" returned. This little Duke is heir to the Throne. The last day was the greatest show, and the whole length of the Boulevards, as well as the Champs Elysees presented one uninterrupted train of carriages, and a solid, moving mass of persons on foot, dressed in the height of the fashion.

I have seen New York papers to the 19th March inclusive, by which it appears the weather has been extremely severe on our

coast, and the shipping have suffered much. I also observe that under the new administration has commenced the work of proscription by a general turn out of all officers under the late administration. Gen[l] Jackson, to make use of a saying in Paris, appears to be "*going the whole hog*," and spares nobody, however meritorious, who is charged with the unpardonable, political sin, of being an Adamsite. I have seen a long list of new appointments: but none officially for Boston, except Andrew Dunlap,[1] District Attorney!!! altho' I have heard the Collector, Surveyor, Post master &c, are all removed. I was in hopes that Gen[l] Jackson in consequence of the great majority of electoral votes he obtained, would be induced to act independently, and thus disarm his political opponents: but from what I have thus far seen and heard of his doings since his inauguration, he appears to be sold, *body & soul, politically*, to his party; and that his noisy, and *disinterested* advocates are now reaping the rewards of their past labours. I think his administration bids fair to be the weakest and most contemptible of any since the days of Gen[l] Washington. It appears that a Mr Baldwin[2] is to succeed Mr Brown,[3] as Minister &c &c to this court

[1] A distinguished lawyer, died 1835.

[2] Mr. Topliff was mistaken. William C. Rives of Virginia was appointed by President Jackson as Minister to France in 1829. He had been a Congressman from Virginia up to that time. In 1832 he was elected Senator and served three terms. He was again appointed Minister to France from 1849 to 1853. Afterwards he was a member of the Confederate Congress.

[3] James Brown of Virginia. He had been appointed by President Jefferson secretary of the Territory of Louisiana on its acquisition, and then attorney for the Territory. He was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France in 1824 after having

— who, or what, he is, does not appear: but I am of the opinion the country will not gain much by the exchange. Mr Brown is said to be a courtly, well informed man, and does credit to the country; and the King treats him with marked attention. The moment I reach London and receive letters from home, which I suppose are waiting for me at Liverpool, and which I shall write to have forwarded to me at London, I shall know how to proceed. At all events I shall not delay my departure for home beyond the 20th May, the day the Dover sails from Liverpool. Although I am fully satisfied with the European world, and as far as curiosity is concerned, no longer desirous of prolonging my stay, I nevertheless am desirous of taking the most favourable season for crossing the Atlantic, seeing that the ocean presents no charms for me, even in the calm and peaceful months of midsummer. I am tired, and long to tread the soil of my native town again, and I conceive the object for which I left home and friends would not be further promoted by a months longer stay, except on the consideration of personal comfort, and diminution of risk. I hope my brother's courage and perseverance will hold out till my return. I am sensible he has had a hard task to perform and must be anxious for my return to relieve him: but he is not more so than I am.

With the renewal of my remembrance to all my friends who may enquire after me, you will each and all accept the continued good wishes of your sincere friend.

Samˡ Topliff

served two terms in the Senate. He settled in Philadelphia in 1829, and died there in 1835.

London April 29th 1829.

The Family No 3 Quincy place.

My dear friends;

I once more address you from this City, after an absence from it of eight months, during which I have been a wanderer and pilgrim in a strange land, among a people whom I understood not, and had so little use for the organs of speech, that I was in some danger of losing my mother tongue; but thanks to the inventor of talking I can now indulge in my prerogative and make up for lost time. I am no longer obliged to say, yah mynheer? Wee Monsieur? Ce Signior? &c, but plain yes Sir, will answer the purpose. In short, the embargo upon speech is raised, and I expect to bankrupt myself in the excess of over-trading in words, sentences &c, now left open to my speculative thoughts. My pilgrimage is almost at an end in this part of the world, and very soon, I hope, to meet you all in the enjoyment of health.

On the 21st, having on that, and the previous day, taken leave of several friends, in a formal manner, I had the company of Messrs. Lane & Draper to dine with me, who left their own dining houses at an earlier hour than usual, for the purpose of being enabled to see me off; and after finishing our repast and drinking a bottle of wine to the remembrance of absent friends in America &c, they accompanied me to the Diligence office, and at 6 p. m., I started, after closing my communication with that lively and animated City, by a cordial and hearty shake of the hand by both of them. I cannot omit bestowing a passing compliment upon each of those gentlemen for their particular attentions to me

during my stay in the City, by which I was enabled to accomplish my views, and facilitated in all my pursuits for which I feel under obligations to him, and I do but render justice to them and my own feelings, in making this honorable mention of them.

Emerging from that great city, the light of day soon closed upon us, and during the night we progressed along as well as the state of the roads would allow, and at day light the 22d found we were passing thro' a portion of country of the same uniform and uninteresting appearance which characterizes a great portion of France I have traversed over; and at 11 o'clk stopped at the ancient town of Rouen, on the Seine, a place of considerable trade and commerce, judging from the great numbers of vessels lying at the quays along the river banks. Several times before arriving at Rouen, we were fast in the mud, and all the passengers were obliged to descend before the Diligence could move, altho' ten horses were attached to it. Rouen is very antique, and it possesses many relics of antiquity, but our limited time prevented an inspection. I however passed the Cathedral and observed it well. Its front presents as rich a piece of stone carved work as any similar structure before mentioned, and in its prime must have been a splendid pile. Leaving Rouen we ascended a high hill and enjoyed one of the most picturesque and beautiful views I have seen in France. At Caudbec we took dinner, a small town also on the Seine, and afterwards passed thro' Bolbec, a town filled with manufacturies of cotton goods, and at 11 o'clk at night reached Havre, 150 miles from Paris. Havre other than as a commercial place, possesses little or no interest to a stranger. It is situated

near the mouth of the Seine. A large basin or dock is in the centre of the town, round which, are the dwellings and warehouses, and is constructed with locks so that the shipping are at all times afloat, the gates being open only at high water. A canal leads directly into the sea, and is narrow at the entrance, defended by strong walls of masonry, and widens as it approaches the basins, forming a kind of harbor where vessels anchor till the tide and other circumstances will permit them to go into dock. From the beach fronting the bay, the shipping are completely hid from observation by the town. The appearance of the shipping reminded me more of an American port, than any I have before seen, so closely have the French ship builders in the place followed the American model. On the 24th at 4 P. M. I embarked on board the Steam packet Camilla, and in a few minutes was at sea. We had about 30 passengers, ladies and gentlemen. The weather continued moderate till the eve'g, and [until] after most of the passengers had retired to their berths; but afterwards it commenced blowing violently, and the steam boat pitched, and rolled in fine style, insomuch that almost all the passengers paid their respects to old daddy Neptune most heartily. Basins, bowls, and the stewards were in constant requisition thro' the night. I was not sick.

On the 25th (my birthday) at 6 A. M. we landed at Southampton, and after getting breakfast, and passing my baggage thro' the custom house, I took a seat, outside of a stage coach, and left at 9 o'clk, and reached this city at ½ past 6 P. M. 76 miles from Southampton, riding the whole distance in a steady and violent

rain, the wind so strong as to render umbrellas useless, so that I was drenched to the skin. I was somewhat stiff and had a little touch of the rheumatiz the next day; but now I am free from it, *and in good health.* The weather has been cold and rainy ever since I have been here. Notwithstanding my brother urges my immediate return, I am afraid of being quizzed and tormented, should I return in a New York packet, and as I cannot get ready before the 8th to get some clothing made &c, a few days difference to wait for the Dover the 20th cannot produce very disastrous consequences, tho' I am well aware he wants a little respite. On my arrival here I received Mr. Dorrs letter of the 28th Feb'y by which I learn the family were in good health which is gratifying intelligence to me. I am glad to learn that the *rattle* market is improving, and if I can find any suited to the region of Boston I shall probably make a purchase.

Since I commenced this the New York packet has arrived at Liverpool, and I have perused Boston papers to the 31st March. I observe the death of Dods Gorham, the resignation of Doctor Hill and the appointment of Mr. Greene in his place. My brother acknowledges receipt of my letters from Rome Dec. 22d, but says nothing of those I wrote from Venice, Trieste and Florence; however, I suppose the severe weather on our coast had prevented the arrival of the vessels by which I sent them. A man by the name of Jackson[1] from New York, has been in England several months with two or three fine Yankee horses, and he has quite astonished the jockies. His horse Tom Thumb won a race

[1] Rattler was owned by William Jackson.

a short time since; and on the 25th his great trotting match took place after two months preparation, for the sum of 400 Sovereigns, and his horse Rattler very easily gained the victory, performing the distance agreed upon, *ten* miles, in thirty minutes & forty seconds, "A feat, say the newspapers, unparelleled in the history of horse flesh in this country."[1] John Bull begins to find out that America can produce something as fine as England — nothing like occular demonstration to satisfy Johnny. As I am fearful I have written more than you will be able to read, I must come to a close. I hope Mr. Dorr will not forget to have my policies renewed on Merchants Hall — they are up the 2d May. I am glad to find Benjn gets on so well, and hope he will keep up his spirits, courage and strength, till my return. Present my compliments to all enquiring friends, and accept yourselves the continued good wishes, and friendship of

Your friend

Saml Topliff.

[1] The "Morning Chronicle" (London) for April 27, 1829, gives nearly a column of interesting details:

"The long-talked-of trotting match between Rattler, the American horse, and Miss Turner, the Welsh mare, was decided on Saturday, over ten miles of ground, between Cambridge and Godmanchester. . . . The fame of Tom Thumb, his brother traveller from New York, who recently trotted 100 miles in little more than ten hours, had placed Rattler so high in the scale of excellence, that few persons could be found to bet against him. . . .

"Great credit is due to both riders, especially to the American groom, who sat as if glued to his saddle; and little Davy, in making his turns after each break, did so with a steadiness and quickness which excited general approbation; indeed, had there been a little more caution in those who rode alongside the mare, we doubt whether she would have broken so often . . . After a short rest of half an hour, Rattler was again mounted by his groom, and returned to Cambridge."

London May 6th 1829.

Joseph H. Dorr Esq,

Dear Sir;

Your respective favors of the 27th March and 2d April are before me — they were forwarded to me from Livepool at my request, and had I received them in season, I should have prepared myself to embark in the packet by which this goes, but as it is I cannot get away before the 16th and as the Dover sails only four days after, I have thought, under all circumstances, it would be as well to wait her departure. I therefore have determined to take my leave of London tomorrow or the 8th for Liverpool, and embark in the *Dover* direct for Boston, which I hope to reach as early as if I went by the packet of the 16th. In yours of the 2d April is written, "I think you ought to sail as soon as the 20th inst, either for Boston or New York." What time did you allow the ship to reach Liverpool, for me to be acquainted with your opinion? However I suppose it was a slip of the pen and you intended to have written 20th proximo instead, which by the determination I have come to, agrees with your recommendation. My brothers letters all urge my immediate return, and had he written me up to March 1st to Paris as I directed him before I went to Italy, I should have been in preparation to have returned the 20th April. My waiting till May was solely on the score of personal comfort and convenience in crossing the Atlantic, and not from curiosity. I am satiated, and long once more to tread the soil of America, and to make one of the family circle. The

thoughts of home and the idea that I shall in a few days trust myself on the mighty deep, with my course thitherward, causes sensations of a very different nature from those I experienced on my departure. Of those accute feelings and strong attachments of home, I was not so fully susceptible when I left your peaceful mansion on the Sunday morning 1st of June 1828, as I was the nearer the ship approached that point where the pilot was to leave her, and consequently to cut off the last communication we would have with our native shore. Then it was I seized the moments spared, and indited those effusions of the heart I sent to my brother, the family &c — my feelings guided my pen, tears gushed down my cheeks, and made me womanish, and my whole system was agitated with a thousand hopes and fears. The time at last arrived, and I placed those scrawls, pourtraying in feeble language the feelings of my heart into his hands, and with a hearty shake of the hand as he got over the ships side to descend into his canoe, I took leave for a time of my native town, and closed all further communication with it. I gazed upon his little skiff as it receded from my view with emotions not easily described, till it faded away in the distance, and was lost in the shadow of the Light house island. Still, however, I gazed upon the towering dome of the State house and could discern the steeples and spires of those edifices dedicated to the worship of our common Father and God, till the great luminary of day sank beneath the western horizon, and they at last disappeared from my view. Then I felt the weakness of a child, and retired to the cabin to commune with my own thoughts. Various were the emotions which agitated my bosom,

and opperated upon my imagination. At one time I thought the waves of the ocean might swallow me up in some dreadful gale, or convulsion of the elements; at another, that disease, sickness, and death might overtake me in a foreign land, without one friendly hand to close my eyes, or the kind and soothing council, or attention, of any one interested in my fate; the pistol of the bandit might lay me low as I traversed some wild and desolate pass; or the dagger of the midnight assassin might be plunged into my heart as I unconsciously slept beneath some lonely and unfrequented Inn, in the course of my peregrinations among strangers, and my fate be sealed in obscurity. Such were the conflicting emotions of my heart, but thanks be to God, I have thus far experienced his protecting power and goodness, and still hope and trust for a continuance of his protection. In all my travels not an accident has befallen me; my health has been, and *still is very good;* and I now am preparing to return to my country and friends, with a firm reliance on the goodness of God, and part with this side of the Atlantic with not a single pang, without the least feeling of regret. During my absence, I have written the family as often as the short time I have tarried in each place &c, would allow. They may have been dry and uninteresting to them and yourself; but they may be assured that they came warm from the heart, and with the best intention of amusing them, and of evincing my friendship. To them I would say, this is the last time I shall communicate with them in this manner, and favored with prosperous breezes, I hope very soon after the receipt of this to communicate with them in a manner more agreeable, viz. face to

face, till then I commend them and myself to the guidance and protection of the Father of us All.

Your letter and the one from my brother has made me fully acquainted with the state of affairs in Boston, relative to the Post office, news room &c, and I feel gratified and very much obliged by your good offices, and particularly in securing the refusal of the lower floor of the old state house. As you state, I should prefer being on the spot to see to the fitting up, and arrangement of the news room, and hope you and my brother may be able to defer it till my return. You will be able to calculate within a very few days the time of my arrival (bating accidents) and if it is possible *do not strike a blow till then.* I approve of the move, and the merchants and subscribers may rest assured of my doing every thing within the compass of reason; I don't wish to trust any man or body of men, and hope you and Benj'n will continue to act cautiously, and keep the stuff in our own hands. There are several individuals who would like very well to have me under their directorship, but I have no inclination to experience their tender mercies. While I can, I wish to be my own master. I have written Benj'n more particularly on this subject and requested him to cultivate a good understanding with Mr. Greene. I have no other wish than to aid and coöpperate with Mr. Greene,[1] in rendering him popular in his new office; and in contributing to the encreased and improved usefulness of the Post office under his direction, of which you can assure him from me, if you think proper.

[1] Nathaniel Greene was made postmaster in 1829. Before that he had been a publisher in Merchants Hall.

Perhaps you can prevail upon him to wait my return before anything is done to the building, provided he is favourably disposed towards me, so that we can act understandingly on the subject. For my part I do not see how the tenants are to be got rid of, and the building in a state to commence operations before I can get home. At all events keep the fitting of the room (if the work must commence before I see you) back till the last moment.

Yours truly,

Sam'l Topliff.

Love to the family and remembrance to all enquiring friends.

GENEALOGICAL CHART

GENEALOGICAL CHART

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